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PICTORIAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 1915

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FEBRUARY
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Address Miss Helen Louise Johnson, Chairman of the Home Economics Department, General Federation of Women's Clubs, care of PICTORIAL REVIEW, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY

ART AND POETRY

Cover Design—C. D. Williams
Verse—The Gungy Kitchen Dance—Joe Cone—Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams ... 17
Verse—The Distinction of Difference—Richard Wightman ... 30
This World Certainly Is Cruel—Published by Request—Illustrations by A. Z. Baker ... 69

EDITORIAL

"Let's Make a Law Against It" ... 3

FICTION

The Man Up-Stairs—Ralph Henry Barbour—Illustrations by Walter Tittle ... 4
The Story of Julie Page — Second Instalment — Kathleen Norris — Illustrations by Will Foster ... 9
A Montessori Father — Joseph O'Brien — Drawings by Maginel Wright Enright ... 18
Carnevale di Venezia—Justus Miles Forman—Illustrations by John R. Neill ... 20
An Optical Illusion — Alice Garland Steele — Illustrations by Z. P. Nikolaki ... 22
The Charge—W. Douglas Newton—Illustration by F. J. Monahan 24
The Village Dressmaker—A Monologue—May Isabel Fisk—Drawings by Phillipps Ward ... 25

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Why Marriage Will Keep—Charlotte Perkins Gilman ... 6
The Feminist in War Time—Beginning a New Series of Articles on the Progress of European Women—Mabel Potter Daggett ... 7
You Owe It to Your Mother—Orison Swett Marden ... 26
What Is the Best Age to Marry?—Prize Letters ... 27
The Use and Abuse of Sacrifice—Anne Story Allen ... 28
To the Club-Women of America—Ina Brevoort Roberts ... 30
A Plea—Not a Plaint—By An Old Maid ... 70

HOME-MAKING AND HOUSEHOLD

A Valentine Bag Benefit Party—Illustrated—Eleanor Colby ... 29
Knobs and Knockers — Phil M. Riley — Photographs by Mary H. Northend ... 31
How to Lay Out the Home Garden—F. F. Rockwell ... 37
Washing for Uncle Sam—Jane Lee ... 38
How To Make Your Porcemeat—Marion Harris Neil ... 39
Just How Not To Cook—Christine T. Herrick ... 40
A Valentine Luncheon—Mary Mason Wright ... 41
Fruits in Winter-Time—Elise Ward Morris ... 42
Daughters of the Golden Treasure—Peggy Kay Scott ... 67
First Aids to Sound Slumber—May Denton ... 69
Teaching An Old Dog New Tricks—Katharine Cromwell ... 71
Comment and Compliment ... 72

FASHIONS AND FANCY WORK

Styles for Stout Women—Margaret Bryce ... 43
Embroideries for Children's Clothes ... 44
Decorative Embroidery Stitches for Lingerie ... 45
Knitted Articles for Men—Elsa Barsalou ... 46
The Newest Evening Coiffures ... 47
Hats the Mature Woman Can Wear—Maude Anderson ... 48
Early Spring Models for Southern Wear ... 49
Smart One-Piece Frocks ... 50
Afternoon Gowns for Stout and Elderly Women ... 51
Charming Novelties in Cotton Dresses ... 52
Cotton Frocks for Stout Figures ... 53
Afternoon and Evening Gowns of Unusual Charm ... 54
Chic Tailored Suits and a Good-Looking Coat ... 55
A Page of Charming Graduation and Party Frocks ... 56
Novelties in Waists, Overblouses and Shirts ... 58
Lingerie That Is New and Attractive ... 59
Easily-Made Negligees and Underwear ... 60
The New Cloth Suits ... 61
Jaunty Frocks for the Girl in Her Teens ... 62
School and Play Clothes for Children ... 63
What Is New in Juvenile Fashions ... 64
Designs for Mother and the Little Folks ... 65
Early Spring Fashions ... 66

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PICTORIAL REVIEW
EDITED BY ARTHUR T. VANCE
VOL. XVI—No. 5 FEBRUARY, 1915

"Let's Make A Law Against It"

BEFORE the good women of the nation begin seriously to exercise the political power that is or shortly shall rest in their hands, it might be well for them to learn to temper their enthusiasm with common sense—and especially to consider this fact:

That it is easy enough to legislate against an evil, but you cannot correct it or eradicate it unless the new law and public sentiment go hand in hand. Our well-meaning women who think that, armed with the ballot, they can reform the country by making new laws, have the wrong idea. It is not the letter of the law but the spirit of the law which counts. The law can prohibit only, and provide punishment, if it is not obeyed. It cannot reach the hearts of the people and create a desire that the evil, small or grave, shall be abated.

We have a law in every state of this Union against murder. We have electric chairs and gallows and cells for life prisoners, and still there are almost as many murders in America annually as in all the rest of the civilized world put together.

Women can vote for or against capital punishment in their state, but they will not affect the number of murders committed by passing a law on the subject. That can be done only by removing the causes which lead to murder, and this cannot be effected by legislation, either.

In certain states they have made a law against liquor selling. That law is effective against the open sale of liquor only. It may be smuggled into the states and sold secretly. It may be manufactured secretly. If you have ever traveled through a prohibition state, you still see men in the thralls of the liquor habit pleading with grocers to sell them ginger, lemon and vanilla extract—anything containing alcohol that will satisfy the terrible yearning. You can regulate the sale of liquor by making a law against it, but you can't reach the appetite through the same means. The latter is a matter of cure and prevention, treatment and education.

In many of the American cities, aldermen have made a law against sweeping refuse from houses or stores into the street, and still, when the policeman's back is turned, voting citizens, who gave the aldermen power to pass laws, continue to disobey them.

The writer recently walked five blocks on one of New York City's widest thoroughfares. The "White Wings" had done their night's work well, with broom, sprinkler and hose. During this progress over those five blocks, the writer saw two prosperous-looking shopkeepers sweep the trash from their stores, out from the door, across the sidewalk and into the clean gutter. Of course, in each case a passing policeman could have arrested the offender, but he didn't happen to pass and in the meantime the bits of paper, scraps of lettuce leaves, banana peelings, et cetera, were being scattered by a friendly wind and passing teams.

YOU can make a law against spitting in public places, but when a private citizen quotes that law to a human hog in a crowded street-car, ferry-boat or public building, he is liable to receive a blow or curses as the reward of his effort to have the law upheld.

Making a law against littering up the streets or spitting will not accomplish the miracle of civic cleanliness and sanitation, but public health education, the fear of disease and the fear of God, implanted by the persistent campaign, will. You can make a law against anything within reason. There are some laws on record for which no reason can be offered. You can punish disobedience of the law as severely as you like, provided of course that you first catch your offender, but you cannot secure general obedience of the law and a wholesome respect for it unless you first create a demand for it.

You can make a law against women working more than eight hours a day, but if times are hard and work is offered at overtime wages, working women will find a way of evading the law, just as quickly as their employers will. You can make a law against children under a certain age working in factories, but you can't prevent unscrupulous parents evading the law by misrepresenting the age of their children. You must educate parents in the right of the child to normal childhood and educational advantages.

Making laws is altogether too popular an outlet for emotion in this country. Whenever there is an hysterical outbreak over some suddenly exploited evil, some well-meaning organization, untrained in lawmaking, perhaps even ignorant of laws already on the statute-books, rushes into print, holds mass meetings, gets up a petition and rushes off to the state legislature and rounds up its "representative." The latter, properly impressed by the wealth or social standing of the committee, the clippings or the petition and not unmindful that reelection sometimes depends on the will of the people, hurries through the desired legislation. A new law is made. Those who disobey it will be punished—if they are caught.

SOMETIMES the law is made so hastily that it is not made skilfully. Then, while the real criminals are often clever enough to evade it, the innocent are caught in the meshes of its technicality. This is particularly true of laws like the well-meant Mann White Slave Law. Here you have legislation planned to protect the innocent and ignorant from the vile and the unscrupulous, but it was not framed specifically. As a result, certain law-respecting men and women entangled by the diversity of divorce laws in the different states have been blackmailed in the name of the Mann Law.

"Wait until we get the ballot," cry the women who are pleading for the vote, "and we will control evil by the power of the laws which we will have passed."

They forget that for generations men have made good laws and still cannot control evils. The women with the ballot must go farther than lawmaking. They must create sentiment in favor of lawkeeping.

The ease with which laws can now be made has resulted in great confusion in many states. The statute-books of New York contain thousands of laws which even lawyers do not count as figuring in the average practise in the courts. Sometimes, however, some absurd law passed in a moment of emotionalism or at the instigation of some individual with a personal grievance as the basis, will plunge big business concerns into costly litigation. The whim of some uneducated legislator or the demand of a fanatical constituency brings into existence a bill which seems harmless enough, is rushed through committee conferences, and passes through the hands of a busy governor before any one realizes that one of its clauses contains a dangerous "joker." Millions are wasted on special sessions of state legislatures because of the insatiate demand for ridiculous bills which impede the progress of regular business.

No state is too large, too important in its industries, too rich in its resources, to escape what might be termed neurotic legislation, especially on lines of social reform. Clergymen and theorists, who never attend the primaries, women who cannot vote and who are not posted on local politics, bring their social power to bear on the man who represents them in the legislature. This individual, grounded in the tradition that an American office holder is elected to give ear to his constituency, drafts the bill, and then the bill in time goes before the committee, the house, the senate, the governor.

WITHOUT telling State secrets, any man who has represented you in the state legislature, will admit that during every session such bills slip through the hopper of legislation. They are useful—to the men who present them, to the committee and the politicians who permit them to pass. They often serve to distract attention from graver legislation.

A case in point came up during a session of the legislature of a Western state at a time when the entire country was being flooded with special articles, editorials and speeches on trial marriage as a solution for the divorce evil. Urged by a group of so-called social reformers and extremists, a state senator actually introduced into the legislature a bill, having for its purpose the dissolution of the marriage tie at the end of ten years. In other words, either husband or wife who at the end of ten years felt dissatisfied with marriage, could present himself with his marriage certificate before the judge of a district court, and employ said certificate with no other grounds, as cause for an absolute legal separation. He would be required except proof that he had "done ten years" in matrimony instead of in jail. Infidelity, cruelty, desertion and incompatibility did not have to be proved. This absurd bill was actually on its way to the powers which could have made it active, when, not a vigilant committee but the wife of the senator who had introduced it, heard about it. The result was a prompt and effective crushing of the measure.

When the country was in the first throes of eugenics, when half the people who used the word did not know its meaning or a single principle of the science on which it was founded, the State of Wisconsin passed its now famous eugenic marriage law. Backed by well-meaning but untrained constituents, this law required couples who applied for marriage licences to present certificates of good health and fitness for marriage and parenthood. The praiseworthy object of this law was to prevent the marriage of the unfit and the propagation of defectives, but the result has been confusion among physicians, state and county and municipal officials, and those unfortunate people who merely wished to be married. The law, as it now stands, compels a physician to make an examination at a fee which represents an actual financial loss to him, or to stultify himself and his entire profession by signing a certificate without giving an adequate examination. The result so far in Wisconsin has been merely a general discouragement and decrease in the number of marriages. There are those who think that unless the bill is revised and made practical, it will make for even worse.

IN one legislature a bill was introduced demanding that hotel bills of fare should be printed in English only, barring French, German, Hungarian or Italian, even in restaurants operated by and patronized by natives of those countries.

A Nebraska legislator, at the behest of a reform committee, introduced a bill prohibiting the wearing of corsets or bloomers.

A bill was introduced in Kansas which will fill the soul of the average housekeeper with mirth and yet, would a committee of women have worded it any better? It is a law governing state inspection of hotels and lodging houses. It contains the following clause: "All carpets and equipment used in office and sleeping rooms, including walls and ceilings, must be well plastered, and be kept in a clean and sanitary condition at all times." Any inspector who can keep carpets well plastered and in a sanitary condition simultaneously, may name his own salary as a housekeeper.

The growing interest of American women in politics, as well as in social and industrial conditions, is already having its effect on legislation, but women, as well as men who have reforms at heart, must bear in mind that to make a law against it is not always the best solution of a local problem nor the best method of crushing out a local evil. Often public sentiment will accomplish for the community all and more than delayed legislation will.

Unquestionably, the women of the United States will achieve suffrage within the day of those who read this editorial. It is the plain duty of all who wish to obtain the ballot for themselves and their sisters, to begin a vigorous campaign for the study of legislation and politics. The ballot in the hands of unthinking, untrained women will not purify politics nor simplify legislation. Women who have been clamoring for the right of representation along with the burden of taxation, will soon find that unwise legislation is expensive. They will learn to demand not *more* laws, but fewer, better and simpler laws.

In a number of cities women are already giving serious attention to this important phase of their political progress. New York City has a large and important club known as "The Club for Political Study." The women of this organization know what legislation costs and costs.

There should be a club of this sort in every city, town and hamlet of the country, for women—and men. If we are to have equal political rights among men and women, by all means let us have equal intelligence in legislation, that the ballot in the hands of women may not only purify politics but simplify legislation and make it wiser and more practical.

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"'Phew!' He Said. 'You Certainly Startled Me. And My Finger Is on—the—the Trigger. Is That—er—Loaded?' 'Yes,' Answered the Voice. You Will Please Sit Down in That Chair'"

The Man Up-Stairs

A Hasty Fib That Almost Spoiled A Romance

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Author of "Joyce of the Jasmines," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

THE road stretched ahead interminably, hugging the barren shore. Overhead, torn clouds scudded across a lowering April sky and from the leagues of gray-green ocean beyond the storm-littered beach, a chill wind blew, causing the single occupant of the swaying gray roadster to shiver under the insufficient protection of his light coat. On his right a row of mildly pretentious Summer cottages began. In Summer, with opened blinds, striped awnings, gayly furnished verandas, hydrangeas in gaudy tubs, they might be attractive but this afternoon, seen under a leaden sky, throwing back the hollow boom of the surf, they were the most forlorn things the man had ever seen. On one, a loose shutter banged monotonously in the rising wind, and as the sound of it was lost behind the speeding car, a drop of rain splashed against the driver's cheek.

The wind died away in sudden stillness. Far out, the choppy surface of the ocean flattened greasily. A false twilight fell. And then, as suddenly, came a gust that shrieked across the beach like a banshee. The air was filled with sand and straws and bits of seaweed. The effect was blinding and confusing and the man in the car ran slower, shielding his eyes and peering ahead through the murk. A flash of lightning dazzled him and a mighty roar of thunder split the heavens. Then the torrent descended.

It was no mere April shower this, but a southeast gale that was probably already piling up small craft along the Jersey coast. The fury of the wind and the breath-taking slash of the rain made guiding the car almost impossible and, with dripping face, the man crouched forward into the slight protection of the wind-shield and looked for refuge. Just ahead a drive led past one of the cottages and into this he turned, bringing the car to a stop in the lee of the house. Leaping out, he flattened himself against the wall but the gale found him even there, while from an overflowing gutter above, a wind blown stream descended upon him. Stopping the engine, he hurried to the back of the house, fumbling a key from a pocket of his reeking coat.

The key refused to even enter the lock of the back door and with a mild, dispirited oath he consigned it to the recesses of his flapping coat. Beside him, a yard away, was a window, its shutters loosely secured with a string. With a shrug he found his knife, cut the cord and threw back the shutters. The next instant he was mentally blessing the person whose negligence had left the catch unfastened. The sash went up protestingly and he scrambled over the sill, pushed aside a crackling shade and dropped into musty gloom.

Breathless, he closed the window and sought his match-box. The first dim flare showed a range across the room, a table beside him, a linoleum-covered floor and, through an open doorway an apartment beyond. It was perceptibly grayer than the room he was in, as though the shutters were open at one of its windows, and he could see a round table under a chandelier, some dim objects on it and a chair or two against the farther wall. Then the match went out and he was in darkness again.

"At least," he muttered, "I'm out of the rain. Now if I can find a candle I'll have a look at the place."

He worked himself out of his dripping coat, tossed it across the table and sought another match. But in the act of striking it he paused. He had heard, it seemed, footsteps in the room beyond.

He listened for a moment, his heart thumping a little faster than usual, every faculty alert. But only the howl and slash of the storm and the creaking of timbers reached him and finally, with a contemptuous smile, he scratched the match. On the table stood a half-burned candle. He held the match to the charred wick, shielding it from the eddies. The flame turned from blue to yellow and a dim radiance spread. He lifted the candlestick and at that instant, above the shriek of the storm and the groaning of the house, came a voice high-pitched and imperative:

"Put that down!"

His startled gaze sought the doorway. Something there caught a ray of light from the guttering candle and held it dazzlingly. There was an instant of silence. Then the man heaved a sigh of relief. Beyond the unsteady point of light he saw dimly the form of a woman and the white blur of a face. He laughed shortly, tremulously.

"Phew!" he said. "You certainly startled me. Is that—er—loaded?"

"Yes," answered the voice. There was a slight break in it. "And my finger is on the—the trigger. You will please go across and sit down in that chair."

"But——"

"At once!"

He shrugged his shoulders and obeyed. The woman followed as he retreated and as she came into the circle of light he gave a gasp of surprise and followed it with one of admiration.

FOR she was ridiculously young, ridiculously slight, ridiculously charming; unless the uncertain radiance of the candle played him false. She appeared to be not a day over twenty, not an inch over five-feet-four and not a pound over—well, whatever is absolutely the correct weight for a girl whose slenderness is a thing of soft curves and not angles. The man smiled. Even though he was under the hostile eye of a wavering revolver, even though he was dripping puddles on the imitation-marble linoleum, even though cold shivers were making goose-flesh all over him, the situation was not unattractive!

"Why did you break in here?" demanded the girl.

"Because I couldn't get in at the door. As a matter of fact, though, I didn't break in I merely crawled in. The window was unlatched. If you'll point that revolver another way I'll explain."

"I don't think explanations are necessary. Of course, I ought to hand you over to the police but, as you've had no chance to steal anything——"

"Good Lord! Do you think I'm a burglar?" The man laughed. "Well, I dare say appearances are a bit against me," he replied, "but I'm not a burglar; at least, not in the generally accepted meaning of the word. I'm merely a lawyer." If he expected appreciation of his weak joke he was disappointed. "My name is Terrill, Stephen Terrill. My office is in the Fulton Trust Building, New York. I have a client, a Mrs. Leonard, the widow of an old friend of mine, who recently wrote me from London asking me to find her a cottage for the Summer. I saw this one advertised, took an early start from the city, got the key from the agent in the village back there and was caught in the storm just as I got here."

"You broke in."

"I entered by the window. When you so dramatically surprised me I was about to have a look around to see——"

"You'd have found very little," she said dryly.

"Found—oh, but look here, I tell you——"

"If the agent gave you the key, where is it now?" she asked in a well-controlled voice.

"In one of the pockets of that coat."

"Find it, please. But remember that I have you covered and sha'n't hesitate to—to fire if you try to get away."

HE arose, shivering, and at that moment a glare of lightning shot the room with eery light; there was a sudden affrighted cry from the girl, a cry immediately drowned in the crash of thunder that shook the house. When he looked across she was holding desperately to the back of a chair, her dark eyes dilated with fear.

"Rather startling," he said sympathetically as he dipped into a pocket of the wet coat.

"The key, please," she responded coldly.

Stephen Terrill shrugged his shoulders and gave her a glance of humorous despair. "Not here," he said. "I must have dropped it through one of these slits. You see how the thing's built?"

She nodded noncommittally. "How did you get here?" she asked.

"Car. Left it next door."

The sudden curl of her lips told him that she considered his invention rather sorry. "Why next door?" she pursued.

"It was a case of any port in a storm. It was only when I was huddled out of the rain over there that I saw this place and recognized it by the hedge. The agent said there was a hedge, you see."

"Sit down again, please." And when he was once more shivering on the uncomfortable kitchen chair, "I suppose," she continued, "you're the person who has been robbing the houses along here this Winter."

"My dear young lady," he replied, a bit irritably, "I've never seen this delightful resort before and if the Lord is good to me I never will again! I'm sorry you don't believe my story."

Without replying, she observed him frowning and, with what seemed a nervous apprehension of more lightning, appeared to be considering his fate.

"For that matter," continued Stephen after a moment's silence—if such an uproar of the elements could be called silence, an uproar which made it necessary for them to almost shout to be heard— "For that matter, how am I to know that you are not yourself a lady burglar? As far as I can see, my presence here is just as legal as yours. How do I know but that hand-bag I dimly discern on the dining-room table is not filled with the family plate and jewels?"

"I might telephone to the police," said the girl as if thinking aloud, "and have them come and get you."

"If it were not," he hazarded, "for the fact that the telephone is disconnected."

Her eyes flickered, "You are mistaken," she replied chillingly.

"In that case please telephone," he implored, "and ask them to bring two or three blankets. I'm rapidly freezing to death."

"Oh!" she murmured with just a trace of concern. "I

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"I Haven't Any—Husband!" "I Don't Understand," He Said. "It—It Was All a Lie," She Replied"

suppose you're dreadfully wet."

"I am," he chattered. "There's no chance of a fire in that range?"

"There's wood in the cellar," she said doubtfully, "but——"

"You're afraid I'll escape? Let me assure you that nothing would induce me to go out again into that deluge. I refuse to be driven forth even at the point of that nervous revolver."

"Do you think it will last long?" she asked anxiously.

"The storm? I hope not. I've a dinner engagement at seven-thirty and sixty-odd miles to do. And it is now—" he looked at his watch—"almost five o'clock!"

"Oh, it isn't!"

"Cross my heart. It's five minutes to five, now."

"Then—then—" Her eyes wandered despairingly toward the shuttered windows beyond which the lightning still flickered intermittently and the gale still howled. "Oh, dear, it's horrible!"

"Pretty bad," he agreed through chattering teeth.

At last, "You don't talk like a burglar," she said thoughtfully. "I've never met one before, but——"

"I've had a good common school edication, mum," he said gravely. "I'm a bit above me class."

"I suppose you're what they call a 'gentleman burglar,'" she sighed.

"Sort of 'social highwayman,'" he replied. "But—about that fire——"

"You may get some wood if you'll promise not to run away."

"Word of honor! I give my parole. May I take the candle, or will you——"

"I'll hold it at the top of the steps." She laid the revolver on the table and stretched her cramped fingers. Then she followed him to the cellar stairway with the light. He was back in a minute with an armful of kindling.

"Paper?" he asked in businesslike tones as he clattered back the lids.

"I'll get some," she answered. She passed into the dining-room and disappeared.

STEPHEN crossed swiftly to the table, picked up the revolver, broke it, snapped it shut again and returned to the range with a smile on his face. When she returned,

"Have you any kerosene?" he asked. "It helps a lot. I always use it on orphan asylums and old women's homes. You see, I took a graduate course in pyromania after I'd got my burglary education. There!" He put the lids back and viewed the result doubtfully. "It's smoking a good deal, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," she answered, "the board's still over the chimney."

"Great Scott!" They viewed each other anxiously.

"It usually blows off before this, though," she added.

"Let's hope it has this time," he said fervently. Evidently it had, for in a moment the smoke stopped pouring out and there was a fine crackling under the lids. "Now," he said, "a couple of chairs—so! Pray be seated."

She hesitated an instant and then seated herself in one. He took the other and stretched his legs luxuriously. Already a comforting heat radiated from the stove. For several moments they sat in silence. Then,

"I wonder," he said, "if you'd mind telling me how you happen to be here."

"It all happened so horribly," she replied after an instant's thought. "We realized, Mother and I, that if we were to rent the cottage some one should come down and see what was needed. So we came down by train, my—my husband and I——"

"Your—your husband!" he ejaculated. "Do you mean that—that you're married?"

"I believe that's the usual method of acquiring a husband, isn't it?" she responded chillingly.

"Oh, yes, but—do you mean that he left you here alone?"

"No, he's still here," she answered calmly.

"Here! In this house?" Stephen stared about incredulously.

"Up-stairs, in bed. He felt ill and then the storm came and—and the last train goes back to the city at a little after five and so—so we thought we'd better spend the night." She ended rather breathlessly.

"Great Scott! What a place to be ill in! Look here, is there anything I can do? There must be a doctor in the village——"

"It's only a sick headache. He is subject to them. He will be all right after he has slept a while."

"What a mess!" he muttered sympathetically. "You're sure there's no later train?"

"Not from here. There's one from Vulcan at seven-twenty-two, but that's nearly an hour's drive, and in this storm——"

BUT if it lets up enough by seven we might make it. It would be a tight squeeze to get three in my car, but I guess it could be done. At all events, it would be better than staying here, I fancy. Why, you won't have anything to eat!"

"I have some crackers. I sha'n't mind. And—and Horace won't want anything. Of course——"

"What is it?"

"N-nothing," she answered with a shiver. But she looked fearfully over her shoulder and flinched again as a terrific crash of thunder shook the earth. "I hate thunder and lightning," she said apologetically.

"They're not pleasant. Do you think—are you sure your husband is all right? Oughtn't you see?"

She shook her head. "He's fast asleep," she answered confidently.

"In this uproar!" he marveled. "I don't see how he can be. And if he isn't, you know, he may be wondering—er—who is down here with you. Hadn't you better——"

She shook her head again, gazing at the glowing range. "If he is asleep I might waken him by going up."

Presently, speaking out of a faint cloud of steam arising from his wet clothes; "I think you meant to tell me your name," he insinuated.

"My name is—is Mrs. George Perkins."

"Thank you. Then Horace isn't——"

"It's his middle name," she replied hurriedly. "George Horace. He doesn't like the Horace."

"And so you call him that?"

She nodded soberly. He did wish she would smile. He was certain her smile would be charming. He had not yet recovered from the shock of surprise caused by the announcement that she was married. Somehow she—well, she didn't look it. He wondered——

"I wish," she said suddenly, "you hadn't mentioned food. Of course there are the crackers——"

He nodded glumly. "It was a mistake. And there's such a bully fire to broil a steak. I had my luncheon at twelve."

"So did I. I—I'm just about starved!"

He pushed back his chair, shook the clinging folds of his steaming clothes and strode determinedly to the table. "I am going to get food," he announced. He struggled into his coat. She started to her feet.

"No, no, you mustn't! I'm not hungry! You can't. There's nowhere——"

"There's food in the village. You need it."

"No, please! You promised——"

"Not to escape. I'll be back in half an hour."

"I—I won't be left alone here. I—I'm afraid!"

"Alone? But if you'll go up and sit with—with your husband——"

"No, no, I won't! You mustn't! You sha'n't!" She seized the revolver from the table and leveled it at him. "I won't let you out of that door!" she cried.

"It isn't loaded, I looked."

She dropped the weapon to the table, and, "If I beg you not to?" she asked appealingly.

He frowned, shrugged, slipped out of his coat. "I won't. But there's no reason——"

"Call it a whim," she said lightly—and smiled.

"You did it!" he exclaimed.

"Did it?" she faltered. "What?"

"Smiled! I'd been hoping you would."

"Oh!" She turned to the stove and Stephen tossed his coat back on the table and followed. For a minute only the riot of the storm was heard. There by the fire, with the genial flames warming the drafty room, just the two of them together—no, confound it, there was that man up-stairs! Well anyway, it wasn't so bad, and of the gale made it cozier by comparison. And she was certainly disturbingly pretty, and he had been right about the dimple, and——

"I think," she announced suddenly, "I saw some coffee in the pantry."

"Coffee!" he exulted. "Let's look!"

She opened the doors of the cupboard beneath the shelves and together they knelt to investigate. Their shoulders touched and once, as she leaned past him, her hair brushed his cheek and he felt a sudden giddiness. They found chop ruffles and paper napkins and cast them ruthlessly aside. But in the end they were rewarded. A jar of coffee and a paper box in a far corner were pulled to light and Stephen exclaimed:

"Here we are! Four more candles!"

They quickly lighted them all, placing them in saucers and distributing them about the kitchen, and Stephen found the coffee-pot and filled it half full of water by the simple expedient of holding it at arm's length out the back door. When it was on the stove he ground the coffee beans.

"This," he said, "is what I call a real cheerful sound."

"I do wish we had something besides crackers," she mourned. "There were sandwiches and an orange, but I ate them."

"Glutton!" he accused. "By the way, this will be after-dinner coffee, you know. We have no cream."

"Nor sugar," she added dejectedly.

"Sugar is very harmful."

"But I—I like it."

"Couldn't you please not care for it just this once?" he pleaded.

"Very well. Shall we use after-dinner cups to—to preserve the illusion?"

"Good Lord, no! The biggest you have, please. But I say, you've put out only two."

"Isn't that right? Do you want two for yourself?"

"N-no, but—er—how about Mr. Perkins? Wouldn't he——"

"Oh!" He thought she blushed. "Do you think he ought to have it?"

"Why, I should think he'd need something. You know best, though. Anyhow, I'll make enough for three." As he finished grinding and beat up the coffee and water with a fork, he found himself wondering about the man up-stairs.

CAREFULLY she set the table with plates, cups, saucers, glasses and silver knives and spoons and forks. She arranged the forks absorbedly: "one for the fish, one for the roast, one for the salad, one for the dessert. There!" Then she placed in the center a decorated cake dish and piled the crackers thereon in lonely grandeur. Paper napkins gave the final touch. Stephen viewed the result amusedly and approvingly. If one must go hungry at least one may smile!

"I, too, had a dinner engagement this evening," said the girl a bit wistfully as she stood back to judge her work.

"Really?" He lifted the lid of the coffee-pot and inhaled the aroma with satisfaction. "Then we're both in for it, aren't we? In my case it doesn't so much matter. A man can always find a plausible excuse, and Mrs. Draper is a good sort——"

"Not Mrs. Jimmy Draper?" exclaimed the girl.

(*Continued on Page 68*)

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Why Marriage Will Keep

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

AUTHOR OF

"THE HOME," "MAN-MADE-WORLD," Etc.

WHEN we say "marriage" we mean monogamy, the mating of one man and one woman. We also mean permanent monogamy, not a sort of relay race of successive experiments. It is in this sense of an enduring monogamic union that "marriage" is here discussed and defended, though "monogamy" is used as the more correct and exclusive term and because it is monogamy which will keep—however our external details of marriage may change.

Let us clearly understand that marriage is a term which may cover polygamy or polyandry or a series of repeated unions.

"Here lies Amanda, fourth wife of the Reverend Jehoshaphat Jones"—Jehoshaphat was married every time, but his experience was a sort of tandem polygamy rather than a true monogamy.

Marriage is a human arrangement—though sometimes alleged to be "made in heaven," as goods are recommended by the stamp "Made in Germany." Marriage as a human arrangement varies widely among ages, races, and degrees of civilization. It has three sanctions: Custom, Law and Religion. We have taken a natural relation, conventionalized it, legalized it, and sanctified it, but beneath all that superstructure the underlying natural status of monogamy remains. All our sanctions may change, do change, but monogamy will keep.

The most casual survey of "other times, other manners," shows quite the contrary to be true. We may briefly refer to certain primitive methods, as of marriage by capture. This is still extolled by some of the more hysteric among our story-writers as being after all the process women truly prefer. In many a current magazine we find some amorous Hero who cannot by reason, affection, or plaint of deep desire, persuade The Beloved Object to marry him, so he "reverts" to the Caveman attitude and carries her off bodily. She is invariably represented as "fainting on Reginald's breast" in the end, and thinking all the more of him for this exhibition of primitive authority. It would be very gratifying to have one of these stories written by some one who judged women not by a conventional myth, but by practical acquaintance, and ending, as it would end in present-day life, quite differently; as thus:

When the fair victim realizes her supposedly helpless and compromised condition, she will reply to the determined lover:

"If you are intending to use actual physical violence, for which you should be lynched, I will fight to my last breath, and trust you will enjoy for the rest of your life the memory of your conduct. If you imagine that you can compel me to marry you by this process you will be disappointed. You have mistaken the date of your performance by about forty thousand years, or the place, perhaps. Go somewhere up the Congo and be happy with a woman you can capture there."

Then there is that other ancient custom of marriage by purchase. This is still within sight, unfortunately, and in actual use in some countries. We disguise it in various forms, the most convincing of which is when the purchase money is settled on the bride herself—reminding one of Whittier's passionate repudiation of the idea of compensating the slaveholders for the loss of their property: "There is the slave—pay him!"

It is no longer the demand of the parents for a price for their daughter, nor, always, that comfortable custom—from the man's point of view—of paying the bridegroom for taking her; it is merely the question, "Can he support a wife?" the continuing recognition that marriage must be paid for.

That dowry business is worth much more study than can be here spent on it.

Marriage Laws Have Changed

IN their grosser forms we have outlived both these methods, in our country at any rate, but we may still find changes going on in marriage. The legal sanction varies as does custom, with race, place and period.

Within living memories our marriage laws have been altered in many important respects, always in the direction of greater freedom and fuller justice. Some thirty or forty years ago a married Massachusetts woman sued a railroad for the loss of a trunk full of valuable clothes. She was nonsuited on the ground that *she owned no clothes*—they belonged to her husband! A married woman used to be so completely "merged" in her husband that she had no personal rights of any sort. He might punish her if he chose, kill her for one offense, take her children away from her, even will them away from her after his death. If she were driven by absolute neglect, to work to support her children, he had the right to take her earnings—and has yet, in many places.

The religious sanction also varies widely. The Christian church did not make marriage a sacrament for some centuries from its beginning, and indeed our own revered ancestors, the Puritans of New England, repudiated the religious sanction altogether—marriage was with them a civil ceremony only and ministers were forbidden to perform it. Now one may be married by a minister or not, as one prefers, but the license and the record are required—if the union is to stand. It is a legal status, in fact, with or without the religious part of it.

We should not be confused or alarmed at these superficial variations. Monogamy, the mating of one male and one female in continuing union, goes on undisturbed; and improved in quality with the improvement of humanity.

Suppose a highly educated, well-born and bred American married a pretty little Filipina girl. He may love her—as far as she goes. She may love him, in uncomprehending adoration. But can any one question that if he loved a highly educated, well-born and bred American girl, there would be a deeper, higher love between them? She could appreciate his qualities as the little Filipina never could; and he would find in her not only physical attraction, but the attraction of mind and soul—there would be more of her to love.

Men Now Demand Mentality in a Wife

THAT is why marriage is improving in quality in spite of all its exterior vicissitudes; men are wiser, more just, more human, than in the ancient days when soldiering was the principal profession. And as for woman—she has a thousand attractions where she once had but a few.

Nevertheless there is to-day among many of the more daring and speculative minds, a frank protest against monogamy. Women, wakening sharply to a sense of their disabilities in marriage, cry out against the relation itself, instead of seeing the need of changes in those details which cause their distress. And men, no longer free to live in uncriticized license outside of marriage as they used to do, are demanding freedom to shuffle in and out of matrimony at will, or to dally with several wives at once. Even young girls are claiming the right to "free experience."

Of our modern writers having wide influence on this ground we may mention Ellen Key and H. G. Wells. In the vague romanticism of "Love and Marriage," Miss Key certainly gives ground for the inference that she thinks it rather a good thing to experiment in this relation.

Mr. Wells is far from vague, though still veiling in romantic charm his similar ideas. In his "In the Days of the Comet," the hero of the tale takes to himself first a loving, capable girl who nursed his mother in her last days; and, second and in addition, another damsel he had previously loved and who had incidentally married another man. The four of them made no objection. This is described on so lofty a plane of description, and accompanied by so much else that is nobly beautiful, that it might impress any one who had not known the joy of a satisfying marriage, as being rather a fine arrangement.

But the secret of the permanence of monogamy is this: when two people are happy in and with one another *they do not want any one else.* A whole happiness between two is sweeter than a mixed and fractional happiness between three or more. Without touching upon any other tie than that, mere sweet personal happiness, any one who has ever loved knows that while loving, no other person was desired.

It is perfectly true that polygamy is a form of marriage, also sanctioned by custom, law and religion and still in practise among millions of human beings. It is possible for a man to enter this relation with a number of women at the same time, and even to love them, in a way; but as soon as he fully loves one, he prefers her to the others.

Even in "The Arabian Nights" we read of the *Kalif, Harun-al-Rashid,* becoming so desperately enamored of *Kut al Kulub,* a marvelously attractive female slave, that he deserted his whole harem, and *Zubaydah,* his chief wife. *Zubaydah* did not like it. She became a prey to what the writer solemnly described as "that jealousy which seizes women," and had her fair supplanter poisoned.

That jealousy should be attributed to women especially is puzzling at first, but a moment's thought shows that in polygamy it must be so. He has no room for jealousy—there is no sex-combat in stocking a harem; the women are bought outright, or arranged for with their fathers—"sight unseen." Once in, they see no other men. But they, poor prisoners, all dependent on one man for favor, are perforce given to jealousy.

Neither polygamy nor polyandry develops as high a standard of happiness in love as does monogamy, and the reason of this is psychological.

In nature, below humanity, we find all manner of forms of union, each suited to the species practising it, and among many birds and some of the higher carnivora we find monogamy, sometimes of a more lasting character than ours. Some birds will not mate again if one dies—even though the "relict" is a widower.

The reason for monogamy, among animals, is this: the need of the young for the care of both parents. If they hatch like fish from floating spawn they need no parental care. If they live on grass they need no mother after they are weaned. But if they live on food that has to be sought for or captured, then "two heads are better than one"—and the parents mate for that purpose. Then comes the psychological tie to hold them permanently mated.

Suppose two young leopards, drawn together by sex-attraction only, mate for the first time. They fulfil the preliminary processes of parentage and in due course have a litter of cubs. Then their mutual labors begin; they have to do something, quite outside the sex-relation, for those cubs, something leopardish not merely male or female, and they do it, together. They hunt in couples, "play into each other's hands," learn coordination. There begin to develop in their brains the habits of association, the half-activities which for fulfilment require the other half. With leopards, marriage is indeed a partnership.

Now suppose the young are grown, the season of parental care ended, and they perhaps separate. When the mating season returns the same call of sex-attraction which drew them together the first time, draws them now, and to that is added this new voice—the call of habit. Not merely as a male and as a female, but as fellow-hunters they are drawn together, and this attraction increases with each year's experience. That is the basis of monogamy in nature, and we share in it. So long as it is for the advantage of the child to have two parents, so long shall we be monogamous.

They say, some of our modernists: "But if Socialism comes and if the state provides for children—what basis have we then?"

The economic need of children is not the only one. Does a state-provided school and college remove a child's need of parents? By no means. No matter where the external supplies come from the child needs the love and influence and companionship of the father and mother—*and the same ones.*

Then some reactionists say: "But if the mother goes out to work for her children will they not lose that love and companionship?"

During school hours, yes. But the very thing that has built up monogamy is that parents *went out to hunt together*—not one to hunt alone and one to stay in the hole!

Two parents, working together for their children, are far more closely united than in our present system where they work apart. When the short work day and the school day are done, all will be together in the home.

We have been left to the attraction of sex alone as a natural tie, and then if that failed to hold, we have strengthened it with Custom, Law and Religion; but all the time we have ignored the far broader, stronger hold of true companionship. There lies the psychic basis for monogamy in the human race. By as much as our psychology is wider, deeper, more complex than with other animals, so is a true union between two human beings more secure than any mating in fur or feathers.

Go Back to Nature for Facts

AS a sort of arithmetical illustration let us instance two frogs, having but one attraction, that of sex, mating and then parting indifferently. Then two leopards, having first, sex-attraction and second, the attraction of a mutual service in hunting, mating and staying mated. Then two human beings, having first, sex-attraction, and then a thousand common interests, all the intimate associations of similar upbringing and education, all the varied experiences they have shared, the jokes they have laughed at, the emotions they have felt and the things they have done—together.

The natural attraction between such mates is a thousand times greater than between the poor things having but one ground of union. Moreover this attraction has no breaks, no seasonal waxing and waning. It grows and grows and grows, through life. It grows from generation to generation, each age of progress, each new level of achievement, new field of experience, giving us more power to love each other, more of those weaving threads which knit two lives closer and closer.

Of course if there is no sex-attraction there should be no marriage. And, of course again, if, through evil chance, disease or wrong, that attraction turns to repulsion, so ceases marriage, automatically.

Marriage is a union of male and female, as male and female, primarily. There may be, without that, the loveliest, richest friendships—but not marriage. To enforce union when that bond is broken is as unnatural and injurious as forcible feeding.

But far and wide above that natural base spread the unbounded fields of union for the man and woman who not only "love" each other in that sweet primal sense, but love each other more and more as years enrich them, by virtue of common experiences and mutual kindnesses.

If every custom known to man were lost from memory, this custom of permanent mating would reappear.

If every law on earth were lost, this natural law of permanent mating would reassert itself.

If every religion on earth should be lost, this religion of love and service would be reestablished.

Given two people who love each other, who are congenial to each other, and the longer they live together the longer they will want to.

That is why marriage will keep.

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The Feminists In War Time

Beginning an Important Series of Articles On the Progress of European Women

By Mabel Potter Daggett

AUTHOR OF "THE THIRD HOUSE" SERIES

Mrs. H.C. Hoover, Chairman of the London Residents' Committee for Relief Work

Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, Niece of J. P. Morgan. Mrs. Harcourt Is a Prominent Organizer in the American Women's War Relief Fund in London

Frau Hanna Krüger, Member Board of Managers, Cecilienhaus, Berlin, Germany

WAR was only a word in history to both of us that peaceful day in May. And I glanced but casually at the Red Cross badge at the throat of her crisp white linen gown. Frau Hanna Krüger and I stood in the reception hall of the beautiful *Cecilienhaus* in Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin. The building, named for the Crown Princess Cecilie, is the headquarters for the *Vaterländischer Frauen-Verein*, the National Ladies' Association. With a branch organization in every city of the Empire, it had enrolled the women of Germany for important municipal activities that have attracted the attention of sociologists throughout the world. Frau Krüger had shown me through the infant welfare station and the crèche and the maternity ward and a dozen other departments of social service. She added incidentally, with a wave of her hand over this domain that she directed: "But at the call of the Emperor all of this would be changed if our assistance were needed for the national defense. With a membership of thousands of women already trained in first aid to the injured, we are prepared to become an auxiliary to the army. We could accommodate a dozen officers in that room instead of the babies; we could put cots for a hundred men in the room beyond, where we are serving meals to expectant mothers. Altogether we could nurse five hundred soldiers here at *Cecilienhaus* alone." Even while she said this, there was no troubled look in her calm eyes and she seemed to be mentioning only a remote contingency. But before the passing of the Summer, it had arrived. All the efforts of the women of Germany for the uplift of humanity are halted now. The capable hands of Hanna Krüger and the *Frauen-Verein* can only bind up wounds for the Fatherland.

The Countess D'Aisy, in one of those ancestral palaces yellow with age, that make Paris look like a city of old ivory, was enumerating to me last June the many charities and philanthropies of her countrywomen, which in benediction eased the exigencies of life for the nation. "Also this afternoon at the Church of the Madeleine," she continued, "I have a meeting of the Red Cross. All of the women of our oldest families belong. In case of war we should be ready for emergency duty as nurses." She said it smilingly, without the least alarm. We were looking from her window out on the magnificent *Place de la Concorde* that in the Revolution had flowed with blood. How improbable that it ever would again! Yet now the ambulance wagons are bringing once more over the *Place de la Concorde* thousands of wounded and dying. And the Countess D'Aisy and the women of France have opened the doors of all their great civic institutions to take them in.

In London in July, the International Suffrage Alliance from its offices in Adam Street was directing the movement in many lands. Miss Mary Sheepshanks, the secretary, had just accomplished the placing of a dramatic poster in the London tube stations. The figure of a mother warding off death and disease from the child she held in her arms; it told to the English public in graphic symbolism why women wanted the vote to protect the home. A few weeks later when the statesmen who had it, had overwhelmed a continent of homes in a cataclysm of destruction, the government in Whitehall sent out a call for the aid that women could give. It is the government that more than any other in the world has limited its women back from the councils of state to stand helplessly and wait by the cradle and in the kitchen. The suffragists considered. "It isn't our war. We aren't asked about it. Why worry?" advised the Women's Social and Political Union. You can hear the steely tones in which they said it. These are that advance guard of the woman movement in England who have been dragged through the streets of London by the hair of their head and bruised and pounded by His Majesty's police, because they wanted a word in the affairs of the nation. They're hurt in their feelings as well as in their muscles. The Home Secretary, hitherto deaf to all their appeals for mercy, now in this hour of sudden need, issued an amnesty "remitting the remainder of the sentences of all persons undergoing terms of imprisonment for crimes connected with the suffrage agitation." Holloway jail gave up some score of haggard and emaciated "mice" released from the clutches of the English government. Still the W. S. P. U. spoke with a tense hard line about the lips: "We have done war service of our own now some seven years and we are weary. While the rest of the world turns to militancy we shall rest and recuperate." But fortunately there were other English women who had not so hardened their hearts.

There are fifty-six suffrage societies in London and of these some fifty, I think, followed the example of the International Suffrage Alliance where Miss Sheepshanks swept the desks and the tables clear of suffrage propaganda and summoned all her forces for war-relief work. It was the suffragists with their great organizations of trained women, who were first ready for service. But soon every British woman was doing what she could.

All England Follows the Queen's Example

QUEEN MARY herself sent out the call enlisting the needles of the nation to make garments for the soldiers. At Buckingham Palace the ladies in waiting were cutting out and sewing nightshirts for the hospitals, as in each little parish through the countryside other groups were similarly engaged. The art of knitting socks, forgotten a generation ago, was revived. The glinting knitting-needles were always in women's hands. They made socks while they rode on the London busses and in all public conveyances and while they sat in the theaters. The needles clicked a steely accompaniment to the clinking of delicate china at the four o'clock tea in old English gardens. Girl clerks in the department stores laid their knitting on the counters while they waited on you, and by the eagerness with which they resumed it again, you suddenly felt that you had interrupted the national service.

In the suit departments there was one best seller. A girl with a round youthful figure slipped an enveloping blue coat over a stiff white linen dress and stood before the mirror critically running a soft little hand over her broadcloth outline. "I don't think my friends would know me in this," I heard her say with sober lips. She was one of scores of society butterflies who suddenly stopped in the midst of the *dansant* measures so popular in London last Summer and shed their tango chiffons to don the nurse's uniform and start for field service at the front. Women doctors were volunteering, too, for the battle-field. The second week of the war an entire woman's medical unit was organized with seven women physicians, twelve attendant nurses and eleven other women in the various capacities of cooks, clerks and assistants. Other women waited at home to receive the wounded.

Many mistresses of the great country houses throughout England and Scotland followed the example of Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, the wife of the Cabinet Minister, who turned Nunham Park, her beautiful home at Oxford, into a hospital and announced that she would receive and nurse fourteen soldiers. The war office now has a long list of these private hospitals to which men invalided home from the battle-field are being sent. Mrs. Harcourt is an American woman. She was Mary Burns of New York, a niece of the late J. Pierpont Morgan. With others of our countrywomen she has established the American Women's War Relief fund with headquarters at Thirty-one Old Burlington Street. It was at the Grosvenor Square Mansion of Mrs. William Leeds of Pittsburg that the organization meeting was held with the Duchess of Marlborough, née Consuelo Vanderbilt, presiding. The movement is led by Lady Arthur Paget who was Miss Stevens of New York and Mrs. John Astor is the vice-president. Others actively enlisted are Lady Lowther, the daughter of Mrs. Edgerton Blight of Newport, Lady Randolph Churchill who was the beautiful Jennie Jerome of New York, Mrs. Reginald Owen the daughter of Secretary Bryan of the United States and Mrs. H. C. Hoover who was Lou Henry of California. To this group of women, Paris Singer of American sewing-machine fame, has turned over his splendid English residence, Old Way House at Paignton in Devonshire, to be used as a hospital. They have assumed the entire financial responsibility for the care of the two hundred and fifty wounded soldiers accommodated there. In France one of the institutions that is caring most effectively for wounded soldiers is the hospital at Neuilly with its American Ambulance Corps of one hundred doctors and nurses. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and the Princess Murat, who was Miss Stallo, are among these assisting in the work under the direction of the head nurse.

But whether in England or France or Germany this which is the war work of women, differs from men's in one important essential: there is no martial spirit in it. Women don't feel that way at all about it. You know when you have a very naughty little boy who gets his leg broken falling out of trees you've told him not to climb, who gets half drowned falling into pools where you've told him not to swim, who gets black eyes and a punched head because he persists in picking quarrels with other boys whose society you've told him to avoid,—why you

Mrs. Reginald Owen (nee Ruth Bryan of Nebraska). She Is Organizing Factories for the Employment of Soldiers' Wives in London

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still just naturally have to stop your bread-making or your canning and preserving or any other important work and take care of him and put the pieces together as best you may when he comes home all battered up. But there's no high elation in the task. Well, it's like that with the tasks those women over in Europe are doing. And they call attention to the fact that they said, "Don't do it," before all this awful business began.

Others who knew the way of war said that, too. I shall never forget a day in London when the *debacle* of civilization impended. Germany, Austria, Hungary, France were plunging headlong into the dark abyss. England hesitated on the edge. And on the green common in Hyde Park, the London working-men were gathered in one of those Sunday assemblies in which the voice of the people may be heard. There had been a speaker who in a wild outburst of "patriotism," had swayed the crowd with the usual well-worn words about the duty to die for your native land. Out from the throng stepped another, a stranger and a tourist. "Wait friends," he said with a wave of his hand; the tone of authority in his voice made them still. "Don't die for your country until you have exhausted the last chance of living for it. I come from a land where we know what war is. I've been through the very teeth of it and if it were necessary I'd be the first man on a horse in Cape Colony to go again. But it isn't always as necessary as governments think. It is easy to say cheerfully as the Czar does 'My men, I can spare a million of you.' I assure you it isn't any such cheerful business for you who will be 'spared' whether in Germany or England or any of the other lands. And it isn't you alone I'm talking about. You as well as I," the tall military figure straightened and he threw back his shoulders, "could probably die like men if we had to. But it's your women, I mean, your women and your children. God knows they will suffer." And his voice shook with emotion. Then he spoke to them of the thirty-five thousand women and children who had died from neglect in the Boer war. "Men," he said, "my woman among them. And when I came back to the wreck of what had been a beautiful home, I couldn't bear to look at the flowers that came up again that Spring in the garden that her hands had planted."

Madame Rosika Schwimmer, of Budapest, Leading Feminist of Hungary, who is now Lecturing in the United States

Miss Mary Sheepshanks, Secretary International Woman's Suffrage Alliance, Engaged in Relief Work in London

It Was the Brotherhood of Man

LIKE that he told them about it. He is Commandant Jacobs, an intrepid soldier, the best shot in Cape Colony and written down in the annals of his native land as one of the bravest and most daring of the Boers. These British to whom he now talked, had been his enemies. It was at their very hands that his nation had suffered. But he wasn't thinking of that. With all malice forgot, he was appealing to them with only the yearning of one human being for others of his kind, of kindred heart and soul and love and life. That's the way people are when they speak to each other face to face instead of through the cannon's mouth.

It was a few days later that the last desperate public protest came in the great peace meeting that women of all nations resident in London held in Kingsway Hall. Pan-slavism and Prussian militarism and the balance of power in Europe were terms of which they knew only vaguely and cared less. But they cared passionately about something else. It must be because women are copartners with God in creation that they cry out so bitterly against the destruction of men, who are, after all, their own handiwork. The burden of the speeches that night in Kingsway Hall, swept aside all questions of state before the great human question in the threatened destruction of life. Why fight for national aggrandizement and wider domain? Better let the boundaries be than that men should die to change them. German women agreed with Englishwomen. Russian women and Austrian women and Frenchwomen represented in the Kingsway Hall meeting were of one mind about that. And there were on the speaker's platform women who knew about war. Madame Malmberg was there, who smuggled across from Sweden much of the ammunition with which Finland found a measure of freedom from the despotic rule of Russia. And Aino Malmberg, revolutionary leader that she is, said that war was too terrible a price to pay for any other cause but liberty. Rosika Schwimmer, leading feminist of Hungary, pleaded against the economic waste of settling international differences by violence. Society has so far emerged from a savage state that individuals are no longer allowed to do that. Why nations? A Parliament of the world can arrange to hold a court if a municipality can. Olive Schreiner of South Africa, in London to see her publishers, was there, a witness to the havoc that war will work. Her book, "Woman and Labor," is the literary masterpiece of the woman movement. She had spent twenty-five years in writing it when the Boer war broke out. She herself is an Englishwoman but from her home in Cape Colony she protested against the devastation in which those thirty-five thousand Boer women and children were dying at the hands of her countrymen.

For answer the British government had placed so disquieting an agitator in confinement in a single room house guarded night and day by thirty-six Kafirs. Then they looted her beautiful home in Johannesburg and set fire to her manuscript. Sitting on a soap box in her prison room, she reproduced painfully from memory the pages of the remarkable book since given to the world. Do you wonder that Olive Schreiner says, "Just the sight of a soldier's uniform makes me ill and sick at heart."

Well, the peace meeting failed of its purpose. Little do governments listen to even the most famous women of the world. "The present war has been made in the chancelleries and not in the homes of Europe," was the editorial pronouncement of "Votes for Women" a little later. London had been pasted over with red and blue placards praying, "God Save the King," and calling to arms men to do it. Next me in the Piccadilly bus going down Oxford Street sat an old woman knitting socks. "For the soldiers?" I asked. She nodded, "I turn off a pair a day." Her flying fingers worked automatically. She wasn't even watching them. She was staring out of the window away and away past London town to the allies' battle-field in France. "They killed my boy there last week," she said in a furtive aside as she turned to me for an instant with eyes that welled with unshed grief.

She said it that way in a whisper because she wasn't supposed to say it at all. There were scores of other women who weren't supposed to say it at all. It was like this with them: One day the gate in the green hedge before their English cottage opened and an officer of the army came up the flower-bordered path. He stood on the threshold and delivered his message to the woman who opened the door. "Madam," he said "your son is dead," or it was "your husband" or "your father" or "your brother." "But the government asks you not to mourn, not even to mention it. The announcement of the casualties of the battle-field is deemed unwise. You will observe the government regulations, I am sure, for the good of the nation." And like that he lifted his hat and was gone to the next house. Oh, yes, I suppose he was sorry. But the government really could not take time to be sad saying the same thing to some thousands of women.

It was these women who got the real war news in London. For general consumption it was carefully censored. The papers printed only what the war-office wanted. Even when fierce railroad actions had been closed to the public and as many railroads commandeered by the government while whole train loads of wounded and dying were being brought in from France, the facts leaked out only in flying rumors. The newspapers were still announcing only the enemy's losses. It was all for the good of the nation. Was not Kitchener asking for another million men? And the call to glory sounds less clear muffled in the fog of the dearly agonies of those gone before. Oh, it's with bright brass buttons and bugle blast that soldiers are made in Russia and Austria and Germany and France and all the world around as well as in England. Tommy Atkins isn't the only one that isn't told.

But through the uplifted voices of women all over the world, he and other soldiers have heard more about it than any previous soldiers of history. "Don't do it," hasn't yet stopped the carnage. But I think it has influenced public opinion. The killing business has come to be hurrahed about as a glorious ideal, is now spoken of soberly as a ghastly fact. There isn't anybody doing it who is glad about it. Every nation is scraping its feet and twisting its cap in hand and saying "The other boy, he began this fight."

The Youth of England Food for Cannon

SO the battalions went through the streets of London day after day without a smile on their faces. And none of the Britishers who stood on the sidewalk cheered. They couldn't. There was that awful lump in every one's throat. Here were the best and the finest and the strongest young men of the race meant to be the fathers of the next generation, and they never would be. Instead they were going out to the slaughter and be slaughtered by all the best and the finest and the strongest young men of all the other races. And some of them weren't even young men at all. They were just little boys whom you ached to put your arm around and say, "Stay, dear." But you couldn't. And the next week or the week after they would be lying somewhere in a foreign land stiff and stark, those young, young faces with staring eyes upturned to the sun.

Also the government wanted horses for the cavalry to ride. It took them, too. Sometimes it wanted your automobile or sometimes it was your house to quarter soldiers in. What it wanted, it took. Any of your possessions, a government official could come along and put a tag on, and this, that was your property would be yours no longer. Like that they unhitched the horses from cabs that were left waiting for a fare in the street. They unhitched them from farm wagons getting in hay or wheat. All the way from London to Liverpool there lay idle farms with what had been busy fields, occupied now by encampments of soldiers shooting at targets that they might acquire the skill to shoot at men. The Englishwoman who occupied the compartment in the railway carriage with me was wringing her hands: "Do you see what it means?" she said, "How shall our children be fed?" And she leaned across and touched my arm earnestly "Oh, you American who are going home, you must send us food." War cuts with a swath of destruction that has so much wider a radius than the battle-field. While death stalks with the troops at the front, starvation and want and disease encamp on the door-steps from which they departed. At a West London clinic, where some sixty babies are weekly presented for weighing and examination, every one of the sixty showed a falling off in weight the first week of the war. Some of them won't have to be weighed any more. They are sleeping quietly now in little white coffins. "How your women and children will suffer!" said the man who knew.

I saw in London poor in their ordinary poverty before the war burst. Theirs is the most appalling misery in the world. I cannot conceive how any war can make it worse. Anyhow they are used to starving. People who aren't, are starving now. When the crops stood still, commerce began to cease and all the wheels of industry slowed down. To the women of all the warring nations this was no statement from a text-book on economics. It was a grim reality that meant herring instead of beef for dinner in hundreds of homes when perhaps the only remaining wage-earner of the family came in on Saturday night to say that the works had shut down or the shop had closed and there wouldn't be another pay envelope.

If the world were to be kept moving as the men marched away, it was clear that the women who were left behind, must do it. And they turned to. It is in Germany and in Hungary where they are more used to working in the fields in normal times, that they have been most successful in getting in the crops by hand. In France they have "manned" the trolley-cars as motormen and conductors. In London, six thousand in a women's emergency corps have enlisted as drivers and repairers of motor-cars, as gardeners and grooms and even as harvest hands. Some of these are women of leisure who are turning over the wages thus earned to soldiers' families. It was Ruth Bryan Owen, whose husband is Captain Owen of the British army, whose appeal for the wives of enlisted men led the American Women's War Relief Fund to form an Economic Relief Committee. It has established factories where women in want through the exigencies of war, now find paid employment in the making of hospital garments. Still unemployment increases. Why should you be buying smart gowns and hats? An appeal has been sent to women of wealth throughout the British Isles to buy more now than ever. When you stop buying, manufacturers stop making them and then the women to whom this occupation is the means of livelihood are out of work and in want. It was the War Constitution Suffragists who first saw this. They rented a large hall at the Park Mansions Arcade, engaged a number of dressmakers who had been thrown out of employment and opened a shop. Every suffragist who could find the money, ordered a new gown. But not all the agencies at work can stem the tide of destitution that is surging through London.

The English are suffering enough in England. Yet it is the "alien enemy" everywhere who feels the full cruelty of war is reaching. Do you know what an "alien enemy" is? It is nothing any more fierce or savage or wild or wicked than you are. It may be the man or the woman whom yesterday you were charmed to call your friend, who went in and out over your threshold and sat by your hearth and read the books you read and listened to the music you loved. But to-day you no longer call him a friend. The government meanwhile must prosecute the alien enemy so unfortunate as to be stranded within its borders.

In London in September, one of the most famous women in Europe was hurrying to make her escape to America. We hastily packed her books and her clothing, while we listened for the footfall of the police on the stair. They had been there twice within a week. Her nerves were on edge and she wanted to be away before they came again. Since the edict had gone forth from Scotland Yard for the registration of all foreigners at police headquarters, she had not been allowed to move for more than a radius of five miles from her dwelling-place, nor to speak in her own language over the telephone, and the only way she could get the price of her steamship ticket from her own bank account in an English bank was by drawing a check to an Englishwoman who cashed it for her.

There were thousands of Germans and Hungarians and Austrians who had been living and working peacefully in London for years. Now they were all classed as spies. Probably some of them were. Most of them weren't. Yet the police must keep them under surveillance. The public suspiciously watched and listened in restaurants and railway stations and all other gathering places. The most innocent chance expression of sympathy on the part of a foreigner for his own native land might be construed as a hostile design against England. Call the police! Hustle him off as a spy! Patriotic public feeling ran high.

Employers in London were urged to discharge all foreigners of hostile nations. They did. Hundreds, thousands without warning were turned out-of-doors to starve. The men among them must not be allowed to return to their native land because they would of course have swelled the ranks of a hostile army. They could only

(*Continued on Page* 68)

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The Story of Julia Page

"Julia" Tells the Truth and Begins to Pay the Price

By Kathleen Norris

AUTHOR OF *"Mother," "Saturday's Child" etc.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL FOSTER

Second Instalment

THE STORY

Julia Page, whose mother and father separated when she was about seven, is brought up in the most sordid surroundings. She and her mother, a coarse, shiftless woman, live in two cheap rooms over a corner saloon and meet only the common-est people. Julia is naturally very pretty, but overdresses in tawdry finery. She has a devoted admirer, Mark Rosenthal, an enterprising young Hebrew, who continually begs her to marry him. Julia refuses, de-claring her mother thinks her too young, but receives his amorous attentions, which daily grow more vehement. Julia plays in a society amateur theatrical show and meets the wealthy Tolands and Carter Hazzard. Overhearing some disparaging remarks, she awakens to the sordidness of her life. Disgusted, she takes a long car ride and chances to get off near the "Alexander Toland Neighborhood House." Miss Toland sees her and invites her in.

"Julia Felt Something Expand in Her Heart as She Watched Him, His Intense, Intelligent Face, His Singularly Winning Smile. 'Now Then, Maude,' Said He, His Clever, Supple Fingers on Her Wrist, 'Where Does It Hurt?'"

THE "Alexander Toland Neighborhood House," familiarly known by all who had anything to do with it as the "Alexander"—was small, as neighborhood houses go, but exceptionally pretty and complete and financially so well backed by a certain group of San Francisco's society women as to be entirely free from the common trouble of its kind. Miss Toland had built it and had made it her personal business to interest some of her friends in its success, but she now found herself confronted by an unexpected problem; it seemed impossible to get an experienced woman as resident worker, with whom Miss Toland could live in peace. The few women who had been qualified to try the position had all swiftly, quietly and firmly resigned, with that pained reticence that marks the trained worker. Miss Toland told her committees, with good-humored tolerance that Miss Smith or Mrs. Brown had been a splendid person, perfectly splendid, but unable to understand the peculiar conditions that made social work in San Francisco utterly and—totally different from social work elsewhere.

Meanwhile, she did the best she could with volunteer workers, daily bewailing the fact that, without the trained worker, her girls' clubs and classes, her boys' and mothers' clubs had been difficult to start, and maintained but a languishing existence. She was a sanguine woman and filled with confidence in the eventual success of the "Alexander," and with energy to push it toward a completely fruitful existence, but she herself was inexperienced and Julia had chanced upon her in a thoroughly discouraged mood.

Julia's first aid—in climbing through a transom and opening a stubborn door—being entirely successful, Miss Toland kept her to show her the little establishment and was secretly soothed and pleased by the girl's delight.

The front door opened into a wide square hall, furnished with neat Mission chairs and tables, and with a large brown rug. There were two doors on each side and a large double door at the back. One door on the right led to a model kitchen, floored in bright blue and white linoleum, and with a shining stove, a shining dresser full of blue and white china, a porcelain sink, a table and two chairs. The other right-hand door opened into a little committee room, where there were wall closets full of gingham and boxes of buttons and braid and more Mission furniture. On the left each door opened into a bedroom, one occupied by Miss Toland and littered by her possessions, one empty and immaculate. The two were joined by a shining little bath. Julia looked at the white bed in the unoccupied room, the white bureau, the white chairs, the white dotted curtains at the windows, the dark blue rugs on a painted floor, and a gasp of honest admiration broke from her. Miss Toland gave her a quick approving glance, but said nothing.

The tour of inspection was ended in the kitchen, where Miss Toland put several paper bags on the table, dropped into a chair, and asked Julia also to be seated.

"Well, what do you think of it?" she said, reaching behind her to get a knife from a drawer. With the knife she cut a spongy crust from a loaf of bread, without fairly withdrawing it from the bag, and subtracting a thick pink slice of ham from some oiled paper in another bag, she folded it into the crust and began to eat it. "I picnic here, when I come," said Miss Toland, unembarrassed. "You've had your dinner?"

"Oh, yes," said Julia, "but do let me—" And without further words she took two plates from the dresser, served the ham neatly, cut a slice or two of bread and removed the bags.

"Ah, yes, that's much *better!*" Miss Toland said. "There's tea there—I suppose you couldn't manage a cup?"

After the tea was made they began the meal again, and this time Julia joined her hostess and really enjoyed the tea with the bread and some "Toland" jam. It was dark now, and they drew the shades at the two street windows, and turned on the electric light. Julia knew by some instinct that she need not be afraid of the gray-haired, eccentric, kindly woman opposite; in that very hour she assumed a maternal attitude that was to be the key to her relationship with Miss Toland for many years. The two, neither realizing it, instantly liked each other. Never in her rather reserved little life had Julia shown her heart as she showed it in this hour over the teacups.

Miss Toland watched her for a silent moment or two, then she said, in a suddenly dropped and lowered tone:

"Tell me a little something about yourself, Miss Page!"

"Oh, there's nothing interesting about *me!*" Julia said, ashamed of showing emotion. She jumped up, and began to put the kitchen in order. But the recital came nevertheless; beginning and ending with Julia's earliest memories of the O'Farrell Street house. The girl tumbled it out regardless of sequence, and revealing far more than she knew. Julia told of the episode of Carter Hazzard; she repeated the conversation she had overheard at the club.

MISS TOLAND did not once interrupt her; she listened in an appreciative silence. They washed and put away the dishes, straightened the kitchen and finally found themselves standing in the reception room, Julia still talking.

"Do you know, Miss Toland, your niece seems to me such *miles* ahead—she seems to have everything I would like to have!" She paused, and then said awkwardly, "I'll never be a lady, I know that. I—I wish I had had a chance to be!"

And she sat down at the little Mission table and flung her arms out before her, her face tired and wretched, her blue eyes dark with pain. Miss Toland's face, from showing mere indulgent interest, took on a sharper look. She was a quick-witted woman and this chanced to touch her in a sensitive spot.

"As for a lady, ladies are made and not born," she said, decidedly. "Don't ever let them fool you—Barbara may run around until she's tired, talking about belonging to the Daughters of Southern Officers; she can stick a sampler up here, and lend a Copley portrait to a loan exhibition now and then, but you mark my words, Barbara had to learn things like any other girl—one sensible mother in this world is worth sixteen distinguished great-grandmothers!"

Julia said nothing; she began to think it was time for her to go. But Miss Toland was well-launched in a favorite argument.

"Why, look here," said the older woman, who was enjoying herself, "you're young, you're pretty, you're naturally inclined to choose what is nice, what is refined. You say you're not a lady, how do you know? You may take my word for it—Julia, your name is!—Julia, then, that's one thing to make up your mind to be one nothing can stop

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you. Now I've been thinking while we talked. Why couldn't you come here and try this sort of thing—you could keep things running smoothly here, you could work into the girls' club, perhaps; no harm to try, anyway. Do you sing?"

Julia had to clear her throat before she could say, huskily:

"I can play the piano a little."

"You see!—you play. Well, what do you think of it, then?"

"Live here?" stammered Julia.

"Certainly—live right here. I want some one right *here* with me. You can arrange your own work, you can read all the books you want, you'll come in contact with nice people. I'm afraid to be here alone at night very much and I've come to the conclusion that we'll never accomplish anything until I can stay, day out and in. Why don't you try it, anyway? Telephone your grandmother—sleep right here to-night!"

Julia struggled for absolute control of her facial muscles.

"Here?" she asked, a little thickly.

"Right in here—you can but try it!" Miss Toland urged, throwing open the door of the immaculate unused bedroom. Julia looked again at the fresh white bed, the rug, the bureau. Her own—her own domain! Just what entering upon it meant to her she never tried to say, but the moment was a memorable one in her life. She presently found herself telephoning a message to the drug store that was nearest her grandmother's home. She selected a flannelet nightgown from a deep drawer marked: "Nightgowns and petticoats—Women's." She assured Miss Toland that she could buy a tooth-brush, in the morning, and when the older woman asked her how she liked her bath in the morning, Julia said very staidly:

"Warm, thank you."

"Warm—well, so do I," said Miss Toland's approving voice from the next room. "This business of ice-cold baths! Fad! There's a gas-heater in the kitchen."

Julia, laying her underwear neatly over a chair, was struck by the enormity of the task she had undertaken. A great blight of utter discouragement swept over her—she never could do it! Her mother, all her kin, seemed to take shadowy shape to menace this little haven she had found. Mark—suppose he should find her! Sooner or later some one must discover where she was.

"What a bluffer I am," thought Julia, getting into bed. She snapped her light off, but Miss Toland turned it on again when she came to the door to look at Julia with great satisfaction.

"Comfortable, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, thank you."

"Have you forgotten to open your window?"

Julia raised herself on an elbow.

"Well, I believe I have!" said she.

Miss Toland flung it up.

"We're as safe as a church here," she said, after a moment's study of the street. "Sometimes the Italians opposite get noisy—but they're harmless. Well, I'm going to read, you'll see my light. Sleep tight!"

"Thank you," said Julia.

Miss Toland went back to her room and Julia, wide awake, lay staring at her own room's pure bare walls, the triangle of light that fell in the little passageway from Miss Toland's reading lamp, and the lights in the street outside. Now and then a passing car sent lights wheeling across her ceiling like the flanges of a fan; now and then a couple of men passing just under her window roused her with their deep voices, or a tired child's voice rose up above the patter of footsteps like a bird's pipe in the night. Cats squalled and snarled and fled up the street; a soprano voice floated out on the night air:

"But the waves still are singing to the shore
As they sang in the happy days of yore ——"

To these and a thousand less sharply-defined noises, to the constant steady flicking of stiff pages in Miss Toland's room, Julia fell asleep.

MISS TOLAND told her family of the arrangement some three months later. She met her sister-in-law and oldest niece down-town for luncheon one day in November, and when the ladies had ordered their luncheon and piled superfluous wraps and parcels upon a fourth chair, Barbara, staring about the Palm Room and resting her chin on one slender wrist, asked indifferently,

"And how's the 'Alexander,' Aunt Sanna?"

"Why don't you come and see?" asked her aunt briskly. "You've all deserted me—and I don't know whether I'm on speaking terms with you or not! We're getting on splendidly. Nineteen girls in our Tuesday evening club, mothers' meetings a great success. I've captured a rare little personality in Julia."

"I expect that Julia hasn't an idea in her head that you haven't put there," Barbara said dryly.

"Don't you believe it!" her aunt said with fire. She seemed ready for further speech, but interrupted herself and was content with a mere repetition of her first words, "don't you *believe* it."

"Your geese are all swans, Sanna," Mrs. Toland said, with a tolerant smile.

"Very likely," Miss Toland said briefly, drinking off her black coffee at a draft. "She's to meet me here in the Turkish Room at two-thirty; we have to pick out a hundred books, to start our library." Miss Toland said briskly, as they started to rise from the table.

"It's after that now," Barbara said. "She's probably waiting. Let's go out that way, Mother, and walk over to Sutter."

They sauntered along the wide passage to the Turkish Room, and just before they reached it a young woman came toward them—a slender, erect person under whose neatly-buttoned long coat showed the crisp hem of a blue linen dress. Julia bowed briefly to the mother and daughter, but her eyes were only for Miss Toland. She was nervous and constrained; bright color had come into her cheeks; she could not speak. But Barbara merely thought that the cheap little common actress had miraculously improved in appearance and manner, and noted the blue, blue eyes and the glittering sweep of hair under Julia's neat hat, and Miss Toland felt herself curiously touched by the appealing look that Julia gave her.

"Now for the books, Julia," said she, beaming approval. The two went off together, chattering like friends and equals.

"What does Aunt Sanna *see* in her?" marveled Barbara, watching.

"Your aunt is peculiar," Mrs. Toland answered, with vague disapproval, compressing her lips.

"Well, the way she runs the 'Alexander' is curious, to say the least," Barbara commented, vigorously. "I couldn't stay out there one week, myself, and have Aunt Sanna carrying on the way she does, planning a thing and forgetting it in two seconds—and yelling at the children one day and treating them to ice-cream the next! Why, the last time I went out there Aunt Sanna was in bed at eleven o'clock—because she felt like reading, and she'd called off the Housekeeping Class, for no reason at all except that she didn't happen to feel like having it that particular morning.

"Yes, I know, I know," Mrs. Toland said, picking her way daintily across Market Street. "But she has her own money and I suppose she'll go her own gait!" But she looked a little uneasy, and was silent for some moments, busy with her own thoughts.

Long before this, Julia's whereabouts had been discovered by various members of her immediate family and by at least one of her friends, Mark Rosenthal. Mark walked in upon her one Sunday afternoon, when she had been about a month at the "Alexander." Miss Toland had gone for a few hours to Sausalito and Julia was alone, and had some leisure. She put on her hat and she and Mark walked through the noisy Sunday streets; everybody was out in the sunshine and saloons everywhere were doing a steady business.

"Evelyn told me where you were," Mark explained. Julia made a little grimace of disapproval and the man, watching her, winced.

"Are you so sorry to have me know?" he asked, a sword in his heart.

"Oh, it's not that, Mark! But—" Julia stammered. "But I only went home to see Grandma Thursday, and it struck me that Evelyn hadn't lost much time!"

"Wouldn't you ever have written me?" Mark asked, his dark eyes caressing her.

"Oh, of course I would. Only I wanted to get a start first. Why do you laugh?" Julia broke off to ask, offendedly.

"Just because I love you so, darling. Just because I've been hungry for you all these weeks—and it's just ecstasy to be here!" Mark's eyes were moist now, though he was still smiling. "You don't know it, but I just *live* to see you, Julia—I can't think of anything else. This, this new job isn't going to make any difference about our marrying, is it, darling?"

Julia surveyed a stretch of dirty street, lined with dirty yet somewhat pretentious houses. Women sat on drifts of newspapers on the steps, white-stockinged children quarreled in the hot, dingy dooryards.

"I wish you didn't care that way, Mark," she said, uncomfortably.

"Why, dearest?" he said eagerly. "Because I care more for you than you do for me? I know that, Julia." He watched the cool little cheek nearest him. "But wait until we're married, Julia, you'll love me then, I'll make you!"

But all his young fire could not touch her. He could win only an occasional troubled glance.

"I want to stay here a long, long time, you know, Mark—if I can. I want to read things and study things—I want to be let alone. It'll be *years* before I'll want to marry!" Julia raised her anxious, harassed eyes to his. "I don't really think of men or of marriage at all," said she.

"Well, that's all right, darling," Mark said, smiling down at her, a little touched. "I'm going to be sent up to Sacramento for a while—I'll not worry you. But see here, if I go back to the house with you again, do I get a kiss?"

Julia gave him her grave smile and let him follow her into the settlement house. But Mark did not get his kiss, for Miss Toland was there and a group of eager club girls who had something to arrange for a meeting the following night. Mark left the lady of his delight staidly discussing the relative merits of lemonade and gingersnaps and two pounds of "broken, mixed" candy, as evening refreshments and carried away a troubled heart. He wrote Julia at least twice a week, shyly affectionate and honestly egotistical letters, but it was some time before he saw her again.

The months sped on their way—and Julia had been in the settlement two years—three years. She was eighteen, and the world did not stand still. She was nineteen—twenty. She changed by slow degrees from the frightened little rabbit that had fled to Miss Toland for refuge to an observing, dignified young woman who was quietly sure of herself and her work. The rumpled glory that had been her hair was transformed now into the soft thick braids that marked Miss Page's head apart from those of the other girls of her day. The round arms were guiltless of bracelets; Julia wore her severe blue uniform, untouched by any ornament; her stockings and shoes were as plain as money could buy.

Her beauty, somewhat in eclipse for a time, presently shone out again but there were few to see it. Miss Watts, the simple, sweet, middle-aged teacher of the kindergarten, admired it wistfully, and Miss Toland watched it with secret pride. But the society girls and young matrons who flitted in once or twice a week to teach their classes, never saw it at all, or seeing it, merely told each other that little Miss Page would be awfully pretty in decent things, and the women and girls and children who formed the classes at the "Alexander" never saw her at all. The women were too much absorbed in their own affairs, children are proverbially blind to beauty and the girls who came to the monthly dances, the evening sewing-classes and reading clubs, thought their sober little guardian rather plain, as indeed she was, when judged by their standards of dress, their ruffled lace collars and high-heeled shoes, their curls and combs and colored glass jewelry.

Julia's amazing detachment from the ordinary ideals of girlhood was an unending surprise to Miss Toland.

"She has simply and quietly set that astonishing little mind of hers upon making herself a lady," Miss Toland said now and then to her sister-in-law. Mrs. Toland would answer with only an abstracted smile. If she had any convictions at all in her genial view of life she certainly believed a lady to be a thing born, not made. But she was not concerned about Julia; she hardly realized the girl's existence.

Miss Toland, however, was keenly concerned about Julia; and it was quite natural that Julia should love her, yet to the older woman it always seemed a miracle, tremulously dear. That any one so young, so lovely, so ardent as Julia should depend so utterly upon her, was to Anna Toland an unceasing delight. Julia had been bewildered and heart-sick when she turned to the "Alexander," but she had never in her life known such an aching loneliness as had been Miss Toland's fate for many years.

TO such a nature the solitary years in Paris, the solitary return to California, the tentative and unencouraged approaches to her nieces, all made a dark memory. Rich as she was, independent and popular as she was, Miss Toland's life had brought her nothing so sweet as this young thing, to teach, to dominate, to correct and to watch and delight in, too. As Julia's grammar and manner and appearance rapidly improved, Miss Toland began to exploit her in a quiet way, and quietly gloried in the girl's almost stern dignity. When the members of the board of directors were buzzing about, Julia, with her neatly written report, was a little study in alert and silent efficiency.

Perhaps six times a year Miss Toland went to Sausalito for a few days and then, during her first year as a settlement worker, Julia went to her grandmother's house. Evelyn was working with Ryan, the Tolands' fashionable dressmaker now, and doing extremely well. Marguerite was engaged to be married and as foolishly happy as if her eyes had been fixed upon ideal unions since the days of her childhood. Nobody paid very much attention to Julia except Marguerite's promised husband, who disgusted her by hoarsely assuring her that she was a little peach, and attempting to kiss her. There were several letters from her mother, from which Julia learned that her father was well again, but that he had left her mother, who had entered, with a friend, upon the boarding-house business, in Los Angeles. She wrote her mother an

JULIA PAGE SAYS:

"Suppose there is one per cent. of trouble, one per cent. of your life that you don't like—why can't you be happy because ninety-nine per cent. is perfect?"

"Well, society is very queer; civilization hasn't gotten very far. Sometimes I think virtue is a good deal of an accident and that people take themselves too sertously."

"The more I think, the more it seems to me that any one can be anything in this world; there's some queer rule that makes you rise, if you only don't compromise! The reason so many people don't ultimately get what they want is because they stop trying for it and take something else."

"Life boils itself down to this. That women have something to sell or give away—and the question is just this: how much each one can get for it! That's what makes the most insignificant married woman feel superior to the happiest and richest old maid."

The story of Julia Page is the greatest novel that Kathleen Norris has ever written. It began in the January PICTORIAL REVIEW and will be completed in the April issue.

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affectionate letter and, after a few months, stopped going to her grandmother's house.

Miss Pierce, a delicate, refined, unmarried woman, was a daily teacher in the kindergarten and grew very fond of the grave, demure, silent Miss Page. Julia felt enormously flattered when Miss Pierce suggested that she come home with her during one of Miss Toland's brief absences and as merry, impulsive, affectionate little Miss Scott followed suit, she usually had the choice of two pleasant places in which to spend her holidays.

Miss Pierce lived with her aged mother in a handsome upper flat on Broadway. Julia liked the quiet, dignified neighborhood, and thought Mrs. Pierce a lovely old lady. She chattered with Adachi, the Japanese boy, tried the piano, whistled at the canary and sat watching Mrs. Pierce's game of patience with the absorption of a rosy-cheeked, wide-eyed child. Miss Pierce, glancing up now and then from her needlework, thought it very nice to see pretty Miss Page there and Mama so well amused, and wished that she had more inducements to offer her young guest. But Julia found the atmosphere, the quiet voices and quiet laughter inducement enough, and quite touched Mrs. Pierce with her gratitude.

The first visit to Miss Scott's house, however, was a revelation, and the memory of it stood out in such bold colors as made the decorous pleasures of the visit to Miss Pierce turn pale. Julia was rushed into the center of a group of eager, chattering people, six brothers and sisters who had been motherless from babyhood and were in mourning now for their father.

THE Scotts were bold and outspoken in their grief as in everything else; they showed Julia their father's picture before she had been ten minutes in the house, and Kennedy—Julia's "Miss Scott" of the "Alexander"—flung open a big desk so violently as to bring two vases and a calendar to the floor, and read Julia various notes and letters that had been sent them at the time of their father's death, until tears stood in more than one pair of lovely black eyes. Dinner was somehow cooked in a Babel of voices, served in a rush and afterward Kennedy chattered rose above the hissing of dish water, and the clash of hot plates. Julia laughed herself tired at the nonsense, the mad plans, the untrammeled dreams and felt really sorry when she had to tear away from them.

Time went very swiftly now—years were not as long as they used to be, one birthday was in sight of another. Sometimes, Julia was astonished and a little saddened, as is the way of youth, at the realization of the flying months. She was busy, contented, beloved, she was accomplishing her ambition—but at what a cost of years! The great moment might come now at any time—Prince Charming might be on his way to her now, but meantime she must work and eat and sleep—and the birthdays came apace. Sometimes she grew very restless—this was not life! But a visit to her grandmother's house usually sent her back to the "Alexander" with fresh courage. No possible alternative offered itself anywhere.

She went home for three or four days at the time of her father's death, and afterward deliberately decided not to accompany her mother on a trip South: Emeline had nine thousand dollars of life insurance, and thought of buying a half-interest in a boarding-house in Los Angeles.

"All the theatrical trade goes there," said Emeline, "and you could get a berth as easy as not!"

"Yes, I know," Julia said, gently, concealing an inward shudder. To her mother's disgust she went quietly back to the "Alexander," when the funeral was over. Emeline did not go South, but lingered on at home, drinking tea and gossiping with her mother, quarreling with her old father, and gradually eating into her bank account. She called upon her daughter, to Julia's secret embarrassment, though the girl introduced this overdressed, sallow, hard-eyed mother with what dignity she could muster to Miss Pierce, Miss Scott and Miss Toland. Emeline, who laughed and talked with an air of ease, was forced into silence when Julia said the closing prayer, and burst out laughing at its close.

"That does sound funny, dolling! But I mustn't laugh," said Emeline. "I'm sure you do wonders for these girls, and they need it," she added graciously, to Miss Toland. She followed Julia into the little kitchen.

"Don't she help you cook?" she asked, in a low tone, indicating Miss Toland with a jerk of her myoh-puffed head.

"Sometimes she does," Julia answered, annoyed.

"H'm!" Emeline said. And she asked curiously a moment later, "Why you do it is what gets me! Here's Marguerite going to get married, and Ev has an elegant job and I want you to go South with me; you'd have a *grand* time!"

She stopped on a complaining note, her eyes honestly puzzled. Julia closed the oven door upon some potatoes, and stood up.

"I'm perfectly satisfied, Mama," said she briefly. "I'm doing what I want to do."

"Lord!" Emeline ejaculated, discontentedly, vaguely baffled by the girl's definiteness and dignity. She left soon after, Julia dutifully walking with her to her car.

Miss Toland said nothing of the visitor when Julia came back, but she knew the girl was troubled, and lay awake a long time herself that night, conscious that Julia, in the next room, was restless and wakeful.

BESIDES a certain troubled consciousness of her failure to please her own people, Julia had in these years a more definite source of worry. Mark Rosenthal was still her patient adorer; and if, like Julia, he allowed the flying months to steal a march upon him, and drifted along in the comfortable conviction that "a little while" would bring a change in Julia's feeling, still he was none the less a watchful and ardent lover with whom she sometimes found it very difficult to deal.

The time had come, when Julia was about twenty-two, when his determination to win her became a serious menace to her peace. His manner, which had once been boyish and uncertain, was in these days good-humoredly proprietary. He laughed at little Julia's earnest explanations, and would answer her most eager appeal only with a lover's fond comment upon her eyes.

"Yes, darling, I wasn't listening—forgive me!" he said one day, when, with a spark of real anger, Julia had begged him to make his calls at the settlement house a little less frequent and less conspicuous. "What was it?" And with twinkling eyes, he caught up the hand that lay near him on the table and kissed it.

"I do not want you to do that, Mark," said Julia gravely, moving a little farther away, "and please don't call me darling!"

"All right, darling!" smiled Mark.

"I'm not joking," Julia said resentfully, two red spots in her cheeks.

Mark moved to lay his hand over hers penitently and said, in the low, gentle voice Julia dreaded:

"Do you know what's the matter with you, Julia? I'll tell you. You love me and you won't admit it. Girls never will. But that's what makes you so unhappy—you won't let yourself go. Ah, Julia! be fair to yourself, darling! Tell me that you care for me. I've waited seven years for you, dear——"

"Oh, you have not!" Julia said impatiently.

"I'd like to know why I haven't!" Mark said challengingly. "Ah, but you know I have, darling. And I want my wife." It was a Saturday afternoon and Miss Toland was dozing in her own room. Julia and Mark were alone in the deserted assembly hall. Suddenly he slipped on his knees beside her and locked one arm about her waist. "You will, won't you, Julia?" he stammered.

Julia, scarlet-cheeked, tried to rise and held him off with her hands.

"Oh, please—*please*—" she begged. "I can't, Mark. You are awfully good to me—I'm not worth it, and all that—but I *can't*. I—it's not my fault I don't want to, is it? It would be wrong to do it, feeling this way——"

She was on her feet now, and Mark stood up, too. Both were breathing hard; they looked at each other through a widening silence. Flies buzzed against the closed windows, a gust of Summer wind swept along the street outside. Suddenly Mark caught Julia fiercely in his arms, and felt her heart beating madly against him, and forcing up her chin with a gentle big hand, kissed her again and again upon her unresponsive lips.

"There!" he said, freeing her, a laugh of triumph in his voice. "Now you belong to me! That's the kind of a man that's in love with you, little girl, and don't you think for one instant that you can play fast and loose with him!"

Julia sat still for a long time after the street door banged, staring straight ahead of her. She was going for this week-end to the little house the Scotts had been loaned in Belvedere for the season, and she dressed and packed her suitcase very soberly. Miss Toland went with her to the ferry, both glad to get the fresh breath of the water, and Julia had a riotous dinner with the Scotts, and a wonderful evening drifting about in their punt between the stars in the low Summer sky and the stars in the bay. When they were in their punt back she told Kennedy all about Mark and Kennedy commented admiringly that he certainly was a gratifyingly ardent admirer.

"Ardent—I should think so!" sighed Julia, and went to sleep not ill-pleased with her rôle of the inaccessible lady. But the fact that Mark's persistence could not be discouraged worried her a good deal. He rarely gave her a chance for a definite snub; if she was ungracious, his humble patience waited tirelessly upon her mood; and if she smiled he showed such wistful delight that even Julia's cool little heart was stirred. That he never stirred her in any deeper way; that his kisses did not warm her was not a serious trouble to Mark. She would be all the sweeter to win; he would take her in his arms to the knowledge that she loved him! And Julia won, as his little wife, would be dearer even than the demure and inaccessible Julia of to-day. Mark fed his hungry heart on love tales—many a man had won a harder fight than his—these cold, shy girls made the best wives in the world!

Julia, herself, began seriously to consider the marriage. She visioned a safe, pleasant and easy life, if no very thrilling one. Mark was handsome, devoted, he was making money, he would be faithful to his wife and adore his children. Julia would have no social position, of course. She sighed. She would be a comfortable, little complacent wife among a thousand others. She would have her silk gowns, her cut glass; she could afford an outing at Pacific Grove with the children; some day she and Mark would go to New York——

No—not she and Mark! She couldn't—she didn't love him enough to sit opposite him all the mornings of her life, to sell her glowing dreams for him! She had come so far from the days that united her childhood with all the Rosenthals—she had not seen Mrs. Tarbury, nor Rose, nor Connie for years. She was climbing, climbing, away from all those old associations. And she could climb faster alone.

"I Can't Break My Engagement to You This Way, Jim If I Told You a Thousand Times That I Had Stopped Loving You,—You Would Know That I Love You, With My Whole Soul."

ONE warm morning in August, when Miss Toland was stretched out on the couch, and Julia, who had washed her hair, was shaking it, a flying, fluffy mop over the sill of the bathroom window, a sudden hubbub broke out in the kindergarten. Miss Toland flung down her book, Julia gathered her loose wrapper about her, and both ran to the door of the assembly hall. The children, crying and frightened, were gathered in a group; and in the center of it, Julia from the elevation of the stage, could see Miss Pierce half-kneeling and leaning over as if trying to raise something from the floor. While they watched she arose, holding the limp body of a five-year-old child in her arms.

"What is it—what is it!" screamed Miss Toland, but as every one else was screaming and crying and Julia's automatic "Is she dead?" was answered over and over again only by Miss Pierce's breathless "No—no—no—I don't think so!" it was some time before any clear idea of the tragedy could be had. The small girl was carried in to Julia's bed, where she lay half-conscious, moaning; great bubbles of blood formed from an ugly skin wound in her lip, and her little frock was stained with blood. As an attempt to remove her clothes only roused her to piercing screams, Julia and Miss Pierce gave up the attempt and fell to bathing the child's forehead, which, with the baby curls pushed away from it, gave a ghastly look to the little face.

"Well, you've killed her, Miss Pierce!" said Miss Toland, beside herself with nervousness, "that's a dying child, if I ever saw one. That ruins *this* Settlement House—that ends it! Poor little thing!"

"I was at the board," said Miss Pierce, white-lipped, and in a low tone.

"I don't care where you were," said Miss Toland. "There, there, darling! I pay you to watch these children—it's a fine thing if a child is going to be killed right here in the house! Where was Miss Watts?" she broke off to ask.

"Miss Watts is at home, sick," Miss Pierce said eagerly. "And I was at the board when some of those bigger boys set a bench up on top of another bench. I heard the noise

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and turned around; this child, poor little Maude Daley, it is, was standing right there, and got the full weight of both benches as they fell——"

"The boy is back," said Julia, coming from the front door, "and he says that Dr. White is out and Father McGuire is out, too!"

"Great heavens!" Miss Toland began despairingly. "No doctor! And the child's mother, where is she? Am I the only person here who can do something except sit around and say 'I'm sorry'—'I'm sorry'——"

"She has no mother and her grandmother's out," Julia said soothingly. "Miss Toland, if I telephone do you think I can catch Dr. Studdiford at the City and County?"

"A two hours' trip from Sausalito!" Miss Toland said scornfully. "You must be crazy, that's all! No—go into Mission Street——"

"I don't mean in Sausalito," Julia said firmly, "he's at the City and County on Wednesday mornings, you know. I could get him there."

Miss Toland stared at her unblinkingly for a second.

"Yes, do that," she said, then. "Yes, that's a good idea." And as Julia ran to the telephone she called after her, "Yes, that's a very good idea!"

Julia's heart thumped as she called the big institution, thumped when after a long wait a crisp voice, out of utter silence, said:

"Yes? This is Dr. Studdiford!"

She explained as concisely as she could, feeling that he listened attentively.

"Keep the child flat, no pillow," he said as Julia concluded, "tell my aunt I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

Julia, thrilled by she knew not what, knotted her flying hair loosely on her neck and buttoned on a fresh uniform. Ten minutes later she admitted Dr. Studdiford to the sick-room.

He had laid aside his hat and washed his hands. Now he sat down by the bed and smiled at the dazed, moaning little Maude. Julia felt something expand in her heart as she watched him, his intense, intelligent face, his singularly winning smile, the loose lock of dark hair on his forehead.

"Now then, Maude," said he, his clever, supple fingers on her wrist, "where does it hurt?"

Maude whimpered something made unintelligible by the fast stiffening cut in her lip.

"Her back's broken, Jim, no doubt about it," said Miss Toland, grimly.

"I think her side hurts," Miss Pierce submitted eagerly.

"Well, we'll see—we'll see!" Dr. Studdiford said soothingly. "Now, if you'll help me, Miss Page, we'll get off these clothes—ah!" For an anguished moan from the sufferer coincided with his discovery that the little left arm hung limp. Julia loosened the sleeve as the surgeon's scissors clipped it away, and she held the child while the arm was set and bandaged. Miss Pierce was faint, and Miss Toland admitted freely that she hated to see a child suffer, and went away.

"ONLY a clean dislocation, Aunt Sanna!" said Jim, cheerfully, when he came out of the sick-room. "She'll have to lie still for a while, but that's all. The cut on her mouth doesn't amount to anything. She's all right, now,—Miss Page is telling her stories. She ought to have a glass of milk or soup or something; then she'll go to sleep. I'll be in to-morrow. By the way, you have a little treasure there in Miss Page!"

"Julia? Glad you have the sense to see it, Jim!"

"She—is—a—peach!" the doctor mused, packing his very smart little instrument case. "Who is she?"

"A little girl I found. Yes, she's a nice child, Julia. She's been here six years now."

"Six years! Great Scott—how old is she?"

"Twenty-two — twenty-three, something like that."

"It doesn't sound much of a life for a young girl, Aunt Sanna. Imagine the Barbery-flower!" Dr. Studdiford shook his thermometer, looked at it, and screwed it into its case.

"How *is* Barbara?" Miss Toland asked dryly.

"Fine. Mother came to me with a long tale the other day, about her being run down, or blue, or something—but I don't see it. She has a dandy time."

"Why doesn't she marry? Barbara must be twenty-six," her aunt said, with directness.

"Oh, I don't know—why don't all the girls? The fellows they run with are an awfully bum lot," Jim said contentedly. "Look at me—why don't I?" he added, laughing.

"Well, why don't you?"

"I'm waiting to settle the others off, I guess. Besides, you know, I've been working like the devil! Sally's been worrying Mother with her affairs lately," said Jim.

"*Sally!*—and who?"

"Keith Borroughs!" Jim announced, grinning.

"Keith Borroughs? Why, he's ten years younger!"

"He's about three years younger, and he's an awful fool," said Jim, "but he's simply mad about Sally and she certainly seems to like it!"

"I think that's disgusting!" said Miss Toland. "Has he a job?"

"Job! He's a genius, my dear aunt. His father pays for his music lessons and his mother gives him an allowance. He's a pianist."

"H'm!" commented the lady, briefly.

Jim jumped up from his chair, and gave his aunt a kiss. "That little Julia Page *is* a peach, isn't she?"

"You said that once," Miss Toland said, dispassionately. Jim grinned unabashed. He had been in love with one girl or another since his fourteenth year and liked nothing so much as having his affairs of the heart discussed.

"Well, it's true, and I'll say it again for luck," said he. "Who is she? I suppose Pius Aloysius Maloney, or some good soul who comes to teach the kids boxing, has got it all framed up with her?"

"I don't know any Mr. Maloney," Miss Toland answered imperturbably. "Mr. Craig is director of the boys' club, and I know he admires her and she has another admirer, too, who comes here now and then. But how likely she is to marry I really can't say! She's an extremely ambitious girl and she has determined to raise herself."

"Raise herself!" Jim said, with a casual laugh. "I don't suppose she started much lower than other people!"

"Oh, I imagine she did. Her father was a—I don't know—a sort of drummer, I guess, but her mother is an awful person and her grandfather was a day laborer!"

"Ha!" Jim said, discomfited. "Well, see you to-morrow!" he added, departing. He walked briskly to the corner of the street, and experienced a thump at the heart when a casual backward glance discovered Julia, in a most fetching hat, coming out of the settlement house, a market basket on her arm. She did not see him, and Jim decided not to see her—of course she was a little peach, but that laborer grandfather was too much!

THAT evening Julia used the accident as an excuse to break a half-engagement with Mark. He was to be given only a few moments' chat before the Girls' Club met for a rehearsal, but he showed such bitter disappointment at losing it that Julia, half against her will, promised to spend at least part of her Sunday afternoon with him.

This was on Wednesday and on both Thursday and Saturday Dr. Studdiford came to see his little patient, and each time saw Julia, too. He asked Julia what books she liked, and surprised that she knew nothing of Browning, he sent her a great volume of his poetry, a leather-bound exquisite edition that Jim had taken some trouble to find. With the book came a box of violets and Julia, opening the package, suddenly remembered that he was a rich man and stood, flushed and palpitating to a thousand emotions, looking down at the damp, fragrant flowers.

She wore a few of the violets at the breast of her sober little gown when she met Mark on Sunday afternoon, for the promised walk. Julia had been most reluctant to go, but Maude had been moved to her own home and the child's father was sitting with her, so that Julia had no excuse to visit her.

"I want to show you something—something you'll like!" said Mark, eagerly. "We take the Sixteenth Street car and transfer down Sacramento."

Julia accepted his guidance good-naturedly, and they crossed the city, which lay in a clear wash to the warm September sunlight. Mark led Julia finally to the ornate door of a new apartment-house in Sacramento Street.

"What is it, Mark?" the girl asked, as they went in. "Some one we know live here?"

"You wait!" Mark replied mysteriously. He went to a desk in the handsome entrance hall, and talked for a few moments to a clerk who sat there. Then a quiet-looking, middle-aged woman came out, and Mark and Julia went up-stairs with her, in the little elevator.

The woman turned a key in a door and led them into a charmingly bright front apartment, of four good sized rooms and a shining bathroom. There was a bedroom with curly-maple furniture, a dining-room with a hanging lamp of art glass on a brass chain, and Mission oak table and chairs, a kitchen delightfully bright and completely equipped, and a little drawing-room, with a gas-log, a book-shelf, a good rug, a little desk and some rocking-chairs and small tables. The sun shone in through fresh net curtains, and the high windows commanded a bright view of city roofs, and a glimpse of the bay.

Julia began to feel desperately uncomfortable. She did not understand at all what Mark meant by this, but it was impossible to doubt, from his beaming face, that some plan involving her was afoot. He couldn't have furnished this apartment in the hope—

"Whose place *is* this, Mark?" she asked, trying to laugh naturally.

"Do you like it?" Mark countered, his eyes dancing.

"Like it—it's simply sweet, of course! But whose is it?"

"Well, now listen," Mark explained. "It's Joe Kirk's furniture; he's just been married, you know. He and his wife had just got back from their honeymoon, when Joe got an offer of a fine job in New York. He asked me to see if I couldn't find a tenant for this—two years lease to run, just as it stands,—no raise in rent. And the rent's fifty-five!" he called to the woman in the next room.

"Fifty, Mr. Rosenthal," she answered impassively.

"Fifty!" Mark exulted. "Think of getting all this for fifty! Ah, Julia," he came close to her as she stood staring down from the window and lowered his voice, "will you, darling? Will you? You like it, don't you? Will you marry me, dearest, and make a little home here with me?"

"Oh, Mark—" Julia stammered, a nervous smile twitching her lips.

"Well, why won't you, Ju? Do you doubt that I love you—answer me that!"

"Why, no—no, I don't, of course," Julia moved a little away.

"Don't go over there; she'll hear us! And you love me, don't you, Ju?"

"But not that way, Mark," Julia said childishly.

"Oh, 'not that way,' that's all rubbish, that's the way girls talk, that's just an expression they have! Listen—do you doubt that I'll always, *always* love you?"

"Oh, no, Mark, of course not!" Julia said nervously. "But I don't want to marry any one——"

"Well, what do you want? Haven't I loved you since you were a little girl?"

"Yes, I know—of course you have! Only—" Julia gave him a desperate smile, "only I can't discuss such things here," she pleaded, "with that woman so near!"

"You're right!" Mark said, with military promptness, and as one who loves to receive his lady's orders. "We'll go out. Only, I wanted you to see it!"

And as they went out he must stop to show her the admirably deep drawers of the little sideboard, and the ingenious arrangement by which the gas was electrically lighted.

They thanked the woman and began the long ride back to the settlement house, for Julia never left Miss Toland long alone. In the Sacramento Street car they both had to stand, but Mark found seats without difficulty on the dummy of the Fillmore Street car, and laying his arm along the back of Julia's seat, swung about so that his face was very close to hers. A world of wistful tenderness filled his voice as he said again:

"Well, darling, what do you think of it?"

Poor Mark! Perhaps if he had asked her only a week earlier, his lady might have given him a kinder answer. But Julia was walking in a golden dream to-day, a dream peopled only by herself and one other and she hardly noticed his question. She fixed her blue eyes vaguely on the black eyes so near, and smiled a little.

"Oh, answer me, Julia," Mark said impatiently. And a second later he asked alertly; "Where'd you get the violets?"

"Oh—somebody," Julia temporized. Pink flooded her cheeks.

"Who?" said Mark, very calm.

"Oh, Mark, what a tone! Nobody you know!" Julia laughed.

"Is he in love with you?" Mark asked fiercely.

"Oh, don't be so silly! No, of course he's not."

"Tell me who he is!" Mark commanded grimly.

"Now, look here, Mark," Julia said sternly. "You stop that nonsense or you can get straight off this car, and I'll go home alone! And don't you sulk, either, for it's too ridiculous and I won't have it!"

Mark succumbed instantly.

"It's because I love you so," he said, humbly. There was a little silence, then Julia, watching the Sunday streets, said suddenly:

"Look, Mark, look at the *size* of that hat!"

MARK, disdaining to turn his eyes for the fraction of a moment from her face, said reproachfully:

"Are you going to answer me, Julia?"

"How do you mean?" Julia said nervously.

"You know what I mean," Mark answered, with an impatient nod.

"No, I don't," Julia said, with a little laugh.

"Now, you look-a-here, Julia, you look-a-here," Mark began, almost angrily. "I am going to ask you to marry me—you've fooled about it and you've laughed about it, *and I've got a right to know!* I think about it all the time—I lie awake at night and think about it—I—" his voice softened suddenly, "I love you awfully, Julia," he said. And then with a sort of concentrated passion that rather frightened the girl, he added, "So I'm going to ask you once more—I want you to answer me, d'ye see?"

The car sped on, clanged across Market Street, turned into the Mission. Julia had grown a little pale. She gave Mark a fleeting look, looked away, and finally brought her eyes back to him again.

"I wish you wouldn't take things so *seriously*, Mark," she began, unsteadily. "You're always forcing me to say things. And I don't want to—I don't want to get married *at all*——"

"Rot!" said Mark harshly.

"It's not rot!" Julia protested, glad to feel her anger rising. Mark saw her heightened color and misread it.

"Yes," he said sneeringly. "That's all very well, but I'll bet you'd feel pretty badly if I never came near you again—if I let the whole thing drop!"

"Oh, Mark," said Julia fervently, "If you only *would*—I don't mean that!" she interrupted herself, compunction seizing her, at the look of mortal hurt on his face. "But I mean, if you only didn't love me! You see, I'm perfectly happy, Mark, I've got what I want. And if Miss Toland takes me abroad with her next year, why, it'll mean more to me than *any* marriage could, don't you see that? You

WHAT IS A GOOD WOMAN?

Once in a while a magazine lands a whale in the form of a really wonderful short story. "The Tie That Binds," by Maximilian Foster, appearing in the March issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW, is by far the greatest story this masterful author ever wrote.

All women think they are good—most women are. But some of them tread the dizzy edge—some of them fall over. The heroine of this story called herself "a good woman." But was she?

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know what my childhood was, Mark; my mother didn't love my father—" and as a sudden memory of the old life rose to confront her, Julia's tone became firm; she felt a certain sureness. "Married people ought to love each other, Mark," she said positively. "*I know* that. And I won't—I *never* will marry a man I don't love. If everything goes wrong, after that, you have only yourself to blame. And so many times it goes wrong, Mark! I should be unhappy, I should keep wondering if I wouldn't be happier going my own way—wondering if I wouldn't have—have gotten farther, do you understand me?"

This was a long speech for Julia, and during it Mark had twisted about and pulled his hat over his face. Now, in a voice curiously dead and hard he asked briefly:

"Gotten farther?—*where?*"

"I don't know," said Julia candidly. "But the more I read, and the more I think, the more it seems to me that any one can be anything in this world: there's some queer rule that makes you rise if you want to rise, if only you don't compromise! The reason so many people *don't* ultimately get what they want is because they stop trying for it and take something else."

"And marriage with me would be a compromise, is that it?"

"Staying where I am keeps me nearer what I want," she answered.

"Money, huh?" asked Mark.

"Oh, money, *no!* Books and talk—things. And—and if I loved you, Mark, then don't you see it *would* be the right thing to marry you?" she added brightly. "But now, it would only be because it was easier, or because I was tired of the 'Alexander,' do you see?"

"I suppose so," Mark answered drearily.

A long silence ensued. In silence they got off the car, and walked through the cheerless twilight of the dirty streets, and they were almost in sight of the settlement house before Mark burst out, a little huskily:

"Then there's no chance for me at all, Julia?"

"Oh, Mark, I feel rotten about it!" said Julia frankly, her eyes full of pity and regret, and yet a curious relief evident in her voice. "I *am* so sorry! I've just been thinking of girls who like this sort of thing—I don't see how they *can*! I *am* so sorry! But you won't mind very long, Mark, you won't always care—you'll—why, there's Dr. Studdiford's automobile!"

"Julia Felt as If the Room Was Falling With a Wild Clamor —She Heard Her Own Scream"

FOR they were in sight of the "Alexander" now, and could see the electric runabout at the door. Motor-cars were still new to San Francisco and to the world, and a crowd of curious children surrounded the machine.

"What's he there for?" Mark asked gruffly.

Julia explained. The accident—the emergency call.

"Well, but the kid is not there now, you say?"

"Yes, I know. But he didn't know that. . I suppose he's calling on his aunt."

To this Mark made no immediate answer. Presently he said:

"City and County! I'll bet the city pays for his automobile!"

"Oh, no!" Julia protested. "He's a rich man in his own right, Mark."

They were at the house now, and went up the steps together. Dr. Studdiford was in the little reception hall, with Miss Toland. He looked very handsome, very cheerful, as he came forward with his fine eyes on Julia. And Julia stood looking up at him with an expression Mark never had won from her, her serious, beautiful little face flooded with light, her round eyes soft and luminous. A woman at last, she seemed as she stood there, a grave and wise and beautiful woman, ripe for her share of loving and living, ready to find her mate.

"You got the book?" Jim said, with a little laugh. He laughed because his heart was shaking curiously and because the sudden sight of Julia disconcerted him so that he hardly knew what he said.

Julia did not answer, she only touched the wilting and still fragrant violets on her breast with her free hand. Jim still held one hand.

"You—you'll like Browning," added Jim. And inconsequentially he added, "I was thinking of our little talk yesterday—all night."

"So was I," Julia breathed. They turned suddenly and self-consciously to Miss Toland and Mark. Julia introduced the men, her breath was coming unevenly and her color was exquisite; she talked nervously and did not meet Mark's eye. Mark was offered a lift in Dr. Studdiford's motor-car and declined it. The doctor seemed to be in a hurry to go; wandered into her room to advise his aunt upon the placing of a telephone extension. Julia and Mark loitered about the assembly hall for a few empty moments, and then Mark said he must go; so Julia, absently consenting, went with him toward the stage door.

"And he's rich, is he?" said Mark.

Julia came out of a brief dream.

"He's very rich—yes!" she smiled.

She mounted to the stage as she spoke and Mark held out his hand and turned about as if to say good-by. The next instant Julia felt as if the dull twilight room had turned to brass and was falling with a wild clamor; she felt as if her heart were being dragged bodily to her lips—and she heard her own wild scream.

Silence fell and Mark was still staring at her, still smiling. But now he toppled slowly toward her and stumbled, and as his body, with a hideous, slithering sound, slipped down to the floor, his arm fell lax and the still smoking revolver slid to Julia's very feet.

"Stop, Julia—what is it? What is it?" Miss Toland was crying. She locked her arms tight about the girl and drew her back into the reception hall. Julia was silent, suddenly realizing that she had been screaming. She moved her tongue over her dry lips and struggled to explain.

"Now we understand perfectly!" Dr. Studdiford said, soothingly. "He shot himself, poor boy—a clean bullet through his brain. I'm going to take care of him, do you see? Just keep *still*, Aunt Sanna, or we'll have a crowd here. Aunt Sanna, do you want this to get into the papers?" For Miss Toland's surmises were delivered at a sort of shriek.

"Oo—oo—oo!" shuddered Julia, fearful eyes on the assembly room door. "He was—we were just talking——"

"Is he dead, Jim?" asked Miss Toland fearfully.

"I think so. I'm going to call the hospital for an ambulance, anyway," Dr. Studdiford was all brisk authority.

"But whatever possessed him?" shrilled Miss Toland again. "Of all things!"

"Had you quarreled?" asked Jim, keen eyes on Julia as he rattled the telephone hook.

"No," Julia said shortly, like a child who holds something back. Then her face wrinkled and she began to cry. "He wanted to marry me," she said piteously. "He wanted me to promise! But he always has asked me—ever since I was fifteen years old and I have always said no!"

"Well, now," Jim said soothingly. "Don't cry. You couldn't help it. Do you know why he carried a revolver?"

"He has to carry it, his business isn't a very safe one," Julia said, shakily. "He's shown it to me once or twice!" Her voice dropped on a trembling note, and her eyes were wild with fright.

"Now, Aunt Sanna," said Jim quietly, after telephoning, "I think that you and Miss Page ought to get out of here. You'll have a raft of reporters and busybodies here to-morrow. It's a ghastly thing, of course, and the quieter we keep it the better for every one. I'll manage my end of it. . I'll have as conservative an account as I can in the papers—simply that he was despondent over a love-affair and, in a fit of temporary aberration—and so on. Could you close this place up for a week?"

"Certainly!" said Miss Toland, with Spartan promptness, beginning to enjoy the desperate demand of the hour. "And could you take that poor child somewhere, out of the public eye?"

"I will indeed, Jim!"

"Well, that's the best way to do. You're a trump, Aunt Sanna! I will say that Miss Page is naturally prostrated, and gone away to friends."

"Jim! has that poor boy a chance?"

"A chance? No. He died instantly. It was straight through the brain. Yes, terrible—naturally. Now, will you take what you need——"

"Instantly!" said Miss Toland, with a shudder. "Oh, Jim, I'm so glad you're a doctor," she added weakly, clutching his arm, "and so cold-blooded and reliable!"

"I'm glad I was here," Jim answered simply. "Hello, look at poor little Miss Page! She's fainted! A glass of water, quick!"

It was Christmas-time before Julia saw Dr. Studdiford again and then it was for but a very few minutes. Christmas afternoon was wet and blowy out-of-doors, but the assembly hall of the "Alexander" looked warm and bright; there were painfully-made garlands of green looped about the windows, bells of red paper hung from all the chandeliers and on the stage an enormous Christmas tree glittered with color and light. Six hundred people were crowded into the room, more than half of them children. Babies twisted and clambed on the laps of their radiant mothers, small girls and boys everywhere were restless with excitement and anticipation. Miss Toland appeared only at intervals, spending most of the afternoon with a few chosen guests in the reception hall, but Julia was everywhere at once. She wore a plain white linen gown, with a bit of holly in her hair and on her breast and whether she was marshaling small girls into groups, stopping to admire a new baby, meeting the confectioner's men and their immense freezers at the drafty side door, talking shyly with the directors in Miss Toland's room, or consoling some weeping infant in the hall, she was followed by admiring eyes.

At three o'clock the general restlessness visibly increased and the air in the hall, between steaming wet garments and perspiring humanity became almost insufferable. Julia experimentally opened a door and let in a wet blast of air, but this was too drastic, and her eyes were brought back from a wistful study of the high windows by a voice that said:

"Merry Christmas! Give me a stick and I'll do it for you!"

The girl found her hand in Dr. Studdiford's and their eyes met.

"I didn't know you were here!" said Julia, in swift memory of their last meeting.

"Just come." He looked at her, all kindliness. "How goes it?"

"Finely," Julia answered. When he had opened a window, he followed her across the room. "I may stay near you, may'n t I?"

"I am just going to begin," Julia said, taking her place at the square piano and facing the room across the top of it. Her small person seemed suddenly fired with authority. She struck a full chord and began. She said. "*Children!* Who is talking? Some one is still talking—keep still, everybody, please! Keep still, every one.

"Now we are going to sing the 'Adeste'—four verses. And then we'll give out the presents. Listen, every one! We are going to sing the 'Adeste'—and then give out the presents. The presents, of course, go only to our own girls and boys, do you understand that? Listen, children please!

"But we have a box of candy for every child here, whether that child comes to any of the classes or not! So don't go home without your candy. And don't come up for your present until you hear your name called, do you understand that? If I see any child coming up before Miss Pierce calls her name, I'll send her right back to her seat! Now, the 'Adeste', please."

JIM had listened in intense amusement. How positive she was and how authoritative! Her straight little back, her severe braids, her stern blue eyes roving the hall as she touched the familiar chords—were all so different from the vague young women who were Barbara's friends. She played a few wandering chords after the distribution of gifts began, watching the children file up the aisle and listening, with only an occasional lifting of her blue eyes to his face, to Dr. Studdiford's smiling comments. Her heart was beating high under a flood of unsensed joy, she did not know why—but she was happy beyond all words.

"I'm afraid I'll have to go help Miss Pierce and Miss Furey, Doctor," she said presently, standing up. "Our Miss Scott got married two months ago and it's so hard not to have her for times like this! Here, little girl—little girl! You don't come to the classes, do you? No. Well then, go back to your seat and wait—you see!" She turned despairingly to Jim. "You see, they're simply making a mess of it!"

"I have to go, anyway," said Jim.

"Oh?" Julia turned surprised eyes toward him and said the one thing she meant to avoid. "But Mrs. Toland and the others are coming," she submitted.

"And what of it?" Jim said meaningly. It was his turn to say the awkward thing. "How are the nerves these days?" he asked, quickly.

Color flooded Julia's face.

"Much better, thank you! I gave the tonic up weeks ago. It was just nerves," explained Julia, "a sort of breakdown after we came back from Cloverdale! And I'm so much obliged to you!" she ended shyly.

"Oh, not at all—not at all!" Jim protested gruffly. An unmanageable silence hung between them for a few seconds, then Julia, with a murmured excuse, went to the extrication of Miss Pierce, now hopelessly involved in a

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surge of swarming children, and Jim went on his way. He carried with him a warm memory of the erect young figure in white, and the thick twisted braids, set against a background of Christmas green. For Julia the rest of the afternoon was enchanted; an enchantment subtly flavored with the odor of evergreen, and pierced by rapturous voices, and by the glowing colors of the Christmas tree, and the slapping rain at the window.

SHE and Miss Toland sat down, exhausted and well-satisfied, at seven o'clock, to a scrappy little supper in the littered dining-room—a director had left chocolates, another her violets; a child's soiled hair ribbon, still tied, lay on the floor, the chairs were pushed about at all angles.

"Give me some more coffee, dear, and open that box of candy," said Miss Toland, luxuriously. "We'll sleep late and go to high mass at the Cathedral. Alice always has room in her pew. And then we might go over to Sausalito and say 'Merry Christmas.' They'll all be scattered; Jim tells me he and my brother have an operation at twelve, poor wretches, and I suppose Barbara and little Sally will be off somewhere. Sally always tries to keep them together for Christmas eve, but in my opinion they're all bored by this tree and stocking business. But of course Ned and his extraordinary wife will be all over the place!"

"I've not been in Sausalito, except once, for eight years," Julia said reflectively.

"I know you've not. Well, we'll go to-morrow." Miss Toland reached for a cigaret; yawned as she lighted it. But Julia's heart began to beat fast in nervous anticipation.

Mrs. Toland received them very graciously the next day, and Julia was at once made to feel at home in the pretty house, which was littered charmingly to-day with all sorts of Christmas gifts and bright with open fires. Barbara was there and the crippled Richie, but Sally had gone to a Christmas concert with her devoted little squire, Keith Burroughs, and Mrs. Toland presently took Miss Sanna aside for a long distressed confidence. Theodora, it seemed, had had a stormy argument with her father on the subject of her admirer, Robert Carleton, who was about forty-seven and married, some days before, and yesterday had left in defiance of all authority, to meet him for a walk and lunch with him. She and her father had not spoken to each other since, and Ted was keeping to her room. Julia met Ned's wife, a pretentious, complacent little gabbling village belle and was dragged about by the younger sisters to look at everybody's presents.

"Must be a long time since we saw you here, Miss Page?" said the old doctor, smiling at her over his glasses, as he carved at luncheon.

"I was here two years ago, one afternoon," Julia smiled. "But I think I haven't seen you since 'The Amazons'—eight years ago!"

"Eight years!" Barbara said, struck. "Mother, do you realize that it is eight years since I was in that play with the Hazzards and Gray Babcock and the Grinnells! Isn't that *awful?*"

Julia went through the day in a sort of deep study. This was the enchanted castle that had stood to her for so long as the unattainable height of dreams, these were the envied inhabitants of the castle. Everything was the same, except herself, yet how incredibly the change in her affected everything about her! She was at home here now, could answer the table pleasantries with her ready, grave smile, could feel that her interest in Constance and Jane was a pleasure to them or could pick a book from the drawing-room table with the confidence that what she said of it would not be ridiculous. She could even feel herself happier than Barbara, who listened so closely to what Julia said of the settlement house, and sighed as she listened.

In the new year, Jim began to come pretty regularly to the settlement house. Sometimes he stayed but for two minutes, never for more than ten and usually, even if Julia were out, he left some little gift for her: a book or a magazine, flower seeds, or violets, or a box of candy. She would glance up from the soiled and rumpled sewing of some small girl to find Jim smiling at her from the stage door, or come back from her little shopping round and have a moment's chat with him on the steps. She grew more and more silent, more and more self-contained, but her beauty deepened daily and her eyes shone like blue stars.

"God, I will not believe it—I *cannot* believe it!" said Julia, on her knees, at night, her hands pressed tight against her eyes. "But I think he is beginning to love me!" And she walked in a strange dazzle of happiness, rejoicing in every sunny morning that with its warmth and blueness and distant soft whistles from the bay, seemed to promise the Spring, and rejoicing no less when rain beat against the windows of the "Alexander," and the children rushed in upon her at three o'clock, with rain drops glistening in their hair and on their glowing cheeks.

In April Doctor Toland went on a fortnight's trip to Mexico, and took his third daughter with him in the undisguised hope of winning some small share of her confidence and convincing her of his own disinterested affection. Two days later Barbara telephoned her aunt the harrowing news of Sally's elopement with Keith Borroughs and Miss Toland went at once to Sausalito, taking Julia along.

They found the big house full of excitement. Richie was trying to comfort his mother, who had retired to her room and was tearful and hysterical, Ned and his wife had gone back after Christmas to the small country town where he held a small position under his father-in-law. Jim was doing both his own work and that of his adopted father for the time being, and could not be found by telephone, so Julia was received by Barbara and the two younger girls, who were not inclined to make light of the event.

"Nearly four years younger than Sally!" said Constance, not for the first time.

"It's not *that*," Barbara contributed disgustedly. "But he's only nineteen—not of age, even! And he hasn't one single penny, why, Mrs. Carter was thinking of sending him abroad for two years' work with his music—I *see* her doing it, now! Little sloppy-haired, conceited idiot, that's what *he* is!"

"If they really love each other, it's all right," Julia replied. Barbara sighed.

"Oh, I hope it is, Julia!" said she, as conscious of the little familiarity for all her abstracted air as Julia was, and suspecting that it thrilled Julia, as indeed it did.

"It's all the result of idleness, that's what it is, and that's what I've been telling your mother," said Miss Toland coming in. "You've all got nothing to do, except sit about and think how bored you are!"

"Oh, Auntie, aren't you low?" Barbara said tranquilly, going to take an arm of her chair. "All sorts of people elope—there's nothing so disgraceful in *that*."

"It's disgraceful considering what a father you've got—and what a mother!" Miss Toland said vexatiously. "And Ted worrying your father to death about that scamp, too, I declare it's too much!"

"He's a pretty rich scamp and a pretty attractive scamp," Barbara said, in defense of Theodora's choice. "He's not like that kid of a Keith!"

THE garden gate slammed and Julia heard a quick step on the porch before the others did, but it was Jane who said "Here's Jim!" and Barbara who went to let him in.

"Oh, Jimmy, have you heard of Sally?" she faltered, and as they came in from the hall Julia's quick eye saw that she was half-clinging to his shoulder, sister-fashion and that his arm was half about her.

"Hello, every one!" said his big, reassuring voice. "How's Mother?—Hello, Aunt Sanna—and Miss Page, too! Well, this is fun, isn't it? Yes, Miss Babbie, I've heard of Sally,—Sally Borroughs, as she is now——"

"What, married?" said every one at once, and Mrs. Toland, making an impressive entrance with Richie, sank into a deep chair and echoed: "Married?"

"Married, Mother dear," said Jim. "They found me in Dad's office at five o'clock, Keith's father, a fierce sort of man, was with them and was for calling the whole thing off. Sally was crying, poor girl, and Keith miserable——"

"Oh, poor old Sally!" said Barbara's tender voice.

"You should have brought her straight home to me," Mrs. Toland added severely.

"Well, so I thought at first. But they had their license, which would be in the morning papers anyway, and Sally had done the fool thing of mailing letters to two girl friends, when she left here this morning——"

"She left me a mere scribble, pinned to her pincushion," said her mother, magnificently. "Just as any common actress——"

"Sally's of age, of course," Jim argued soothingly, "and one couldn't very well bring her back home like a child. The thing would have gotten out and she'd have been a marked girl for life! There's really no reason why they shouldn't marry, and the boy—Keith, that is, put her into a carriage quite charmingly, and they drove off. They'll go no farther than Tamalpais or the Hotel Rafael, probably, for Keith has to be back at work on Monday and I made him promise to bring Sally here on Sunday night."

Two days later, on Sunday, the bride and groom came home. Sally, who looked particularly well and quite unashamed, rushed into her mother's arms and laughed and cried like a creature possessed. She kissed all her sisters and if there was a note of disapproval in her welcome she did not get it. Richie having charitably carried off the somewhat sullen young husband, the bride was presently free to open her heart to the women of the house.

"It's all so different when you're married, isn't it, Mother?" bubbled Sally. "Going into hotels and everything—you don't care who looks at you, you know you've a perfect right to go anywhere with your husband! Now, that look that Keith just gave me, as he went off with Richie—*blazing!* Well, it would just have amused me when we were engaged, but now I know that he's simply wretched with jealousy, and I'll have to pet him a little and quiet him down! He is a perfect child about money; he *will* spend too much on everything—and if we go abroad I'll simply have to——"

"Go abroad!" every one echoed.

"Oh, I think we must, for Keith's music," Sally said gravely. "He can't settle down here, you know. He's got to live abroad and he's got to have lessons. Expensive lessons. Office work makes him too nervous, anyway."

"Well, my dear, I hope you will have money enough to carry out these pleasing plans," said Miss Toland dryly.

"Well, we have my twenty-five a month," Sally said, capably, "and Keith's father *ought* to give him another twenty-five, because the expense of having Keith live at home will be gone, and—" Sally fixed a hopeful eye on her mother, "and I should think Dad would give me at least that, Mother," said she. "I must cost him much more than that!"

"Oh, I—don't—know!" said Mrs. Toland, guardedly, taken unawares, and slowly shaking her head.

"Then I thought," pursued the practical Sally, "that if you would give me even *half* the clothes of a regular trousseau, and if Dad would give us our traveling expenses to Berlin for a wedding present—why, there you are!"

"But you two couldn't live on seventy-five dollars a month, Sally!"

"Oh, Mother, Jeannette said you could get a lovely room for two, in a pension, for a dollar a day! And that leaves forty for lessons, two a week, and five dollars over!"

"For laundry and car-fare and doctor's bills," said Miss Toland, unsympathetically.

"Well——!" Sally flared, resentful color in her cheeks.

"And Dad will never consent to anything so *outrageously* unfair as living on thirty-five and spending forty for lessons!" said Barbara.

Poor little Sally looked somewhat crushed.

"For heaven's sake don't let Keith hear you say that, Babbie!" she said nervously. "It makes him frantic to suggest that you can get decent lessons in harmony for nothing! I don't know what you know about it, anyway. I'll fix it with Dad!"

"If Dad allows Sally so much, he ought to do the same for the rest of us," Constance suggested. Julia, foreseeing a scene, slipped out of the room.

In the hallway she encountered Dr. Studdiford, who was just down-stairs after a late sleep. Jim had the satisfied air of a man who has had a long rest, a shave and a bath, and a satisfactory breakfast.

"Family conference?" he said, nodding toward the sitting-room door.

"Sally and Keith are here," Julia announced.

"Oh, are they? Well, I ought to go in. But I also ought to walk up to the ridge and see that poor fellow who ran a shaft into his leg." Jim hesitated. "I suppose you wouldn't like to go with me?" he asked, with his sudden smile. Julia's heart jumped, her eyes answered him. "Well, wrap up snug," said Jim, "for there's the very deuce of a wind!"

So Julia tied herself into the most demure of hats and buttoned her long coat about her, and Jim shook himself into his heaviest overcoat and pulled an old cap down over his eyes. They let themselves out at a side door and a gust of wet wind howled down upon them and shook a shower from the madly rippling ivy leaves. The sky was high and pale, and crossed by hurrying and scattered clouds; a clean, roaring gale tore over the hills, and ruffled the rain pools in the road, and bowed the trees like whips. The bay was iron-color, choppy waves chased each other against the piers. Now and then a pale flicker of sunlight brightened the whole scene with blues and greens and shadows spectacularly clear, then the clouds met again, and the wind sang like a snapped wire.

Julia and the doctor climbed the long flights of stairs that cut straight up through the scattered homes on the hill. These earthen steps were still running with the late rain, and moss lay on them like a green film. Julia breathed hard, a veil of blown hair crossed her bright eyes, her stinging cheeks glowed.

"I love this kind of a day!" she shouted. Jim's gloved hand helped her to cross a wide pool, and his handsome eyes were full of all content as he shouted back.

PRESENTLY, when they were in a more quiet bit of road, he told her of some of his early, boyish walks. "Listen, Julia!" he said, catching her arm. "D'you hear them?—it's the peepers! We used to call them that, little frogs, you know—sure sign of the Spring!"

And as the wind lulled Julia heard the brave little voices of a hundred tiny croakers in some wet bit of meadow. "We'll have buttercups next week!" said Jim.

He told her something of the sick man to whom they were going, and spoke of other cases, of his work and his hopes.

"Poor Kearney!" said Jim, "his oldest kid was sick, then his wife had a new baby, and now this! You'll like the baby—he's a nice little kid. I took him in my arms last time I was here and I wish you could have seen the little lip curl up—but he wouldn't cry! A kid two months old can be awfully cunning!" He looked a little ashamed

HOW EUROPE TAKES CARE OF MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

They certainly know how to do a great many things better in Europe than we do here. One reason may be that they don't play politics so much. Mabel Potter Daggett, author of "The Third House" series, who has recently returned from an extended tour through Europe expressly for PICTORIAL REVIEW, begins her new series in the present issue.

Next month we print the first of two articles on Mothercraft in Europe, in which Mrs. Daggett tells what the governments of England, France and Germany have been doing for years in protecting mothers and children.

Not only is it vitally interesting, but it points a way for American mothers to demand similar protection from our Government. The United States spends millions looking after hogs and cattle and forests. The new National Children's Bureau started off with a beggarly appropriation of $25,000.

This is another article the men folks ought to read.

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of this sentiment, but Julia thought she had never seen anything so bright and simple and lovable as the smile with which he asked her sympathy.

She was presently mothering the baby, in the Kearneys' little hot living-room, while Dr. Studdiford caused the patient in the room beyond to shout with pain. The howling wind had a sinister sound, heard up here within walls, and Julia was glad to be out in it and going down the hills again.

"Well, how do you like sick calls?" asked Jim.

"I was glad not to have to see him," Julia confessed.

"But it is a darling baby, and such a nice little wife! She has a sister who comes up every afternoon, so she can get some sleep—poor thing. His mother is going to pay their rent until he gets well, and he gets two dollars a week from his Union. But she said that if you hadn't——"

"Well, you know now, for such a quiet little mouse of a girl, Julia, you are a pretty good confidence woman!"

"And the baby's to be named for you!" Julia ended triumphantly.

"Lord, they needn't have done that!" said the doctor, with his confused boyish flush. "Look, Julia—how the tide has carried that ferry-boat out of her course!"

Julia's heart flew with the winds; she felt as if she had never known such an hour of ecstasy before. They had crossed the upper road, and were half-way down the last flight of steps, when Jim suddenly caught her hand and turned her about to face him. Dripping trees shut in this particular landing, and they were alone under the wind-swept sky. Jim put his arms about her, and Julia raised her face, with all a child's serene docility, for his kiss.

"Do you love me, Julia?" said Jim urgently, then. "Do you love me, little girl? Because I love you *so* much!"

Not the words he had so carefully chosen to say, but he said them a score of times. If Julia answered it was only with a confused murmur, but she clung to him and her luminous eyes never moved from his own.

"Oh, my God, I love you so!" Jim said, finally releasing her only to catch her in his arms again. "Won't you say it once, Julia, just to let me hear you?"

"But I did say it," Julia said, dimpling and rosy.

"Oh, but darling, you don't know how *hungry* I am to hear you!"

"How—how could I help it?" Julia stammered; and now the blue eyes she raised were misty with tears.

JIM found this satisfactory; intoxicatingly so. They went a few steps farther, and sat on a bit of dry bulkhead, and began to discuss the miracle. About them the winds of Spring shouted their eternal promise, and in their hearts the promise that is as new and as old as Spring came to dazzling flower.

"My clever, sweet, little dignified girl!" said Jim. "Julia, do you know that you are the most fascinating woman in the world—I never saw any one like you!"

"I? Oh, Jim!" was all that Julia said, but her dimples and the nearness of the blue eyes helped the stammered words.

"Among all the chattering, vapid girls I know," pursued Jim, "you stand utterly alone, you with your ambitions, and your *wisenesses*! By George, when I think what you have made of yourself, I could get down and worship you. I feel like a big spoiled kid beside you! I've always had all the money I could spend and you, you game little thing, you've grubbed and worked and made things do!"

"I never had any ambition as high as marrying you," Julia said, with that mysterious little smile that at once baffled and enchanted him. "When I think of it, it makes me feel giddy, like a person walking in a valley who found himself set down on top of a mountain! I never thought of marriage at all!"

"But you are going to marry me, sweet, aren't you?" Jim asked anxiously. "And you *are* happy, dear? For I feel as if I would die of joy with pride!"

"Oh, I'm happy!" Julia said, and instantly her lip quivered, and her eyes brimmed with tears. She jumped to her feet, and caught him by the hand. "Come on!" she said. "We *mustn't* be so long!"

"But darling," said Jim, infinitely tender. "Why the tears?"

For answer she caught his coat in her shabbily-gloved little hands.

"Because I love you so, Jim," she faltered, trying to smile. "You don't know how much!" Her voice had dropped to a whisper and for a moment her eyes looked far beyond him, down into the valley, and at the iron-cold bay with its racing whitecaps. Then she took his hand and they began to descend the steps.

"I may tell my mother, Julia?" Jim asked joyously. "And Aunt Sanna? And do you know that Julia is one of my favorite names——"

"No, I want you not to tell any one," Julia decided quickly. "You must promise me that. Nobody." Something in her tone surprised—a little chilled, him.

"Julia—but why?"

"Well, because we want to be *sure*——"

"Oh, sure! Why, but, dearest, aren't you——"

"No, but wait a moment," Julia interrupted and Jim, turning toward her, saw a real troubled reflected in her face. "I want you to meet my mother and my own people—" she said, scarlet-cheeked. Jim's grave, comprehensive look met hers.

"And I want to, dear," he said. And then, as her face did not brighten, "Why, my dearest, you aren't going to worry because your people aren't in the Social Register and don't go to the Brownings? I know all sorts of people, Ju—Kearney, up there, is a good friend of mine! And I know from Aunt Sanna that you're a long way ahead of your own people."

"I don't know whether it's 'ahead' or not," said Julia, with a worried laugh. "I suppose only God knows the real value of finger-bowls and tooth-brushes and silk stockings! I *suppose* it's 'ahead!' "

She opened the Tolands' side gate as she spoke and they went into the bare garden.

"Well—but don't go in," pleaded Jim. "There'll be a mob about us in no time, and I've never had you to myself before! When may I come see your people?"

"Will you write?" Julia asked, at the side door.

"Oh, but darling, when we've just begun to talk!" fretted Jim. "Would you dare to kiss me right here—no one could possibly see us!"

"I would not!" And Julia flashed him one laughing look as she opened the door. A moment later he heard her running up the stairway.

Julia found Miss Toland up-stairs, hastily packing.

"Well, runaway!" said the older lady. And then, in explanation, "I think we'd best go, Julia, for my brother and Teddy have just gotten home, and there'll have to be a great family council to-night."

"Would you stay if I went?" Julia asked, coming close to her.

"No, you muggins! I'd pack you off in a moment if that was what I meant! No—I'm glad enough to get out of it!" Miss Toland stood up. "What's Jim Studdiford been saying to you to give you cheeks like that?" she asked.

"I don't know," Julia whispered, with a tremulous laugh. And for the first time she went into Miss Toland's

"'I'm Perfectly Satisfied, Mama,' Said She Briefly, 'I'm Doing What I Want to Do.' 'Lord!' Eunice Ejaculated"

open arms and hid her face, and for the first time they kissed each other.

"Anything settled?" the older woman presently asked, in great satisfaction.

"Not—quite!" Julia said.

"Not quite! Well, that's right,—there's no need of hurry. Oh, law me! I've seen this coming," Miss Toland assured her, "he all but told me himself, a week ago! Well—well—well! And it only goes to show, Julia," she added, shaking a skirt before she rolled it into a ball and laid it in her suitcase, "that if you give a girl an occupation, she's better off, she's more useful, and it doesn't keep her fate from finding her out! You laugh, because you've heard me say this before,—but it's true!"

Julia had laughed indeed; her heart was singing. She would have laughed at anything to-day.

Four days later, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Dr. Studdiford called at the "Alexander," and Miss Page joined him, in street attire, at once. They walked away to the car together, in a street suddenly flooded with golden sunshine.

"Did you tell your mother I was coming, dear?"

"Oh, Jim, of course! I never would dare take them unawares!"

"And did you tell her that you were going to be my adored and beautiful little wife in a few months?"

"In a few months—hear the man! In a few years! No, but I gave them to understand that you were my 'friend.' I didn't mention that you are a multimillionaire and a genius on leg-bones——"

"And I do dread this call," Julia went on nervously. "I came down here yesterday, just to say we were coming, and it all struck me as being—however, there's the house, and you'll soon see for yourself!"

The house itself was something of a shock to Jim, but if Julia guessed it, he gave her no evidence of his feeling and was presently taken into the stifling parlor and introduced to Julia's mother—a little gray now, but hard-lipped and bright-eyed as ever and to Mrs. Cox, who had been widowed for some years and was a genial, toothless, talkative old woman, much increased in her own esteem and her children's, as the actual owner of the old house.

"How's your arm to-day?" Julia asked, stopping behind her mother's chair, and laying two firm young hands on her shoulders.

"What do you think of a girl that runs off and doesn't see her mother for weeks at a time, Doctor?" Mrs. Page demanded a little tearfully. "Her papa and I was devoted to her, too! But I suppose if she marries she'll be too grand for us altogether!"

"Now, Mother—" said Julia pleadingly, half-vexed, half-indulgent.

"I had an elegant little place myself, when I was first married," Mrs. Page continued in a sort of discontented singsong, "Julia must have told you about her papa——"

Julia's serious eyes flashed a look to Jim, and he saw something almost like humor in their blue depths.

THE call was not long. Dr. Studdiford shook hands with both the ladies in departing, and Julia kissed her mother and grandmother dutifully. The two walked almost in silence to the car.

"Down-town?" asked Julia, in surprise.

"Down-town, for tea," Jim said. And when they were comfortably established in a secluded corner of the Golden Pheasant he expelled a long breath from his lungs and sent Julia his sunniest smile as he said:

"Well, you're a wonder!"

"I?" Julia touched her heart with her fingers, and raised her eyebrows.

"Oh, yes, you are!" Jim repeated. "You're a little wonder! To make yourself so sweet and fine and dear,—it shows that you're one of the big people of the world, Julia! Some one of the writers, Emerson, I guess it was, says that when you find a young person who is willing to accept the wisdom of older people, and abide by it—why, you may watch that young person for great things. And you see, I propose to!"

Julia raised heavy eyes, and he could see that tears were pressing close behind them. She did not speak, but her look suddenly enveloped him like a cloud. Jim felt a sudden prick of tears behind his own eyes.

"Sweetness," he said, gravely, "I know you love me! And Julia, my whole soul is simply on fire for you. Don't—don't let any mere trifle come between us now. Let me tell my mother and father to-morrow!"

A clear light was shining in Julia's eyes. Now, as she automatically arranged the tea things before her, and poured him his first cup of tea, she said:

"Jim, I told you that I haven't thought much about marriage for myself. I suppose it's funny that I shouldn't, for they say most girls do! But perhaps it was because the biographies and histories I began to read when I came to the settlement house were all about men, how Lincoln rose, how Napoleon rose, how this rich man sold newspapers when he was a little boy, and that other one spent his first money in taking his mother out of the poor-house. And of course marriage doesn't enter so much into the lives of men. It came to me years ago that what wise men are trying to din into young people everywhere is just this: that if you make yourself ready for anything, that thing will come to you. Just do your end, and somewhere out in the queer big incomprehensible machinery of the world your place will mysteriously begin to get ready for you—am I talking sense, Jim?"

"Absolutely. Go on!" said Jim.

"Well, and so I thought that if I took years and years I might—well, you won't see why, but I wanted to be a lady!" confessed Julia, her lips smiling, but with serious eyes. "And Jim, everything comes so much more easily than one thinks. Your aunt knew I wasn't, but I happened to be what she needed—and I kept quiet, and listened and learned!

"Oh, Jim!" Julia looked at him over her teacup, a breach of manners which Jim thought very charming. "No," she said, presently, pursuing her own thoughts, "I never thought of marriage! And now you come along, Jim, so—so good to me, so infinitely dear and I can't—I can't help caring—" And suddenly her lip trembled and tears filled her eyes. She looked down at her cup, and stirred it blindly.

"You angel!" Jim said.

"Don't—make—me—cry—!" she begged, thickly. A second later she looked up, laughing through tears. "I feel like a person who has been skipped over four or five grades at school; I don't know whether I *can* be a rich man's wife!" she said whimsically. "I know I can go on as I am, reading and thinking, and listening to other people and keeping quiet when I have nothing to say—but—but when I think of being Mrs. James Studdiford——"

"Oh, I love to hear you say it!" Jim leaned across the table, and put one warm big hand over hers. "My darling little wife!"

The word dyed Julia's cheeks crimson, and for the long hour that they lingered over their tea she seemed to Jim more charming than he had ever found her before. Her gravity, with its deep hint of suppressed mirth, and her mirth that was always so delicate and demure, so shot with sudden pathos and seriousness, were equally exquisite; and her beauty won all eyes, from the old waiter who hovered over their happiness, to the little baby in the street-car, who would sit in Julia's lap and nowhere else. Jim presently left Julia to her Girls' Club, consoling himself with the thought that on the following night they were to make their first trip to the theater together.

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But when, at half-past seven the next evening, Dr. Studdiford presented himself at the settlement house, he found Julia alone, and obviously not dressed for the theater. She admitted him with a kiss that to his lover's enthusiasm was strangely cool, and drew him into the reception hall.

"Why, sweetheart," Jim said in great distress. "What is it? You're not one bit like yourself!"

"No, I know I'm not," Julia said wildly. She sat down again. "I've been thinking and thinking all day—until I feel as if I must go *crazy!*" she said, with a desperate gesture. "And it's come to this, Jim—don't think I'm excited—I mean it. I—we can't be married, Jim. That's all. Don't—don't look so amazed. People break engagements all the time, don't they? And we aren't really engaged, Jim, nobody knows it. And—and so it's *all* right!"

Anything less right than Julia's ashen face and blazing eyes, and the touch of her cold, wet little hands, Jim thought he had never seen. He stepped into the bathroom, and ran his eye along the trim row of labeled bottles on the shelf.

"Here, drink this, dear," he said, coming back to her with something clear and pungent in a glass. "Now, come here," and half-lifting the little figure in his arms he put her on the couch, and tucked a plaid warmly about her. "Don't forget that your husband is also a doctor," said Jim, sitting down so that he could see her face, and hold one hand in both of his. "You're all worn out and excited, and no wonder! You see, most girls take out their excess emotion on their families, but my little old girl is too much alone!"

Julia's eyes were fixed on him as if she were powerless to draw them away. It was sweet—it was poignantly sweet!—to be cared for by him, to feel that Jim's warm heart and keen mind were at her service, that the swift smile was for her, the ardor in his eyes was all her own. For perhaps half an hour she rested, almost without speaking, and Jim talked to her with studied lightness and carelessness. Then suddenly she sat up and put her hands to her loosened hair.

"I must look wild, Jim!"

"You look like a ravishing little gipsy! But I wish you had more color, mouse!"

"Am I pale?" Julia asked, with a little nervous laugh. Jim dropped on one knee beside her, and studied her with anxious eyes, and she pushed the hair off his forehead, and rested her cheek against it with a long sigh as if she were very tired.

"What is it, dear?" asked Jim, with infinite solicitude.

"WELL!" Julia put the faintest shadow of a kiss on his forehead, then got abruptly to her feet and crossed the room, as if she found his nearness suddenly insufferable. "I can't break my engagement to you this way, Jim," said she. "For even if I told you a thousand times that I had stopped loving you—" a spasm of pain crossed her face, she shut her hands tightly together, over her heart. "Even then you would know that I love you with my whole soul," she said in a whisper with shut eyes.

"But you see," and Julia turned a pitiful smile upon him, "you see there's something you don't understand, Jim! You say I have climbed up alone, from being a tough little would-be actress who lived over a saloon in O'Farrell Street, to this!

"You say—and your aunt says—that I am wise, wise to see what is worth having, and to work for it! But has it never occurred to one of you—" Julia's voice, which had been rising steadily, sank to a cold, low tone. "No," she said, as if to herself, sitting down at the table, and resting her arms upon it. "No, it has never occurred to one of them to ask *why* I am different—to ask just what made me so! Life boils itself down to this, doesn't it?" she went on, staring drearily at the shadowy corner of the room beyond her. "That women have something to sell, or give away—and the question is just how much each one can get for it! That's what makes the most insignificant married woman feel superior to the happiest and richest old maid. She says to herself, 'I've made my market,—somebody chose me!' That's what motherhood and home-making mean on—the whole world is just one great big question of sex, spinning away in space! And even after a woman is married, she still plays with sex—she likes to feel that men admire her, doesn't she? At dinners there must be a man for every woman, at dances no two girls must dance together! And here, the minute a new girl comes to join my clubs, I try to read her face. Is she pure—or has she already given away——"

"Julia, *dear!*" said Jim, amazed and troubled. But she silenced him with a quick gesture. Her cheeks were burning now, and her words came fast.

"Those poor little girls at St. Anne's," she said, "they've thrown their lives away because this thing that is in the air all about them came too close. They were too young legally to be trusted as Nature has trusted them for years! They heard people talk of it, and laugh about it—it didn't *seem* very dangerous——"

"Julia!" Jim said again, pleadingly.

"Just one moment, Jim, and I'll be done! When they had learned their lesson, when they had found out what sorrow it brought, when they knew that there was only loss and shame in it for them—then it was too late! Then men—and women, too, expected them to go on giving—there was nothing else to do. Oh," said Julia, in a heartbreaking voice, "if the law would only take a hand before—and not afterward! Or if, when they are sick to death of men, they would believe that time would wash it all away; that there was good work for them somewhere in the world! Oh, if they only would believe it!"

"My darling, why distress yourself about what can't possibly concern you?" Jim said. Julia stared at him thoughtfully, for a few silent seconds.

"It *does* concern me. That's how I bought my wisdom," she said quietly then, with no emotion deeper than a mild curiosity visible in her face. Voice and manner were swept bare of passion, she seemed infinitely fatigued. "That's why I can't marry you, Jim."

"What do you mean?" Jim asked easily, the indulgent smile hardly stricken from his lips.

Julia's eyes met his squarely, across the lamplight.

"That," she said, simply.

There was a silence, and no change of expression on either face. Then Jim stood up.

"I don't believe it!" he said, with a short laugh.

"It's true," said Julia. "I was not fifteen. How long ago it was! Nobody has ever known—you need not have known. But I am glad I told you. I have been thinking of nothing else but telling you for two days and two nights. And sometimes I would say to myself that what that old, little ignorant Julia did would not concern you——"

Jim made an inarticulate sound, from where he sat with his elbows on his knees, with his face dropped in his hands.

"But I see it does concern you!" Julia said, quickly, with great simplicity. "I—luckily I decided to tell you, this morning," she said, "for I am absolutely exhausted now—it was a terrible thing to keep thinking about, and I could not have fought it out any longer! There were extenuating circumstances, I suppose, I was a spoiled little empty-headed girl—the girls all about me were reckless in every way; I did not know the boundary line, or dream that it mattered very much, so long as no one knew! My mother had been unhappy in my childhood, and used to talk a good deal about the disappointment of marriage—perhaps I don't make myself clear?"

"You—I Julia!" Jim whispered, his hands still over his face.

"Yes, I know," Julia said drearily. "I don't seem like that sort of a girl, I know."

Then there was a long silence.

"You—poor—little—kid!" Jim said, after a while, getting up and beginning to walk the floor. "Oh, my God —my God! Poor little kid!"

"I suppose there are psychological moments when one wakes up to things," Julia went on, in a tone curiously impersonal. "I was in some theatricals with your sister, years ago—every one snubbed me, and no wonder! There was a man named Carter Hazzard—and I suddenly seemed to wake up, at about that time——"

"Carter Hazzard!" The horror in Jim's voice rang through the room. Julia frowned.

"I only saw him two or three times," she said. "No. But he flirted with me, and flattered me,—and then Barbara told me he was married, and then I found out that they all thought I was vulgar and common—and so I was. And I suppose I wanted to be loved and made much of, and he—this man—was very good to me!"

"Not you—of all women!" Jim said dully, as if to himself.

"I know how you feel," Julia said without emotion, "because of course I feel that way, too,—now! And I never loved him, never even thought I did! It was only a little while—two weeks or three, I guess, before I told him I couldn't ever love him—I said I thought I might, but it was like—like realizing that I had been throwing away gold pieces for dimes—do you know what I mean? And the most awful disgust came over me, Jim—a sort of disappointment, that this talked-of and anticipated thing was no more than that! And then I came here, and I knew that keeping still about it was my only chance, and oh, how sick I was, soul and body, for a fresh start! And then your aunt talked to me and said what a pity it is that youpg girls think of nothing but love and lovers and so throw away their best years, and I thought that I was done with love, no more curiosity—no more thrill—and that I would do something with my life after all!"

Her voice dropped, and again there was silence in the room. Jim continued to pace the floor.

"Why, there's never been a morning at St. Anne's that I haven't looked at those girls," Julia presently resumed, "and said to myself that I might have been there, with my head shaved and a green check dress on! Lots of them must be better than I. I can't help feeling it!"

"Don't!" Jim said sharply, and there was a silence until Julia said wonderingly:

"Isn't it funny that all last night, and the night before, I thought I was going to *die*, telling you this—and now it just doesn't seem to matter at all?"

"That's why you've never married?" Jim said, clearing his throat.

"I've never wanted to until now," Julia said. "And I—I am so changed now that somehow I would never think of that—that bad old time, in connection with marriage! It was as if that part of my life was sealed beyond opening again——"

"And then you came. . . . I only wanted no one to guess that I cared, at first. And then, when I saw that you were beginning to care, too,—oh, my God, I thought my heart would burst!"

And with sudden terrible passion in her voice, she got up in her turn and began to pace the room. Jim, who had flung himself into a chair opposite hers, rested his elbows on the table and his face in his hands.

"But I feel this about your caring for me, Jim," Julia said. "In a strange, mysterious way I feel that giving you up—giving you up, my best and dearest, is purification! When—when this is over, I shall have paid! It may be—" tears flooded her eyes, and she came back to her chair and laid her head on her arm, "it may be that I can't bear it and that I will die!" sobbed Julia. "But I shall always be glad that I told you this to-night!" There was a long silence and then again Jim came to kneel beside her, and put one arm about her.

"My own little girl!" said he. At his voice Julia raised her head and put her arms about his neck like a weary child, and rested her wet face against his own.

"My own brave girl!" Jim said. "I know what courage it took to have you tell me this! It will never be known to any one else, sweetheart, and we will bury it in our hearts forever. Kiss me, dearest, and promise me that my little wife will stop crying!"

For a moment it was as if she tried to push him away.

"Jim—" she whispered, tears running down her face, "have you thought—are you *sure?*"

"Quite sure, sweetheart," he said soothingly and tenderly. "Why, Julia, wouldn't you forgive me anything done when I was only an ignorant little boy?"

Julia tightened her arms about him and sobbed desperately for a long while. Then her breathing quieted and she let Jim dry her eyes with his own handkerchief and listened with an occasional long sigh, to his eager, confident plans. They were still talking quietly when the street door was flung open and Miss Toland came in, on a rush of fresh air.

"Rain!" said Miss Toland. "Terrible night! Not an umbrella in the Parker house until Clem came home—it's quarter of ten!"

"Congratulate us, Aunt Sanna," said Jim, rising to his feet with his arm still about Julia. "Julia has promised to marry me!"

Yet Dr. James Studdiford, walking down to his club, an hour later, with the memory of his aunt's joyous congratulations ringing in his ears, and of Julia's last warm little kiss upon his cheek, was perhaps more miserable than he had been before in the course of his life. Julia was his girl—his own girl—and the thrill of her submission, the enchanting realization that she loved him rose over and over again in his heart, like the rising of deep waters: only to wash against the firm barrier of that hideous Fact.

Jim could do nothing with the Fact. It did not seem to belong to him or to Julia, to their love and future together, or to her gallant, adventuring past. Julia was Julia—that was the only significant thing, the sweetest, purest, cleverest woman he knew. And she loved him! A rush of ecstasy flooded his whole being; how sweet she was when he made her say she loved him,—when she surrendered her hands, when she raised her gravely-smiling blue eyes! What a little wife she would be, what a gay comrade and some day, perhaps, what a mother!

AGAIN the Fact. After such a little interval of radiant peace it descended upon him with an ugly violence.

It was true, nothing that they could do now would alter it. And, of course, the thing was serious. If anything in life was serious, this was. It was frightful—it seemed sacrilegious, to connect such things for an instant with Julia. Dear little Julia,—with her crisp little uniforms, her authority in the classroom, her charming deference to Aunt Sanna! And she loved him——

"Damn it, the thing either counts or it doesn't count!" Jim muttered, striding down Market Street, past darkened shops and corners where lights showed behind the swinging doors of saloons. Either it was all-important or it was not important at all. With most women, all-important, of course. With Julia? Jim let his mind play for a few minutes with the thought of renunciation. There would be no trouble with Julia, and Aunt Sanna could easily be silenced.

He shook the mere vision from him with an angry shake of the head. She belonged to him now, his little steadfast, serious girl. And she had deceived them all these years! Not that he could blame her for it! Naturally, Aunt Sanna would never have overlooked that, and presumably no other woman would have engaged her, knowing it, even to wash dishes and sweep steps.

"Lord, what a world for women!" thought Jim, in simple wonder. Hunted down mercilessly, pushed at the first sign of weakening they know not where, and then

(*Continued on Page 32*)

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A SQUARE DEAL FOR WOMEN

Much has been written about the vast army of IDLE women who are seeking the vote. In the March issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW, George Creel has written a heartrending article on the wrongs, oppression and wretchedness of some millions of American women who work for a living; and he forcefully points out just a few things which a control of the ballot would right for them.

Every woman—for or against suffrage—should read this article. Every woman should undertake to make at least one man read these uncontrovertible facts.

The Gungy Kitchen Dance

Verses by Joe Cone

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

"There Ain't No Hangin' Backwards When Ol' 'Sloky' Gives the Call"

OH, the Gungy kitchen dances, with the fiddle singin' loud;
With the prompter calmly callin' to the gay, unruly crowd!
Oh, the swift, beatchkin' music, when it gits into your heel;
Oh, the Gungy kitchen dances, with the ol' Virginny Reel!

OH, Gungywamp in Winter-time is neither dull nur slow!
We do not care a pickeyune fur ice or drifted snow;
Our barns are stocked with cattle which we hitch into a line
An' break the roads all over town until they travel fine.
In Gungy town folks do not sit around the stove all day
An' wait fur Summer days to come, as folks are prone to say;
We're up an' doin' ev'ry time, when there are things to do,
An' do the toastin' uv our shins when all the work is through.

THE Grangers hev their meetin' nights ez reg'lar ez a clock;
Religion here in Gungywamp is solid ez a rock.
The prayer-meetin's Friday nights, an' other services,
Are held in turn no matter what the Winter weather is.
Donation parties ev'ry year, "surprises" by the score,
An' quiltin' bees, an' candy-pulls, an' nights at Stokes's store;
Oh, there is plenty goin' on, to suit the great an' small,
But Gungy kitchen dances, they are liveliest uv all!

"Donation Parties Ev'ry Year, 'Surprises' by the Score"

OH, the Gungy kitchen dances, with the tread so lively feet!
Oh, the roguish, Gungy maidens, with their faces round an' sweet!
Oh, the music wo the fiddle ez it answers to the bow;
An' the cry: "Saloot y'r pardners!" when the dancers forward gol

"An' the Cry: 'Saloot Y'r Pardners!' When the Dancers Forward Go!"

THEY come fur miles an' miles around, they never miss a chance
To tread the light fantastic at a Gungy kitchen dance;
Young couples old, old couples young, o'er miles of glist'nin' snow,
Drawn by the ha'ntin' music uv ol' "Sloky's" fiddle bow.
It's "Forward Four," an' "Right an' Left," an' "Balunce Pardners All!"
"Side Couples Do the Same!" an' then, "Shassay around the Hall!"
It's "Balunce Corners," "Ladies' Chain!" "Swing Pardners Where You Be!"
An' "Ladies' Chain Right Back Again!" an' "Balunce All!" says he:

"It's 'Forward Four,' an' 'Right an' Left,' an' 'Balunce Pardners All!'"

THERE ain't no hangin' backwards when ol' "Sloky" gives the call;
We're anxious fur the dancin', an' we form on one an' all.
Wallflowers here in Gungy town they're skurce ez skurce kin be,
No sparkin' in the corners for the lovers, no sir-ee!
Then apples, an' the apple jooce, an' Gungy punkin pie!
We allus hev refreshmunts frum the larder handy by.
We dance another figger ere we break up fur the night——
We swing our lively pardners, an' we do the thing up right!

OH, the Gungy kitchen dances, may they never cease to be!
May they never be refaced fur the modern fillergree.
Oh, the glance wo roguish maidens, light as tee an' light wo heel!
Oh, the music wo the fiddle, an' the ol' Virginny Reel!

"Wallflowers Here in Gungy Town They're Skurce ez Skurce Kin Be"

"No Sparkin' in the Corners for the Lovers, No Sir-ee!"

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A Montessori Father

The Diverting Adventures of a Well-Meaning Step-Parent

By Joseph O'Brien

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

MY wife entered my study with an air of mild distraction. Had she entered clutching wildly at her hair with both hands I should not have been surprised, for the nursery clamor that morning had penetrated even my remote corner.

"My dear," she said, "something has got to be done."

There was an unusual positiveness in her tone. I knew perfectly well what she meant, but I could think of nothing immediately pertinent to say so I vaguely murmured, "What?" Looking through my window over our large expanse of back yard I saw my stepchildren, John and Jane, clinging perilously to a long ladder that wobbled uncertainly against a willow tree, and I knew she had come in to talk of John and Jane.

"The children are running wild," she said. "They harass the servants nearly to death. John torments Jane until she gets almost hysterical. Can't we find some way to make them more controlled?"

She didn't say discipline them, partly because she was too well grounded in Montessori to utter such a heresy and partly because she was considerate of me. I had said so much about banishing the old bugbear discipline from the home when I began the adventure of parenthood that she never spoke about it, even when I spanked Jane for running away. True the real reason I had spanked Jane was that she had nearly been run over by a motor-car and I was first frightened and then angry. But I had patiently taught John to wash himself behind the ears and refrained from spanking him. I still despised the self-indulgence of parents who spanked children.

"Jane has a very bad temper," I said, "and shrieks at trifles. John acts as all boys act and if Jane is to play with him she ought to learn that she has to expect a little rough and tumble."

"I Ain't Sick. Faver Says I'm Sick, but I Ain't. I Won't Stay in Bed. I'm Well"

My wife looked at me pityingly and shook her head. "It isn't the roughness Jane minds," she explained patiently. "John teases her in that subtle, irritating way of his, and it makes her wild. He's been at it all morning."

I was inclined to defend John. I knew that he was a master of the art of irritating; that he could upset the whole household with a smiling countenance and philosophize about it afterward in faultless English. But as I watched him, through the window, help Jane down from the ladder with all the tenderness a ten-year-old boy sometimes has for his sister of six, and race with her back to the house, I felt that it was unfair to blame him for so much. I said so and while we were talking the clamor arose again. It was punctuated sharply in a few minutes by a shrill, penetrating wail from Jane.

"There it is," said my wife desperately. "Now go in and see what is the matter."

I hurried into the playroom, a big unused Summer kitchen at the back of our seaside home. Jane was standing in the middle of the room, a picture of childish rage, her brown eyes flashing with anger through her tears, her little fists doubled up, John was laughing at her.

"He blew his nose," Jane shrieked. "He's a bad boy. Spank him, Father."

"Can't I blow my nose if I want to?" John demanded, giggling.

THAT John had an inalienable right to blow his nose and that Jane was shrieking over a trifle was my first impression. But I was wrong, and it was here that I first got a real measure of John. By dint of questioning the truthful culprit, I found that what he had really done was to pursue Jane around the room with his fingers at his nose, making the motions of blowing that organ at her with violent sound. This had irritated her to the point of screaming while it had amused John immensely. Even in the telling of it it seemed so funny that he had no temptation to evasion.

I went back to the study convinced that my wife was right, and that something must be done.

"Suppose we try the Montessori method of treating them like sick children when they misbehave," I suggested.

I think she was skeptical, but she agreed. Just then she was ready to welcome almost any method that would insure peace I called the children in and began with Jane.

"You know Jane, when little girls are sick they are put to bed," I said.

"An' take nasty medicine," she added.

"Now, when little girls are bad it is just the same as if they were sick," I went on. "So hereafter, Jane, when you are bad I shall know that you are sick and you will be put to bed or else kept very quiet in your room."

"But not if I don't be sick," she protested.

"If you are bad you are sick," I said. "It is the same thing." I could not draw any finer distinctions for Jane's little mind, and she was much impressed.

John liked the idea, seeing it in its relation to Jane rather than to himself. And he promptly worked out the reasonableness of the method in his own mind.

"I've noticed that when we are kept in bed or even in our rooms with a cold or something, we are usually pretty good," he said. "I suppose it's the quiet and not having other children around."

"I think that is probably it," I agreed. He at once accepted it as a delightful game and was so impatient for a test that I was apprehensive. Jane was worried, having vague memories of serious discomforts when she had been a sick child, and she asked John more about it.

"What will Faver do if he says I'm a sick child?" she asked.

"Put you to bed and maybe make you take medicine," John replied.

"Well if I don't be sick he won't," she protested, her baby sense of justice revolting from such a thing.

"You don't have to be sick, you have to act sick," John explained with a superior air. "When little girls are bad it's because they're sick. They don't know it but they are."

"I won't take nasty medicine," Jane said with an air of finality.

The next morning John tapped at my door while I was dressing.

"I think Jane is a sick child, Father," he said, and there was an unmistakable snicker in his voice and manner. "She won't let Marie dress her."

I could hear Jane's voice raised shrilly in "I won't; no, I won't," and I slipped on my dressing-gown and hurried into the nursery. Jane, still clad in her nightgown, her toes bare, was sitting in the middle of the floor, her hair a tangle, her face an angry pink.

"She won't dress herself," said the nurse, "and she won't let me comb her hair nor dress her."

Jane began to bawl. I said soothingly: "Never mind, Jane, is evidently a sick child and if she doesn't want to dress she needn't. She may go right back to bed."

"I don't want to go to bed," she screamed.

"Sick little girls must stay in bed until they are well," I said gently, picking her up and tucking her into her bed. She protested shrilly.

"I ain't sick. I wanna get up. I want my breakfus."

I left her there, telling the nurse to give her a glass of milk and some toast. When I went out I met John in the hall, convulsed with laughter. He, too, was unwashed and in his night clothes. My own sense of humor wasn't working and I thought his mirth unseemly.

"Are you quite well, my son?" I asked pointedly.

John's mind leaps instantly to the inner meaning of what is said to him. He never needs a diagram.

"Sure I am," he replied, promptly effacing the grin but not the twinkle in his eyes and reaching for his clothes.

Later in the forenoon I went to the bedside of Jane and, after gravely interrogating her as to her symptoms and her attitude toward life in general and getting combed and washed in particular, I allowed her to get up. I again explained to her that she was not put to bed as a punishment but because there was something wrong with her when she was bad just as there was when her throat hurt or her head ached. She listened with attention but I was up against the direct and uncompromising mind of childhood. When I was through she replied:

"Yes, but you know Faver, I wasn't sick; I was jus' bad."

She spent the rest of the day in heavenly behavior, singing to her dolls, prattling in bird tones to her little playmates and helping her nurse about the house.

"Montessori works like a charm," I told my wife.

"Novelty is always charming," she replied.

It was not mere coincidence that I had found immediate occasion to test the theory on Jane and was shortly to test it on John. There were rare days, indeed, when the children were angelic—when they had not a single irritating or rebellious mood. But as a rule they had marked each day by mischief, especially since they had begun to play together, and my wife and I ignored many escapades to which we should have given thought and patience.

John was in a hurry when he came home for lunch one day, wishing to go right out again and was in a bad humor when he found he was too early. He sabotaged on washing his face and hands, rowed the servants, ate lunch with the grace and gestures of a crab, jumped from his chair before we had half finished, threw his napkin on the floor, grabbed his cap and started for the door.

DURING lunch I had been patient, but now I called him back and pointed to his napkin.

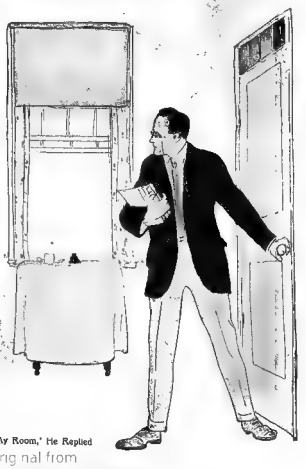
"Oh, gee, I don't see why a napkin has to be folded," he protested his face screwed up into a knot. "There."

He doubled the napkin twice in irregular folds and dropped it in a heap on the table.

"Try it again," I said.

"I folded it as well as I can," he protested.

"I'm afraid you're too sick to go out again this afternoon John," I said, my patience giving way under his perversity.



"I Suppose You'd Better Shut Me Up in My Room,' He Replied at Last"

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"I Put Some More Ink on the Screen and Called Manuel. I Blew and the Ink Went All Over His Face"

"I'm not sick," he said, genuinely surprised and forgetting for the time the incident of Jane's punishment.

"You act very much like a sick child," I insisted, "and I shall have to isolate you for observation and quiet. Trot along to your room."

Then he knew what I meant and he protested. Under almost any circumstances the novelty of the punishment, for that is what it really was, would have appealed to him and promised some enjoyment, but he had a game of baseball on and wanted very much to get out.

"Say, Father, that's all right for little Jane, she doesn't know any better. But what's the use of telling me I'm sick?"

"I do know better, too," Jane declared, overjoyed that John was getting his share and afraid that his arguments might affect my purpose. "I told Faver I wasn't sick; I was just bad. And you're bad, too, and that's why Faver says you're sick."

When I released John he was in no repentant or softened mood. He was cross and irritable as he sped away to try to recover a part of his lost afternoon. By supper time, however, he was quite cheerful again and disposed to regard his punishment lightly.

"I told the boys about it," he said. "Jimmy Allen says he wishes his father would think he was sick every time he's bad."

"What does his father do?" I asked.

"Licks him," John replied.

I HAD never met Mr. Allen but as time went on I thought of him often. Somehow I pictured him as a hearty, whole-souled sort of a man, untroubled by the modern educational trend, who could, with a clear conscience, find a tonic for frazzled nerves in frequently wailing Jimmy. For several days the spirit of perversity ruled both children. John ignored meal hours and soap. Jane shrieked at John and at nothing, and was just plain, every-day bad. Finally I brought them up standing, with considerable emphasis. I told Jane she was sick again and sent her off to bed. I herded John into his own room and shut the door on him. In my study I sought peace.

I had been lost in a book for perhaps an hour when I became aware of a growing unrest in my vicinity. I closed the book and listened. From the back of the house I heard unaccountable noises, and as I glanced through my front window I saw that a small crowd was collecting. Wondering what was up I went out in front.

I saw little Jane, still clad in her white, flowing nightie, feet and legs bare, swinging on the gate and crying shrilly to the amused populace:

"I ain't sick. Faver says I'm sick, but I ain't. I won't stay in bed. I'm well."

I swooped down upon her and bore her into the house amid the delighted shouts of my neighbors, still shrilling her cry, "I ain't sick." The din in the back had increased and I handed Jane to her mother and rushed into the playroom. John had made sport of his punishment and collected a dozen of his playmates. He had powdered his face with flour to give it a proper, unearthly pallor. He was wrapped in a sheet and he was doing a war dance, to the accompaniment of a sick child chant.

"When I'm well I'm bad,
When I'm sick I'm awful.
You ought to see my Dad——
He's a hot as a waffle waffle."

"I Think Jane Is a Sick Child, Father,' He Said. 'She Won't Let Marie Dress Her'"

I caught him by the arm, in the midst of a shuffling jig and the ragtime repetition of the word, "Delirious." He looked up at me impishly and half choked with a fiendish laughter.

"I'm a sick child," he said gleefully. "I'm getting worse. I'm delirious now."

My eyes searched the room for something that I might use as a club. They rested upon my wife in the doorway, as convulsed with laughter as John. That was too much. I gave up in disgust, and went back to my study. I was a sick father.

The worst of it was that I wasn't quite sure what the cure should be.

After that episode it was only necessary to say the words, "sick child," to plunge the children into hysterics of hilarity. I confess that the fault lay entirely in my application of an isolated principle to general household conditions. But it was none the less a failure and I sought about for other means of developing in the home a code of self-control.

"The whole theory of arbitrary punishment to enforce discipline is wrong," I told my wife, after much thought. "I have come to the conclusion that it ought to be with children as it is with us. Life punishes or rewards us by the consequences of our acts. That is logical and inevitable. I'm going to apply that natural rule to the children."

"How are you going to find the logical consequence of John's acts?" she asked. "I couldn't."

"Oh, that will work out very easily," I answered.

"You're optimistic," she persisted. "I only know that John's acts sometimes drive me to the point of leaping into the sea, but I can't tell you whether or not that is a logical consequence."

"Well, it will follow naturally," I said. "If John is late for his meals he will get only bread and milk. If he abuses his liberty, his liberty will be curtailed. If he spends his allowance on poisonous penny candy, he will be deprived of the pleasure of spending. Each offense will carry with it its own punishment."

I do not think she was convinced, but she saw one certain advantage in my experiments. It took up some of the time of the children and correspondingly increased her undisturbed leisure. And of course there was always the chance that it might work.

"Try it," she said encouragingly, "and we'll see how it works. If it takes any of the burden of decision off the parents I'll copyright it and make a fortune."

I had acquired a deep feeling of responsibility for John and Jane, and I thought it was my duty to give them the training that would make them self-controlled and desirable members of the household. My wife, of course, was more accustomed to them and she regarded them with common sense and a refreshing lack of sentiment, notwithstanding or perhaps because of, a deeply maternal quality which caused half the children in the neighborhood to call her "Mother." This time I thought I would work on John, relying upon his intellectual interest, and through him affect Jane, who was too young to completely grasp such a thing as a logical consequence. I set apart that afternoon, after some errands in the village, to begin.

When I got home little Jane was alone in the big back yard. She looked very severe when she saw me.

"John is a bad boy, Faver," she said in her most moralistic tone. "He runned away an' wouldn't let me go."

I found by a casual survey that John had broken every rule of the yard that could be broken in a few hours. These were all regulations looking to the preservation of his neck, legs and arms. He and his companions had been playing firemen. They had dragged the ladder against a wing of the house and Jane assured me that they had swarmed over the ridge pole. She also pointed with pride to a hole they had made in the floor of the forbidden barn loft.

"They're all down to the shore now," she added, her eyes dancing in anticipation of some sort of punishment for John who had excluded her from his fun. "Can I go wif you, Faver?"

I found them playing on a rickety, half-floored wharf which perilously overhung deep water. John came blithely when I called and I, remembering that I was about to undertake a radical experiment, smoothed out the severely admonishing expression which my face had assumed. I looked pleasant. We walked back to the yard and sat down on the grass. John loves serious conversation and he listened with genuine, philosophical interest while I unfolded my ideas. While he was thinking it over he absent-mindedly hummed to himself the familiar ballad, "Make the Punishment Fit the Crime."

John had learned the value of truth and he rarely broke a promise, except through forgetfulness. But he was very cautious about making them. He was cheerfully willing at all times to own up his offense and take the usually light consequences. This astonishing truthfulness was due partly to his love of serious talk and partly to his really scientific interest in anything he had done and the effect of his conduct on the rest of us. I now suspect that he saw in the new plan an enormous enlargement of his opportunity. He could do whatever he wanted to do, he gathered from my explanation, provided he was willing to accept the consequences of his act. A sort of "Master of Destiny am I" look came into his face, while there stirred in my mind a disquieting suspicion that the logic of the theory might not be altogether faultless.

"I see," he said at last. "Whenever I do something I ought not to do it has some effect on something or some one and that's up to me," he summed up.

"Well, roughly speaking, that's it," I said guardedly. "But let us be more specific. Suppose we begin with this afternoon. You have broken the rules of the yard and exceeded your liberty. What is the logical consequence of that?"

He pondered the matter seriously. There was no reluctance to convict and sentence himself in his manner. He was interested and wanted to work it out.

"I suppose you'd better shut me up in my room," he replied at last.

"For the rest of the afternoon," I supplemented.

"All right," he agreed, "but you know that won't really be a punishment, because I'll have my books, and I might have stayed in the house and read anyway. I guess you'd better take away my books."

I agreed to this, but still he was not satisfied.

"And there's my drawing-book and crayons—you'd better take them too, I guess."

"I will take them also," I said.

"But, you see, I'll still have my thoughts," he said earnestly, "and they're amusing."

I told him that I did not wish to deprive him of his thoughts. On the contrary I wanted him to use them to understand why he and his little sister were forbidden to do dangerous things. But I took away his books, drawing-paper and crayons and left him to his thoughts. His room was on the ground floor with two windows overlooking the big back yard in which his chums had already resumed their play. I had a twinge of regret when I left him in solitude and I pictured him wistfully watching his friends at their fun. But I was delighted with his acceptance of the plan and told my wife all about it as we went to make some calls.

AS we neared home a few hours later we heard shouts of joyous excitement before we got within sight of the yard. It occurred to me that John was not being left to solitary suffering. Our approach was heralded by little Jane's shrill, "Here comes Faver," and there was a scampering of youngsters from the vicinity of John's windows. Jane ran to meet us and her appearance was hair-raising. Her face was streaked and mottled with a peculiar shade of blue and her pink rompers were eccentrically dotted with the same weird color. Little Manuel, a neighbor's boy, was similarly marked, as were the other children. It was an appalling picture.

"What is it?" I cried. "What in the world has happened to you all?"

"Ink," little Manuel cried delightedly and, waiting to hear no more, I made for John's room. He was in it, but its aspect and his own were strangely altered. He was streaked and spattered with ink from hair to feet. He grinned at me engagingly through smears of blue and pointed to one of the windows, screened for the Summer against occasional mosquitoes.

"See, but it was fun," he cried.

I looked at him with stern disapproval but without in the least diminishing his joy.

"What was fun?" I demanded. "What in thunder have you been up to?"

"Only a little sport," he replied without the slightest diminution of his mirthful appreciation of the fun he had had. "You see you left that bottle of ink in the room,

(*Continued on Page 36*)

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Carnevale Di Venezia

A Fantasy

By Justus Miles Forman

AUTHOR OF

"Journey's End," "The Blind Spot," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

THE height of the international social life of Venice is reached in the month of September. For that month great ladies from far and near engage houses, invite their friends and bring their pretty clothes. If you look about you on the Piazza at tea-time you will see—princesses, duchesses, countesses, baronesses and millionairesses, all closely attended by handsome young gentlemen in white flannels and cigaret holders. This is the month of tempered sunshine, of soft intoxicating nights and a harvest moon over palaces and canals; this is the month of parties and the spirit of carnival. And this is the story of a party and some love-making there and a thing which may or may not have been scandalous, according as your point of view may chance to be.

Mr. Livingstone Manners, detached from the American embassy at St. Petersburg and ordered to Rome, stopped over in Venice for a fortnight, en route. He found innumerable friends more or less innocently amusing themselves there, and they all seemed very glad of his presence and aid.

Everybody was preparing with great interest and eagerness for a big masked ball to which a certain prominent English hostess with a hired palace, had sent out invitations. It was to be the first very large and important party of the season. "And—" Réné de Mirande said to his friend, "it is designed to gather together the sects—to heal new wounds, for we have been very much torn of late, *mon vieux*, very much torn." And he went on to retail the latest scandal—how a lovely Scandinavian, the solace for some two years back of a popular royal duke, had appeared in Venice and had been introduced to Lady Never-Mind-Whom, the leader of the English set, by young Paul Chose who insisted and, being emotional and a little mad, doubtless believed, that the current stories about her were wicked lies. How Lady Never-Mind-Whom had at once asked the lovely stranger to dinner where the Duchess of Greenland had fallen in love with her and afterward taken her everywhere. How the Italian set, knowing the real facts, had laughed very hard and refused to meet the solace of royalty; and how the august gentleman himself, returning to Venice was enraged beyond measure so that poor young Paul Chose had to flee the place in great agitation, and everybody was at everybody else's throat.

Manners didn't quite know what to do about a costume for there was little time to look about, but Réné de Mirande had sent to Milan for half a dozen disguises meaning to choose the one he liked best, and when he had picked out a robin's egg blue confection Manners decided upon a suit of black which was labeled on the box, "Mercutio" and which certainly looked as much like Mercutio as it did like anybody else.

The two dined, *en costume* with the Duchess of Greenland—bereft alas! for the day, of her new conquest—an eye-disturbing spectacle, for there were at table, two Juliets, one Mercutio, one devil, one Desdemona, one lady in flowing hair and a sort of night-dress, one Lucrezia Borgia with brother Cesare, one doge, two Oriental houris and one of those tiresome gentlemen who feels that he has made a great concession by wearing a domino over ordinary dress clothes.

Manners didn't think the party was a very successful one. The ladies were, for the most part, well enough; and those of the men who were Italians or French bore themselves with not too unhappy an air, but the Englishmen and Americans stood about in little groups hating themselves in their tights and plumed hats, and gazing upon one another with morose disfavor.

He stuck, for some time, close to the side of his dinner hostess who was openly cross and mourned aloud like a tigress bereft of its unique cub, then after a bit left her and danced two or three times with ladies whom he thought he knew, though with their masked faces, he couldn't be quite sure. And once he was cheered and even a little excited by an encounter with a sprightly and mysterious fellow guest who might or might not, he thought, be the Countess Nini von Langenthal, with whom he had played through one pleasant Summer on the Bosporus, when he was attached to the embassy there. Her costume was of that sort which the unkind call "daring" and the friendly "original." Manners asked her what character she imagined herself to represent and she laughed up at him with her red painted mouth and said she was Colombina. Well, perhaps she was—Columbine brought up to date.

She danced like nobody he had ever known—like the wonderful lady one dances with in a dream and never finds in this world. He told her so. He was quite excited and emotional about it but she only laughed again with her red mouth, she seemed forever to be laughing, and said she had always danced like that. And two men, dressed as Arlechino and Pantalone (members of Colombina's family), came up like jealous clouds of darkness and whisked her away, laughing back over her shoulder.

There was a stand-up-and-struggle supper about one o'clock and masks were supposed at that hour to be removed. Manners found himself near his hostess, and asked who the up-to-date Columbine lady was. His hostess said plaintively:

"Oh dear me, I've tried to remember so many! Isn't it Nini von Langenthal? I'm sure no one else would dare wear such clothes."

"Not many people could," young Manners answered, "and remain as charming as that."

"No. No, I dare say. Are you one of Nini's slaves? Do, like a dear man, find her and make her unmask."

"Isn't that she in the window, yonder?" he asked.

"I don't see her," said his hostess. But he saw her, plainly, standing in the shadow of one of the long row of arched windows that gave upon the balcony at the front of the palace. She was looking down the great room straight toward where he was—straight, he thought, into his eyes and he went to her as if she had called him.

When he came to the row of Gothic windows she had slipped out upon the shallow balcony. He followed her into the far corner and they stood together beside the stone parapet. It was dark there for the heavy crimson window curtains were drawn part-way and the moon was behind the palace. He saw the lady's white arms and shoulders; he saw her white face upraised to him and knew that it was laughing, for the red lips that looked black in the darkness, were drawn. Her little mask could not have been much more than an inch wide for it reached only from below her brows not quite to the tip of her nose; yet it was enough to disguise her. He had observed earlier in the evening, that the eyeholes instead of being mere slits were cut out wide and large and that her eyes behind them were painted round the lids with bluish black.

He said: "I'm to tell you, from Lady Henry, that they are all unmasking."

She laughed a little under her breath and young Mr. Manners made an impatient movement and said rather crossly:

"Oh, come! Are you Nini von Langenthal or are you not? If you'd only speak French or English I should know, but Italian disguises your voice as well as that confounded mask disguises your face."

She turned suddenly, pressing a little against him, leaning across the broad stone parapet, pointing outward.

"*Ecco il lume di luna!*" the masked lady said just above

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a whisper. "See! the moonlight." She looked up at him over her shoulder.

"*Io anche, Io sono chiarresa della luna.* I'm moonshine too."

She held his eyes with those inscrutable painted eyes from behind the black mask, and an odd and uncomfortable feeling began to possess young Mr. Manners—the feeling that the world had gone a little mad about him. Reaching with a kind of dull determination for a hold upon his sanity, he tried to trap her for he was still almost sure she was Nini von Langenthal. He asked in French:

"What ever became of that young king's messenger—the chap who acted so well in the theatricals?"

The lady who had said she was moonshine laughed gently in the dark. "*Que cosa dice?*" And Mr. Manners growled over her rather like a large perturbed dog.

Once more she looked up and held his eyes.

"Does it matter," she asked, "who I am?" She spread out her arms. "I am here."

AND at that, something quite wild and reckless and preposterous and completely mad swept young Mr. Manners's being like a sudden storm. He said in a kind of cry:

"No—no!" And heaven knows what further he might not in that moment have said or done, standing upon the balcony above the Grand Canal, but that even as he cried out there came voices behind him and a group of people who had finished their supper crowded out through the open windows with a sound like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Manners cursed them in a wicked whisper, though some were old and valued friends. He caught the moonshine lady by one of her little wrists.

"Come! Let's get out of this. There's a garden behind the palace." They slipped through one of the long windows into the great sala, and as they did so, the band suddenly began again to play—a waltz. Manners swept the lady he believed to be Nini von Langenthal into his arms and they danced the length of the room.

There was a loggia at the garden front of the *piano nobile*, and curving marble steps led down from the two ends of it to the dim gloom that was lit by fairy lamps among the trees, and scented by box and roses and tuberoses. Young Manners had been there before in the daytime and he had the way without hesitation down past hedges and clumps of shrubbery—past a little *tempietto d' Amore* in ruins, to another loggia, all slender, twisted columns and frescoes and vaulting as light as a soap-bubble, that overhung a narrow, still canal. Once as they hurried on, two dark figures seemed to hover about them and to flap away into the shadows like heavy birds of the night, and the masked lady caught at Manners's arm as if she were startled, but that house was full of strange figures and he paid them no heed.

He faced her in the little gay painted loggia that was lighted very dimly at either end by a lamp or a candle in an alabaster globe—twin moons of an agreeable feebleness.

"Now," said he, in the tone of one who has come near the end of his endurance, "now, will you tell me who you are?" She shook her head.

"I have told you. I am moonshine."

"Then," said he, "I am madness. Moonshine and madness go together." He caught her by the arms and held her fast, staring down into that masked and painted face. And she met his look without struggle or evasion. She was very close to him and still and acquiescent, her crimson lips were drawn in a smile. Yet young Mr. Manners was all at once aware that she was as inscrutable, as cold and as far removed from him as the moon itself. He dropped his hands from her arms and she stretched them slowly high above her head, laughing at him in silence.

"There's no warmth in moonshine!" he said with a sudden bitterness. "It is as cold as water." And she stopped laughing.

"Fire warms water," said she.

"But not moonshine! Are you moonshine through and through—nothing but moonshine?" He moved toward her again and she stood still, but before he could touch her there was a noise from behind, a strange noise. He looked around and one of those two black birds of the night came leaping and flapping up the steps of the loggia, pouring forth, as he leapt, a torrent of words that were strange to the American's ears. It might have been Venetian dialect the man spoke or it might have been one of the dozen or so unfamiliar languages with which Nini von Langenthal was familiar.

He rushed upon the masked lady, this furious stranger in the black cloak, and seized her by the hands, storming at her all the while in his incomprehensible tongue. She cried out in fear and struggled against him, trying to pull her hands away and at last over his shoulder she called for help.

Young Mr. Manners had played football in his university days. He played polo now but it kept his muscles hard. He caught the newcomer by the throat, bent him back and threw him some distance along the tiled floor of the loggia. The black cloak had fallen apart and Manners saw that the man was dressed as Harlequin and that he wore a black mask.

"Is there any reason," Manners asked, "why this man should not be punished as he deserves? If there is any reason, tell me now quickly!" He looked toward the lady, but she did not answer him. Her eyes in the black mask were wide with terror—he could see the whites all round them, her hands were pressed hard over her breast and she was breathing in gasps. She seemed unable to speak.

The Harlequin had got to his knees. Manners dragged him upright.

"I don't know," said he, "who you are and I don't care. You've forfeited all right to be treated as a decent human being and a fellow guest in this house. Get out of it!" He swung the man out across the parapet of the loggia and held him there, dangling above the water. He looked back once over his shoulder to where the lady stood near-by and he saw on her face the dawning of a great excitement which certainly had in it no pain—the coming of an almost terrible laughter.

A gondola was approaching down the narrow *rio* that was half in moonlight, half in inky gloom. Manners called out to it and was answered.

"Here!" said he, "here is a *signore* who wishes to go home." And he loosed his hold upon the cloaked figure of the harlequin which dropped with a great splash into the water.

"There," he said turning back, "goes a gentleman with very, very bad manners. Well, he'll bother us no more this night."

"He will come back," she whispered. "He will kill you for doing that to him—and for being—with me."

"I hardly think he'll come back to-night," Manners objected laughing.

"To-morrow, then." But he shook his head.

"There is no to-morrow. There is only to-night and moonshine and madness." And at that she laughed and held out her hands to him.

Later on, at the little *tempietto d' Amore* in the garden, a group of people passing, called out to another group:

"We're all going out in gondolas."

"Two by two?" the other group asked anxiously.

And they said: "Of course. Of course."

Manners beat his head to look into his companion's face. Her crimson lips were drawn into that silent eternal mocking smile and he laughed in answer to it and caught her hand and they ran up the garden path together.

By the water steps where the torches flared, and the servants in costumes of the *sei cento* stood waiting, he looked at her in sudden concern.

"You ought to bring a wrap of some kind. You haven't much on, you know." And she hadn't; the thin and trivial frock she wore was cut daringly low. She disappeared for a moment and returned with her idea of a wrap. It made him laugh again—a yard or two of black gauze not much more substantial than a motoring veil.

He never knew whose gondola it was that took them out into the soft night. He knew only that it had but one rower, a gaunt old man with a wild, white mustache and a black hat pulled down over his eyes, and that there were a great many cushions and that they and the carpet were bright crimson, the color of her eternally smiling mouth.

They slipped by gloomy ways beneath dark walls with marble balconies and shuttered windows; they floated under little arched bridges so low that the ferro of their gondola all but touched the stone of the vaulting; they turned sharp corners into ways narrower and darker; they grazed broad barges moored at warehouse doors. It was very still, there was no sound at all save the drip of water from the old man's oar, his melancholy cry as they neared a turning; sometimes the sound of echoing feet as they went under a bridge; and once a woman screamed behind a high and dark and shuttered window and was still again. Once also they passed a gondola from their own party and somebody in it exclaimed in tones of smothered agitation:

"Goodness gracious! Do you think they saw?"

FOR a time she lay beside him close and silent, her head thrown back, her hand in his. The hand was cold and he complained about it.

"You're quite icy; you're chilled through. For heaven's sake put that silly scarf round you, at least." But she said she was comfortable and he had to let her be.

Later on he wondered with great amazement at his own silence and inaction. He seemed to himself to have been under a kind of spell—to have behaved like a man a little dazed, half happy, half discontented, waiting for he knew not what.

She slipped presently to the cushions in the bottom of the gondola and knelt there, turned partly away from him, and she began to sing little snatches of songs in the Venetian that he but half comprehended.

"*L'è tanto da lontan el mio amore!*
A lu ghe pianze i oci, e a mi ei cuore;
A lu ghe pianze i oci, e lui non vien;
A mi me pianze el cuore e vium me crede."

And

"*Bela, co'moro, lasso testamento*
Che a la mia morte no impizzè la lume;
No voglo pianto, nè meno lamento;
Bela, co'moro, lasso testamento."

And

"*Me trago sul balcon, vedo Venezia,*
E vedo lo mio ben che fa parenza;
Me trago sul balcon, vedo lo mare,
E vede lo mio ben a navegare."

There is real pathos and passion and heartbreak in those little old songs of the people. The girl who sits in her window at home and watches her lover go to sea, and the other maiden whose tears are from her heart, though (or perhaps because) the absent one's are from his eyes—they are not subjects fit for laughter or mockery, but the masked lady who crouched at young Mr. Manners's knees and sang about them in a sweet, hard, little voice seemed to laugh and to mock at the tears which have streamed, down the ages, from the eyes and the hearts of maidens forlorn.

Manners didn't like it. It jarred upon him. He was not very much surprised because he knew, or would if he had stopped to reflect, have known, that she was as cruel as a cat; but her cruelty jarred upon his mood and upon the soft silence and warmth of that enchanted night. He made a sound of protest and put out one hand to check her.

The old man had stopped rowing; perhaps he was tired.

She turned her head and she seemed to know that she had hurt him for she fell silent and held his hand an instant against her cool cheek, as if she begged his forgiveness. She knelt up, then, rather suddenly and seemed to listen.

Manners thought he heard the faint ripple of water under a boat's bow but he wasn't sure and he cared not at all.

The masked lady turned about and with uplifted arms raised the black gauze wrap until it was outstretched behind her head like two great hovering wings. The gondola had floated into a little space of moonlight. Kneeling beside him she bent forward, her arms outstretched still. In the dim light that struck up from the water he could see her face and against the darkness even with its disguising mask it was close and sweet and wonderful. She bent nearer yet and he caught his breath and held it. And then she swept her arms, that held the gauze scarf, about his head and wrapped them in together.

HE might have done her harm when the other boat touched his and those men sprang in and pinioned him, for she was still there, holding his head. His face lay against the hollow of her throat. He was still until she had

(*Continued on Page 70*)

"He Seemed to Himself to Have Been Under a Kind of Spell—to Have Behaved Like a Man a Little Dazed, Half Happy, Half Discontented"

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"Violet Was as Exhilarating and as Bad for the System, as an Overdose of Champagne"

An Optical Illusion

A Reminder That There Is Always Good in the Worst of Us

By Alice Garland Steele

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
Z. P. NIKOLAKI

LEGATIONS are not always limited to International business. At least I am quite sure that only half of what happened to our little American coterie in Peking was official—the rest was a matter of heart-throbs! From the Ambassador down to the merest underling we were subject, just as we might have been at home, to our little tempers and our small heartaches, to our trivial flirtations and our supreme surrenders, to hot weather and teething babies and dishonest servants—in fact, to all the small things and the big things that go to make up life.

Plus homesickness!

I have always felt that homesickness led Edward Norbury to drift into the problem I helped to straighten out and who knows but it helped to make Violet Latham the woman she was, for a creature as intense as she was underneath her surface calm, must have worn through all sorts of emotions.

Some of us had known Violet at nineteen, when her uncle was a lesser official at the Hague. She was pretty then, and too clever for most of us, yet when she married an Englishman named Latham and dropped out of our world, it left a gap. Ten years later she appeared among us at Peking and it was like a reincarnation—except that she had lost, in the interval, a good many things!

She had lost her husband among the rest and it was rumored that he had died what is fast getting to be a natural death, in the Divorce Court. At any rate, though she wore charming black for a protracted season, she did not mourn; instead she took up housekeeping for her uncle in the American quarter, and flirted desperately with the Danish Ambassador!

This lasted till his wife and two children came out from Copenhagen, when Violet steered coolly in the direction of one of the English under-secretaries, and kept it up till he died of cholera in 1912. This being followed by a prompt transmittal of interest to an American named Peters who was there in the interests of his silk firm, made us all realize that whatever heart Violet had was of the india-rubber variety!

All of us knew her for just what she was, even the men who played the part of willing moths to the flaming arc-light of her beauty—but all the same it didn't keep them away! Violet was as exhilarating and as bad for the system, as an overdose of champagne.

I suppose she might have worried me more had my husband, for instance, been a man like the Danish Ambassador, but from our boy and girl days he had cultivated a habit of being true, and Violet was a safe subject for discussion between us. He even went so far once as to say that she was good for the Legation—he said she kept up an International interest.

BUT I did begin to worry when little Lucy Manners became one of the points in Violet's eternal triangle! She sought me out one morning, as I sat renovating a last Summer's gown. She had a way of tripping down Legation street, after she had accompanied her father to his office, and of stopping at our quarters on her way home. Lucy was nineteen, and one saw her part in the world just by looking in her eyes—she was meant for love and for loving!

She hung over my shoulder a moment, fingering a fall of lace and suggesting a rosebud for the heart of a knot of blue.

"My dear Lucy," I said, "rosebuds for old, married me?"

"But it would look so sweet," she said, "and you do not *look* married, at all. I sometimes wish—" she ended thoughtfully, "people did."

"What, look married, child?"

She nodded. "Like Mrs. Latham, for instance. I do not mean *look* married so much as act so, it—it would be so much simpler. Of course," she said, "I know she is a widow. But she is very beautiful," she ended hurriedly, "and I am sure, at heart, she is—good."

I went on plying my needle. "It is well that goodness is a question of degrees, Lucy!"

She nodded. "Yes, I know—you mean that God takes into account the way we've been brought up, and the kind of mothers we've had—perhaps Mrs. Latham never had any mother."

As I smiled amusedly at this remark she corrected herself: "I mean a *real* mother," she said softly and I knew that she, because she had lost hers so recently, knew the difference!

"But I came to tell you some news," she added. She had perched on the arm of my chair, and she was hunting in her little silver bag for something which turned out to be a letter.

"Good news?" I asked and she said, after a moment's silence, "Oh, yes, dear Mrs. Hunter—*quite* good news. It is about my brother's friend, Edward Norbury."

I had heard over and over again of "my brother's friend, Edward Norbury—" Lucy believed in her brother but she had staked all her faith on his friend. All unconsciously she was building, year by year, a shrine in her faithful little heart to this clever and excellent Sir Galahad whom we had never seen!

"He is coming here," she said, "my father got him the appointment. You see, he has been for seven years in Government work at Washington, but he has always wanted to enter the Diplomatic Service, so this will be what he has longed for, all his life!"

"You speak, child, as if he were Old Hundred."

She laughed. "Well, he *is* old—you see he is twenty-nine at least, two years older than my brother."

"Dear me, he is quite too old to play with you, Lucy, isn't he?"

"Dear Mrs. Hunter, even if he would, there will not be time for play—he will just be thinking of his career all the time! At least—" she added, "I hope so."

I saw then for the first time the shadow that crept over her brightness and I knew why she had spoken of Violet Latham. Lucy was nineteen, but she had learned what women can do in the making or marring of young officials!

The letter was from Mr. Norbury to her father and she let me read it. It was not of a sort to file, she said, and in truth it was full of that refreshing gratitude which a young man feels when an older man gives him his "chance." There was not a word about Lucy, but that did not matter, the letter wore for her all the sacred hall-marks of her friend.

"He is going to live at the Legation," she said, "so we shall see, perhaps, very little of him but when you meet him, dear Mrs. Hunter, I am sure you will be—kind?"

And I said impulsively, "Just every bit as kind as he will stand from me, Lucy," and Lucy, feeling it her turn to be grateful, leaned her fresh cheek for a moment against mine!

It was natural after this that she should come to me from day to day with bits of news about him. He was to take young Greely's place, invalided home at the end of his first year. They had heard from her naval brother who was at Hampton Roads, and he had said that "old Norbury is wild with joy at the prospect of living in the Celestial Kingdom." Lucy paused to explain that this meant not heaven, but just the Chinese, and I made her blush when I argued that it could very well be both!

The day Norbury arrived on the steamer at Hongkong, she read eagerly the hour of its docking. "If only Papa and I could have met him," she said, "because after all it will be a strange world and he may be just a *little* homesick—even men get that way sometimes." But I assured her that a man of his many years as twenty-nine could not possibly be affected by nostalgia, "especially," I added, "if you meet him at *this* end of the journey," and her eyes brightened.

I saw them, she and her father, walking down to the raw red railway station to meet the incoming train and I noted that she had, with unconscious coquetry, put on her prettiest gown. I had no fear that Norbury would fail to realize himself at last "among the Celestials!"

Yet at twenty-nine, it seems, man can be terribly engrossed—with himself! As I hung about my veranda, a prey to an absorbing curiosity, I saw them repass, this time with the addition of their young official. He was talking earnestly to her father while Lucy walked, quite unnoticed, on the inside.

She turned as the little group passed my door, smiling and waving her hand to me and young Norbury hurriedly followed her father's example of taking off his hat, showing to me for a moment, a clear-cut American face and eyes that one could see had never looked lightly at a woman. In fact, I received a distinct impression that they had never, in any personal sense, looked on women at all and I wondered if my little Lucy, who was so resolutely giving her heart away to this clever young man, would receive a proper recognition of her gift! At that moment I disliked young Norbury in proportion to my love for Lucy—a dislike which only melted, in the weeks that came after, before the warmth of his enthusiasm for his work and his sincere and unbounded gratitude to all of us who were kind to him!

HIS appearances at our dinners were fragmentary and you simply couldn't put his name down for a dance—he had always something superior to do at that moment, connected with the Legation! My husband called him "an enterprising young cub," and treated him to his best cigars and Lucy glowed and trembled like a rose-leaf in a Summer wind under his occasional glances. She was proud of everything he did in his official capacity. She told me "they did not see much of him, but she did not mind, he was so evidently hewing out for himself a marvelous career."

"I am only glad," she said, "that he has no time for us—we are left out with all the other foolish things for the one Real Thing that matters."

I looked at her a trifle wistfully. It was just at this time that I began to notice Violet Latham's eyes fixed constantly upon him. I knew also what Lucy did not, that Peters, the American silk manufacturer, had gone back to

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Chicago. Yet even then I did not take into account the depth of Lucy's loving nor the number of empty hours that Violet Latham had to somehow fill.

Violet began by inviting young Norbury to small dinners at her salon with one or two lesser lights from the British Legation. It was her hobby at this time to act the part of a high-souled and public-spirited Hypatia to rather young men. Bob, my husband, laughed at it. He said that her salon needed another "o" to make it a real drawing-card, yet he knew as well as I that Violet needed no drawing-card save her beauty.

I think Norbury, the first time he was asked, submitted the matter to Lucy. "I have a thousand things to do," he said, "but perhaps I ought to go—it may be a step in the right direction."

At her silence he added, "Doesn't it strike you that way?"

SHE only shook her head. "You must decide this thing for yourself," she said quietly, and he could not guess at the beating of her heart.

He went. And for the first time looked on woman!

I felt that this was so by the way his view-point of all of us changed. It was as if he took us all into account for the first time, and shifted us into our proper places with relation to himself. He became friendly to me in a way that made me grow fond of him, and he would talk to me often of Lucy. It seems they had met when she was quite a child, through a visit of his to her naval brother and they had corresponded, from time to time, ever since. I even gathered his secret thought, that he expected to marry her some day, and I own my own heart was glad at the idea.

"She is a sweet little thing," he said, and his eyes softened, "and she is true to the core."

I told him gravely that Lucy had heart enough for a dozen women, but too much for one man, and he looked at me quickly. "I know what you mean—she would give—everything, but the right man would take care of it and—and pay in kind!"

I said, looking at him with a straight glance, that I hoped so!

He stared down the line of acacia trees that bordered our hot little street. "She is not the kind to turn a man's head," he said slowly, "but she's the sort to live with all the days of your life!" This showed me that even then he was comparing her quiet charm with Violet Latham's flushed attractiveness. His face grew very serious.

But that was before Violet went to his head, like wine.

He began to sip at the cup she offered, innocently enough. I once saw them together selecting trinkets from the Chinese Bazaar, and once or twice she engineered a quiet little picnic for his benefit, but after a while we saw them always together and we knew better than to hunt for him now, after hours, at the Legation. He was drinking deep drafts of her now and feeling all the intoxication of a man who for the first time was "letting himself go."

It was inevitable that Lucy should see it, too, yet she never by word or sign, tried to call him to her side. I think her love, grown so overwhelmingly silent, was listening to the voice of her pride. She had much for so young and sweet a creature and it held her steady before the brilliant arrangement of Violet's stubborn purposes.

It was at the end of the hot weather that she began to droop like a flower on its stem. Her father had stayed in that year, not opening up their little bungalow in the hills, so Lucy remained with him, in the small area reserved for us "outside barbarians." For recreation she had only the band in the Park or my hot, screened-in verandа or a walk with me down to the bullet-riddled North Wall of the British quarters, with its deep-cut legend—"Lest We Forget." How could she forget, for a moment, in that atmosphere?

If there had only been some tangible word between them, some tacit promise made on his part, I could have tried the sorry comfort of the old formula: "he is not worthy." As it was I could only imply that he was not "worth it," but this she negatived in a hundred ways. She did not blame him at all, and she *would* not blame Violet!

I, however, had made up my mind that Lucy's pallor was increasing and that I must do what I could to set the sorry tangle straight. I tried first on Edward Norbury, but you simply couldn't move him—he was obsessed and possessed with Violet Latham and everything else suffered. Sometimes if left alone, these things burn out; but in this case there was no chance of that, the man's whole soul was given up to his infatuation and the worst of it was that he was beginning to neglect his work!

This brought the first little outcry from Lucy. She was very quiet about it, but quite heart-broken. One of the Secretaries, it seemed, had complained to her father and had asked him to "say a word to young Norbury, and get him to pull up—the thing simply couldn't go on!"

"When the trouble is," she said wistfully, "he is being *pulled up* all the time—by other things!" Violet stood for so many unspeakable things to both of us.

"When did you see him last?" I asked her abruptly, but her only answer was to shake her head.

"Dear Mrs. Hunter—we never see him now! Not that I mind that," she added quickly, "it is—the thought of his career being—hurt."

"My dear," I said hotly, "if he were hurting only his *career*—" and then I stopped, conscious that I was saying too much, for suddenly she looked at me, her lips quivering a little even though she made brave denials with her eyes.

"You mustn't think," she stammered, "you mustn't think that I am thinking of *anybody* but—him!"

It was too true. I ended by kissing her and calling her attention to my sacred lily, sending out its scarlet flower from a squat jade bowl and soon after she left, with, alas, no longer the light tripping step of the child I had grown to love, but with the proudly raised head of a woman who is suffering something her world must never guess at!

It was no wonder that in desperation the next day I put on my hat, and hailing a jinrikisha, went forth to call on Violet.

It was an hour to find her at home, but she kept me waiting till I grew quite out of patience, pleading that she had been "dozing." I did not wonder that her eyes held a question and her voice an inflection of surprise for I seldom, in my busy life, found time to call on anybody.

I saw at once that she had made the room we occupied a fit setting for herself—it was cool, subtle, enticing. There were silk rugs about and strange-scented flowers in lapis lazuli vases, and the bamboo screens seemed to shut out the world. But the softness of it served only to put an edge upon my temper. I fretted a moment over trivialities and then perhaps abruptly, I spoke of Lucy, not of course, hinting at the child's unhappiness, but merely dwelling on her pallor and the anxiety I could not help but feel.

She laughed in an amused way. "My dear Mrs. Hunter, believe me, you would never make a diplomat—why not come to the point?"

I was all at once resolved to be frank. "I have, Violet." She bit her lip. "I am the point, then?"

"One of them. Lucy is one, and Mr. Norbury is the other!"

She lifted one slippered foot delicately over the other. "I will not say how singular; but how—triangular."

"Yes," I said, and then paused, a little frightened at what I had done.

"Just why," she asked, narrowing her eyelids, "do you come to me?"

"I believe you have—" I paused, "great influence with Mr. Norbury."

"What makes you think so—does he come here too often?"

I looked at her then. "If you are his friend," I said, "you will know that he is neglecting his work."

"Am I my brother's keeper?" She asked it with a nonchalance that hid, I fancied, some deeper feeling.

"He is not your brother!"

"Nor my friend," she said quickly. "Believe me, I have never found a real one—in all my checkered life! Our relationship is of quite another variety."

I could not resist murmuring, "You are versed in so many, Violet."

She stared across at me. "And you do not realize that one of them might be—love?"

THE word struck at me with a little shock—she was implying too much! "I do not pretend to guess," I said gently, "what you are feeling, but I know this—love seeketh not its own.'"

She laid her hands, very beautiful hands, listlessly in her lap. "Do not preach to me," she said wearily, "you have always been so sensible, and it would be absolutely no use! I know you have come because you love the little Manners girl, but you see—I love Mr. Norbury."

It was my turn to stare at her and for the first time I saw the drawn line between her eyes. She smiled at me brilliantly.

"It does not seem possible, does it?" she added, "and in case it is true it would be so much better taste to leave it unsaid, but you see, I have played so many games among you all, you think I am still playing—and I want you to know it is the Real Thing!"

"The 'Real Thing,'" I echoed, "how can it be?"

"God knows!" she answered bitterly. "And do you think I will throw it aside for the sake of a girl with a white face? Do you think, after loving me, he could be happy with *her*?"

I looked at her steadily for a moment. "Do you expect him to be happy with *you*?" It was perhaps brutal in me to say it, for she turned her face about to where the bamboo screens swayed gently in the hot air.

"That," she said, "is *not* the question."

We sat there, together, yet such poles apart. The hardness of her beauty struck like flint across my hope, and haunting me was the vision of my little Lucy as she said, "I am not thinking of anybody—but him!"

IT was with a violent wrench that somehow I got to my feet. She rose also, enveloping me with her light, insouciant smile.

"How tragic we have been, dear Mrs. Hunter—too tragic by far for an August afternoon and I haven't even offered you tea!"

What could I hope for Lucy after that?

I went home with an utter feeling of failure. It was therefore a surprise to me when I got a note from Violet Latham at noon the next day. It came by her Japanese boy, and when I tore it open I saw that like her it was subtle and like her, too, it had neither beginning nor ending. It was, however, very much to the point and brief. She wrote:

"I said his happiness was not the question, but you must not think I am afraid of the answer, even to that. To prove it I am willing to turn on that unhappy limelight which will show me for what I am. He is due to-night. We will spend it going over some ancient history. But believe me, your pale little girl has not the slightest chance!"

(*Continued on Page* 36)

"Lucy Was Nineteen, and One Saw Her Part in the World. She Was Meant for Love and for Loving"

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The Charge

The Realistic Story of a Man's First Battle

By W. Douglas Newton

AUTHOR OF "War," "The North Afire," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY P. J. MONAHAN

"Bellair Looked at the Mad Incoherence of the Battling and Knew Instantly That It Could End but One Way"

THE guns, cleverly masked behind the battle scene like the ministrants of stage thunder, began to pulse up and up with the enormous clamor of concentrated fire. The earth began to tremble beneath this excess of sound; the keen, high raging of the rifle fire became marked against the mighty noise of the artillery with a sound no more than the whimper of a fretful baby. The guns were crushing out all opposition in the market-place of clangor.

The firing-line behind the thousand tiny mounds it had dug to protect itself, stiffened when the first Homeric burst of the guns swamped over the battle-field. A perceptible ripple of preparation swept over the line, an intuitive easing of harness and tautening of straps. Hats were pulled down firm on the brows, rifles were held forward and examined with eyes of ruthless analysis. Clips were whipped from pouches and thumbed home crisply into magazines. At one impulse eyes swiveled round and fixed themselves on a little group of officers sitting under cover of a wall. One of the officers had a whistle lifted ready for instant action. An orderly was crouching close to the ground with the disk-head of a field telephone to his ear. The officers, particularly the officer with the poised whistle, watched the orderly, their bodies set in the graven lines of infinite attention.

The officers knew what the men in the firing-line had sensed. This gigantic outburst of massed artillery was the prelude to their advance. When the lashing shrapnel had prepared the way to the Commanding Officer's satisfaction, a message would come to them over the four miles of the telephone wire. Then they would do their best to rush the enemy's trenched position.

Second-Lieutenant Hugo Bellair of Company B lay on his stomach a little to the rear of the men in his section. He was watching the officer with the whistle with an intentness so fierce that it was painful. When that whistle sounded the entire regiment would start up and they would charge, and it would be his first charge.

HE had lived for and feared this moment for the last ten years. All the glory and all the terror of it that had fought in his heart for those years would now be put to the test. He himself would be put to the test. Would he come out well, or would fear unnerve him into mean and ignoble disgrace? He was an imaginative boy; he saw every bullet that was fired at the regiment, every shell that split the air with a loud crash overhead—and he felt the pain of every wound they made. He saw himself unstrung by his fear of pain, and turning tail and scuttling away to safety before the eyes of all the army. He feared that act above all other things.

As he waited he could hear the voices of the men before him, standing out with the curious definition of small sounds against a background of huge noise. The men were feeling the tension, fretting at the suspense. He heard the voice of a man standing near him muttering over and over again:

"Oh, get on. Oh, do get on. For th' Lord's sake get on with it."

He mentally agreed with the tense and irritable eagerness of the private. But as he agreed the orderly at the telephone jerked upright. The officers round him stirred spasmodically. The officer holding the whistle jumped about and faced the man in the firing-line. His hand lifted to his lips. . . .

Lieutenant Bellair came to his knee at once. As he arose something flicked like a fly against his neck, and in an unexpected way, his vision became blurred with the intensity of his emotion. In a flash, however, his senses cleared. He felt himself running forward with his men in the opening movements of the charge.

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At once, as he ran, he knew that his fears had been baseless. He was not going to turn tail at all. He was going to do immense things. He was going to carry the charge right home on his own shoulders. He was going to win the battle for his country.

He ran on nursing his men in the short section rushes with a skill that was genius. He seemed to be able to gage the psychological moment for whipping them up and on, and the moment to halt them and fling them prone so that little or no hurt came their way. He dropped them at cover by instinct, and he got them over dead ground in a way quite uncanny. This new, fine sense of generalship was indeed intoxicating. It gave him the strong clear emotions of a batsman well set. He could do nothing wrong. He laughed aloud at his fears. He saw himself covered with glory now, and throughout the campaign.

EVEN the plain that had looked so cramped before their charge began, appeared illimitable now they were on their feet. On the other hand, though the high scarp of downs had backed miles away from them, they also loomed higher and more menacing. Their sides sleek here, dotted with tufts of gorse like the hide of a mangy poodle there, seemed to have become impregnably steep. The thin, trailing fume of picric that had burned weakly upward from the slopes and crest, had now thickened ominously and hung in the sky in a slate-black pall of death and slaughter. The whole face of the hill seemed to lift itself in thunder and hurl its avalanche of death down upon them. The charging line however lunged on with the headlong impulse of men who knew their lives were charmed.

The first field was a paddock as green as aquamarine, and soft from recent rain; they were over that quickly. A hedge came up before them and they crushed through it, hammered across a white-hot tape of road, then up a steep bank onto a field arid and slippery with stubble. The full-throated gale of the firing hit them here. The first men up the bank hung in the fierce wind of it and were then blown clean away. For the moment there was a minor chaos. The shrapnel felt for them, found them. A squall of shells leaped into the air above their heads, smashed the sky to fragments with their harsh shattering crashes, and drove down an infernal rain of iron death. The men ran about like insects under the canopy of the shrapnel's soft white and magenta-colored smoke, like insects they sought blindly for and never found, places to hide from this aerial destroyer.

Bellair forgot all about the shrapnel and spurred on his men. The clarity of his mind was extraordinary. He whipped them with his tongue, soothed them with his voice in an admirable instinctive manner. He pulled them into order and then hurled them across the stubble field. With a sort of divine *flair* he had found a ditch under a hedge-set mound. In the lee of the mound he ran his men toward the enemy. And not his own men only. He discovered that his captain and the senior lieutenant had been killed, and he was in sole charge of the entire company.

The stubble field was full of the whirling mist of battle, and countless men moving like wraiths in this mist. Thanks to the mound, his own men were not suffering much, but across the field through the mist he saw men diving earthward in the final and nerveless way of death, and men spinning and falling under the thresh of the bullets. The air above this field seemed packed with puffballs of shrapnel, as though some monstrous crop with invisible stems were blossoming there. Now and then the surface of the field would gush earth and flame and thick greasy smoke in one vast hiccup, as a high power shell landed and burst. Always overhead, even beating at the hedge above Bellair with flail-like fingers of steel, passed the whirring hiss of ceaseless rifle bullets. The uproar was indescribable; the charging men were living in the core of a giant, palpitating hell of sound.

The ditch came to an end with stunning abruptness. With stunning abruptness the great hill towered right over their heads in a way that made them feel that it was about to fall down on top of them and crush them flat. There was a short sloping piece of brown turned earth between them and the foot of the hill, a thick belt of bush and trees, then out of the bush rose the hillside as steep as the roof of a house.

The entire surface of the hill was quick and humming with battle. Its olive surface was slashed right up to the crest with the acid light of rifle fire, and draped with the veiling crêpe of picric fume. Trenches masked with turfs to render them indistinguishable from the slope, ran, with no more dignity than bunkers, in odd terraces up to the summit. On platforms screened and defended with tree branches and thick gorse, were many viperish little machine guns spitting and jetting like steam exhaust-pipes. Where the hill yielded itself in more easy and supple lines field guns were placed behind felled trees whose branches stuck out in the face of the enemy. These guns could rake the attack with a harrowing enfilading fire. At one place where a gap came down almost to the plain, the sturdy star-angle of a field redan showed; the slope facing it was webbed with wire entanglements, and supporting trenches had been scarred on various sections of the hillside.

DIRECTLY his men halted at the end of the ditch, Bellair's eyes found this place. The instinct that had carried him so splendidly forward fastened upon it at once, and he saw at once a weakness. His men had dropped to earth immediately, where there was a tiny cliff of earth affording cover. They should have gone on, but Bellair held them while they recovered wind enough to take them over the final lap of the charge.

The rest of the regiment heaved across the turned land and fell thundering on the thick bush in a great wave crested with the spume of bayonets. The bush which had been lying passive all through the advance, started to life with an appalling clap. Even before it spoke Bellair's instinct told him that it was packed with the enemy's infantry. As the two bodies of men came together in a great worrying tangle of battling, the sound they made was like that of two immense dogs fighting to kill. The smoke of the battle began to whirl in great spirals, catching at the leaves with trailing fingers as it rose. Since the armies had intermingled the firing of the artillery tailed off to nothing, but the shrill and hateful screaming of the rifles rose and rose until it reached an insane point of shrewish fury. Stabbing into this sound beat the febrile hammering of the spiteful automatic guns. The one pound shells detonated in the heart of the fight with the sound of giant crackers and their bursting charges strung the gray blanket of the smoke with pretty flower-like flames. The flames from the rifles slit and stabbed the smoke like knives.

Bellair looked at the mad incoherence of the battling and knew instantly that it could end but one way. Section after section went charging into the fight, but by a mere frontal attack, men of flesh and blood could not break through the strong line of works hidden by the bushes and trees. Bellair knew that the fight could not be won at that point. Again he looked up at the redan and the gap it guarded. Yes, if he took his company up at that in a certain way there need be no disastrous frontal attack.

The battle under the trees wore itself down to a

(*Continued on Page 71*)

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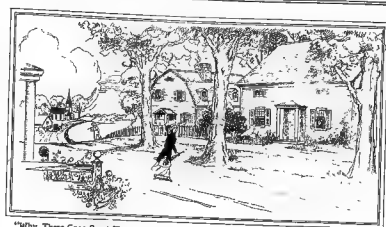
The Village Dressmaker

A Monologue

By May Isabel Fisk

AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL FEMININE," "THE TALKING WOMAN," ETC.

"He Had Got Shut in and Couldn't Find the Gate!"



"Why, There Goes Sarah Twitchell—She's Carrying a Bag, Too. I Wonder Where on Earth She Can Be Going at This Time of Day with That Bag"

"And Our Barber—He Recites Shakespeare Beautifully"

GOOD morning—nasty weather, ain't it? Shall I let it drip right here in the entry or put it in the umbrella stand? . . . I see you have oilcloth on the floor—of course it's cheaper but you'll find the best people here don't use it—they don't think it's genteel. But then I'm not saying anything. . . . All right, just as you like. My sister has a lovely one, green, on a gold ground, with a blue parrot, but she says by the time a lot of people put their dripping umbrellas in it and her hired girl forgets about it, why it soon puddles up and nearly runs over—and rots the silk, too, when you let them stand in it. I usually open mine in a bathtub, upside down, so it can run away as fast as it likes.

Yes, I know I'm a little late but I live with one of my married sisters and by the time we have the children washed and dressed and ready for school and the dishes to do up, and they never remember to clean their nails—why, it's no time at all before you know where you are. But as I says to Mrs. Binney, last week when I was up there making her voile over the third time, but you'd never know it—I says to her, "There's a new lady come to live in the Brown's house," and I says "By her looks she's a real lady too, and not the kind as will be making a fuss if you ain't on time to the minute or keep naggin' at you to hurry up when you are making her things and see a good weeks' work ahead of you, as some others in this village do."—But then, I'm not saying anything. It always takes one lady to know another.

Shall I put my things right down here? . . . All right. I came off in such a hurry, in fact, I hardly had time for a cup of coffee, but then I says to my sister, "I s'pose Mis' Spencer will be having a good hearty lunch, early."—You've no idea what mean lunches you get at some places in this village—but then I'm not saying anything—but I says to my sister, I says, "I miss my guess if Mis' Spencer ain't the kind of a lady as lives well and don't begrudge it to others, she's got the look of a good feeder about her, so I sha'n't mind waiting and feeling rather hungry." . . . Why, I hate to trouble you, but being as you're so kind I don't mind if I do, and then I never seem to get along so well with my work when I start out faint-like. It's real good of you. And I'll just sit down and get my breath while you're having it her up—cold vittles never agree with me.

"And There She Was, Way Up on One Side and Down on the Other"

You haven't been here long, have you? Is that so? But I think I can correct you there—it was two weeks, yesterday—not to-day. I was down to Mis' Fraser's then, and I saw you—her little girl is terrible on her clothes—tears 'em to bits—so I'm always going down there to sew her up and I saw you driving up from the station. My, but you had a lot of trunks—all covered with those foreign postmarks, too. Guess you must have traveled in most civilized parts. I thought so. Where my nephew boards down to the city there was such a nice young lady, anyway he thought she was, and as it turns out she owed a lot for her board and one day she went off and never come back, leaving her trunk and a canary bird and when the landlady opened it she didn't find anything but a few bricks and some newspapers.

SO you never can tell. . . . Oh, dear me, no! I didn't think so for a minute, but every one is so for a show, now. I'll take another slice of bread, please—I'm troubled so with indigestion—I have to be very careful—everything seems to go to my stomach. We're all that way—sort of in the family.

There, now, what are we going to begin on? That the material? Kind of flimsy, ain't it? Myself, I never believe it pays to make up cheap goods. . . . Oh—Oh, really! Well, you know it's a fact, but nowadays the way they get goods up you can't tell the cheap from the other, but of course I knew as soon as I saw your stuff it was something expensive, though it hasn't the look of it. I'll just fetch my thimble out of my bag. We'll need the pins and scissors, too. I hope your shears have got a good edge on 'em. When ladies say to me, give me a good cut I says, "Give me a pair of scissors as will cut and I will give you a good cut all right!" Not a bad joke is it? I'm fond of getting a little rise out of a body now and then.

I see you got one of them paper patterns—I wish you'd a-let me get one of Dimmick's—they've got a special one for very stout ladies as would a-hev fitted you perfect. . . . Of course I didn't mean that . . . Oh, no—I didn't think so . . . Oh, no—myself, I do dislike a lady as is too thin—so thin you can see her good points!. . . . Ain't bad, is it? . . . No, I didn't make that one up. . . .

I can clear this table to cut on, I s'pose? . . . All right,—any of the folks called on you yet? . . . Mis' Squires, she been here? . . . No? That's queer. She's a sort of social leader here and she usually calls on every one when they first come—that is if she thinks they're anybody. Still—she's been getting very particular lately. 'Course no one here knows nothing about you, but when we do, I think you'll find all friendly enough. . . . I s'pose you're a widow, living alone like this—are you going to have those droopy shoulders? . . . Oh, you're not . . . Oh, I see—a traveling gentleman—but not too long—they sort o' hang around so.

"Now Mrs. Hooker She Was, er—Stout, Though Not Quite so Heavy as You"

Perhaps you'll be having some of your relatives come to visit you? . . . Oh, you won't. . . . Aren't any of 'em living? . . . Oh, they're not—I'm afraid folks here will think that's rather strange—they're awfully particular. Now there was another lady come here to live a while back—rather younger and slimmer than you, and she said she was married, too, and she expected her husband before long—almost the identical story—but he never come and pretty soon they made it so hot for her she was glad enough to get out. But of course you'll find every one here has good kind hearts—being different. I take it that was your little girl playing outside as I come in? . . . I suppose you'll have the neck cut off and just transparent—but it hasn't got much body to it anyway. Has she got her father's eyes? She doesn't look much like you—but perhaps she favors your husband's side anyway. She doesn't look real strong.

Seen anything of Mis' Dodge—your neighbor on your right? . . . I thought so—she always sends Susie over to borrow a cup of sugar or something of the kind so's she can sniff around. She's always poking her nose into every one's affairs, and such a busybody and gossip—I can't understand it. But then, I'm not saying anything. I don't like her at all. She's another all for show and style. Her husband is a good provider, too, but she's pretty near drove him bankrupt. I gave her a bit of caution but she didn't take it kindly at all. I says to her, I says, "You take my advice—good husbands don't grow on every bush, nowadays. Don't kill the fatted calf that lays the golden eggs!" But she never thanked me for it.

"I've Had Plenty of Chances to Marry if I'd Wanted"

And I think Mr. Dodge is going to begin to drink, now—he has sort of that look—I can always tell it. I said the same thing about Mrs. Toumey's husband—and he'd never touched a drop in his life, before, and one morning I was going up to Mrs. Trimble's—now wait a minute, I *think* it was Mrs. Trimble's—yes, it was, I remember, because I was late that morning, too—oddly enough, and I had just stopped in at the post-office for a little chat with Mis' Vickers and I was standing talking, when along come Mr. Toomey, and why, I don't know, but I says to Mis' Vickers, I says—and if I was to die to-night I'm telling you the solemn truth—I says, "There goes Mr. Toumey and if I'm not much mistaken"—those were my very words—"that man is going to take to drink." —And it wasn't two nights later—as sure as I'm sitting here -if he didn't come home in, what any lady would call a disgusting condition. It was dark night and I was on my way home and when I came to the Toumey's gate—well, I'll have to explain. In front of their house is a large tree with an iron railing around it because the horses chew it—the tree I mean. Well, there was Mr. Toumey going round and round this railing and when I asked him what was the matter, not knowing anything was wrong,—he said he had got shut in this park and couldn't find the gate to get out! I helped him into their yard and I don't think any one saw him and of course I never opened my mouth about it from that day to this—and never would—but the next day, somehow, the story was all over the village.

WHERE are the pins? Oh, here they are. . . . Yes, I'll take it in—you don't near so big in the waist as you look. Now Mrs. Hooker she was, er—stout, though not quite so heavy as you and she used to take some antifat that did her a world of good. Now, perhaps you . . . Oh, you wouldn't . . . Yes, the sleeve will have to be let out—your arms are so nice and plump. Myself, I can't bear a skinny woman.

That's right—don't mind speaking out when I stick you—some folks seem to lie right up close to the goods and then the pins work in pretty quick, but I'll try not to do it again.

What color's your husband . . . Oh, I didn't mean that. . . . Oh, gray?—Well, that isn't one thing or the other, is it? Myself, I like a good bright blond with a drooping mustache and blue eyes or a brunette with a beard—the curly kind, not straight—and good red cheeks and brown eyes—though to tell the truth I never gave the matter a second thought. I've had plenty of chances to marry if I'd wanted but I refused them all—I s'pose I'm hard to please. I don't care for anything half way—I ought to be hooked all the way down and then maybe a bow to finish off at the bottom. No thank you, I'll never be an old man's darling or a young man's slave—and you won't find anything else left in this village.

Now there was a young man came to board with us last Summer from the city and the way he went on about me was too silly—really he was daffy about me. Of course I didn't encourage him at all but he was just crazy about me. I know he would have proposed but I managed to keep him off it. That discouraged him, I think, and then to sort of console himself he began to make up to my niece and first thing you know if he hadn't gone and gotten himself engaged to her—I know it was only because I treated him so, poor fellow. I don't think they're going to be very happy—I pity him—Gertrude's got an awful temper and—You would—alit right from the elbow and then filled in? . . . Yes, it might.

I've managed to keep clear of matrimony all right so far, but of course if Providence decides I must marry, why, I suppose in the end I must, and there is no use discussing it or saying another word about it. . . . Oh, he doesn't? Well, you better explain, then, it was all my idea having it cut that way.

If you don't mind I'll sit right here in the window so's I can look out between stitches. —That a picture of your husband on the mantel? . . . Considerable older than I would have thought to see him, but I think those large, bald gentlemen always look that way. You must go well together. Mr. Gubbins, our grocer, he's quite a power in the village here—he was that way, too, very bad—just a little left around his ears and the back of his neck—and our barber—he recites Shakespeare beautifully—made him a wonderful piece, not exactly a wig, and when you see him on Sunday you

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The key-note

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Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Village Dressmaker

(*Continued from Page 25*)

would never know him, he looks so different from ordinary days—it's lovely.

When did you say your husband was coming? . . . Oh, you didn't say—that's so. What business is he in? . . . Really —it must be very trying, and you look so bright and cheerful—but of course he must be away a good deal. I suppose it must seem pretty quiet to you coming from—where did you say you was from? . . . Oh, you didn't say . . . From there? Why, that's the strangest thing I ever heard of—think of that. Why, my brother-in-law's folks come from there, too. Do you know the Budgins or the Farmers or the Bidwells? . . . You never met them? That is funny because they move in the very highest circles there—but perhaps you wouldn't—wouldn't meet them, I mean. Still it seems very strange.

Yes, the other sleeve is ready to try on now. . . . H'm—seems to stick a little—you might hold your breath . . . No, I don't s'pose that would do any good. Why, no it isn't—I cut it exactly like the other—it must be the fault of your arms, probably they aren't mates, you know you always hear people don't exactly match all over, for I know perfectly well it is precisely like the other but I can easily let it out.

Now, I had just the same experience with another lady—she never knew she was all one-sided until I made her skirt and she tried it on for the first time—and there she was, way up on one side and down on the other. She was very disagreeable about it, when I told her she was all crooked instead of me—and I never got it to go right. Some people are so determined they're right when they're wrong. But then, I never say anything. And oftentimes, too, when my nervous system is on it's last legs!

I CAN'T get over your not knowing the Budgins or the Farmers or any of our friends up there. My brother-in-law's brother is getting up some kind of lectures to give there and neglecting his business for it, I say. I never could get along with him—not my idea of a family man to always be with his head in a book! It's something about the ancient Egyptians he's discovered about but as I says to him I says "Those ancient Egyptians have waited a few hundred years for you to find them out and now I guess it won't hurt them to wait a few months more while you put a little elbow-grease into the garden and get the vegetables to grow." I always speak my mind right out at him. But then, I never say anything.

Now if I had a husband . . . No, I wouldn't have one of those straight up and down ones with bones—I think a nice soft, turnover one edged with lace would suit you better—your neck's so nice and plump. . . . Yes, I think you'll find I'm right. I've got another married sister living over back of the cemetery and next to the railroad, but she's always kind of meachin' and not very cheerful. She suffers from a sort of decline—and five children —so you can't wonder. Last time I saw her she came to the house when I was out so we didn't meet. And it didn't break my heart, either. She's always wanting me to come and make them a visit but soon's I get there she brings out her work-basket and begins to groan and says she has so much sewing to do and I know what that means and first thing I know I'm up to my eyes in buttons and tapes and stockings with holes big enough to drive a horse and cart through, so I don't find it convenient to go there very often, I can tell you. But then, I never say anything.

I used to go visiting down to the city once in a while where my nephew boards, but it's pretty dangerous—whenever I went to cross the street in front of one of those trolley-cars, I always had to wait till it got by and then get a policeman to take me across back of it. And then I can't sleep with all that noise going on. Often I would hear the clock strike as much as eleven after I was good and sound asleep. My nephew works for a very large firm, Bailey's Bilious Balm Balsam—he says it's good for most anything, though. I hear it's known all over the world—and other places, too. They make another wonderful remedy, too, called Thomas's Tinted Tincture for Thankful Thousands and—Why, there goes Sarah Twitchell—she's carrying a bag, too! I wonder where on earth she can be going at this time of day with that bag—if that doesn't beat all! She must be going to the city, but I can't imagine what for—I always know about it when she plans to go. She must be going to take the eleven-thirty-five—no, she's walking so quick perhaps it's the eleven-twenty-one she's after—But that would take her Squanikin way and I can't imagine what she's going there for. Well, I never—it's certainly a mystery. And she seems to be taking a lot of things with her for that bag is loaded up to the guards or I'm much mistaken. If you don't mind—it won't take me more than a quarter of an hour—I'll just run around there and find out about it and I'll stay five minutes or so later to-night to make up for it. . . . All right—I thought you wouldn't mind and probably you will have lunch ready by the time I get back—I won't be more'n a half hour or so. Good-by.

You Owe It to Your Mother

By Orison Swett Marden

TO lift all the burdens you can from shoulders that have grown stooped in waiting upon and working for you.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

Never to intimate by word or deed that your world and hers are different or that you feel in any way superior to her.

To manifest an interest in whatever interests or amuses her.

To make her a partaker, so far as your different ages will permit, in all your pleasures and recreations.

To remember that her life is monotonous compared with yours, and to take her to some suitable place of amusement, or for a trip to the country, or to the city if your home is in the country, as frequently as possible.

To introduce all your young friends to her and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes and plans, so that she may carry youth into old age.

To defer to her opinions and treat them with respect, even if they seem antiquated to you in all the smart up-to-dateness of your college education.

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read, the places you visit, for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and deference you accord to those who are above you in rank or position.

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or disposition, which may be the result of a life of care and toil.

Not to shock or pain her by making fun of her religious prejudices if they happen to be at variance with yours, or if they seem narrow to your advanced views.

To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dislikes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive way.

To remember that she is still a girl at heart so far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To give her flowers during her lifetime and not wait to heap them on her casket.

To make her frequent, simple presents, and to be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To write to her and visit her.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance, as well as in spirit, by helping her to take pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family.

Not to forget to show your appreciation of all her years of self-sacrifice.

To give her credit for a large part of your success.

To be generous in keeping her supplied with money, so that she will not have to ask for it, or feel like a mendicant seeking your bounty.

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What Is the Best Age To Marry?

These Are the Prize-Winning Letters in the Contest Announced Last August

By OUR READERS

Short but Quite to the Point

FIRST PRIZE FOR WOMEN

THE best age to marry is when you can distinguish between passion and real love. This for both men and women. The man should be of an age to support a wife, and the wife should be of an age to fairly carry out her side of the bargain—that of running her home. And back of all this should be a great friendship, for real love is friendship set on fire. A flame that will burn forever—a flame that nothing, not even Death, can quench.

NEW YORK.

Old-Fashioned Doctrines Are Hard To Beat

SECOND PRIZE FOR WOMEN

HOW can any one set a definite age for matrimony, if you believe in the old, old story of love? Matrimony before maturity, both physical and mental, is out of the question. You might say that matrimony should not be contemplated until after a thorough education has been completed, but there are many people to whom a thorough education is impossible. If I could set the minimum age for both men and women to marry it would be not younger than twenty-two years. This would give four years of high school and four or five of special education.

And then the time to marry is just as soon after this age as you meet love. But *be sure*, for better *oft* by far is one who never marries than one who mates without love—the best gift God has given us.

So how can we say marry at twenty-two, or at thirty, or at any given age? Marry at sixty or at any age after maturity when love comes to you and you find the other half of your being.

IDAHO.

Hard Cold Views of a Business Woman

THIRD PRIZE FOR WOMEN

I AM what is politely termed a "business woman," aged thirty-five, of average success and competence, carefree, no family ties, earning an income which permits the maintenance of a homelike apartment, where I enjoy my books, my piano, my pretty dishes and my well-ordered meals. What more could any sane woman ask? Well, to be frank, it's a Man—not the time-scorned old maid's "any man," but the right one who, somewhere back in my careless youth, I must have passed or life's road and failed to greet. When a woman gets to the stage where she talks to herself around the house of an evening, it is courting disaster to go much further in a life of single blessedness.

Too late I realize that I should have married young, before I *knew too much* about men and their ways, about life and its unhappiness, about eugenics and the possible tragedies of inheritance for my dream babies. Had I married then, probably I should now be a happy wife with healthy, happy children as an insurance against loneliness in my old age, instead of being that most pathetic thing—a round peg in a square hole—a woman domestically inclined, fated to live her life in the business world in competition with men.

The woman who marries young has a better likelihood of contentment. "Them's my sentiments." A woman needs love, faulty or otherwise. The years teach us not to expect perfection in men, but *with* them, not without them in our lives, lies the only chance for real happiness. To-day I am too "wise" to marry—the men who ask me do not deceive me—I know them too well. I have worked with them and know their business methods. I can recognize a Monday morning grouch as far as I can see it. I know the light that *lies* in the eyes of most men when they murmur "You are the only woman I ever really loved."

Sometimes right here my fatal sense of humor makes me laugh and then I am once more shut out from possible matrimony, for ridicule kills sentiment in the best of men. Now, when a man asks me to be his wife, instead of promptly saying "Yes, thank you," and shutting my eyes to results, I hesitate, wondering about his family whom I never knew and have no way of knowing; about his personal health and habits, notwithstanding his well-groomed appearance; wondering about his morals, in spite of his reputable position in the business world; wondering if my children would come into life mentally and physically normal; wondering what other woman may have a claim on him; wondering how long it would be before he would tire of me; if he is fussy about his meals. These, and a dozen other foolish questions go through my mind and I'll defy any woman to act appreciative of a matrimonial offer in the face of them. Either I have lost my nerve and don't dare marry or else I have not yet met the man who can convince me he is the right man.

And yet if I could meet just one lone man, unmarried and Barkis-like, whom I felt sure would love me till the day I die, who was intelligent, healthy, well-bred and had the saving grace of knowing when to laugh, I would take him, even though his ancestral home or the cave to which he would take me be on a desert island, with no women's clubs or social distractions to add inducement. Meantime the best years of my life are flying fast and I sit here ALONE.

Am I too old for happiness? What is my chance in this great game called Life? Did I wait too late to marry? Is the demon of Loneliness to be my housemate during the years to come? Not if I can help it, kind sir. I believe that round the corner lies that for which I was created, and I am sorry I did not marry years ago. If my dream daughter ever grows to real womanhood, I shall marry her to the first honorable, healthy, wage-earning man who offers himself as her suitor, knowing that at least, she will learn something of that which her mother so nearly missed.

ILLINOIS.

Thirty Is the Age of Reason and Romance

FIRST PRIZE FOR MEN

IT seems to me that thirty is the right age for men to marry for it is the age when a man has attained his fullest development physically and mentally, and by that time he has acquired the experience and has ripened through that experience. He knows just where he stands—financially and in accomplishments. He has chosen his trade, business or profession and the fruits of his labor are now almost within sight. He is aware how much his talents will bring in the market-place, and for the first time knows whether he dare venture out on the path of matrimony.

For at thirty the bread and butter question is settled. Though a man at that age prizes love as one of the dearest things in life, he has no longer any sentimental delusions about it.

And at thirty a man has acquired the selective habit. He has been through the ancient universities of Seeing Things, Meeting Things and Hearing Things. He instinctively appraises the True from the False, the Loud Noise from the Sincere Silence and the Worth While from the Fly-by-night. He is wise then if Wisdom is ever to abide with him.

Of course a pretty woman draws his attention even at thirty. But he doesn't marry her all of a sudden and at once. He puffs at his cigar and calmly thinks it over. He tries to get a peep in at her brain and her heart and her soul and if she doesn't qualify on all counts. At thirty he has acquired the great and gentle art of backing away—a maneuver he is a stranger to at twenty or at twenty-five.

At thirty a man wants the woman that understands, whereas at twenty he seeks the woman who worships him and at twenty-five he gives his heart to the woman merely beautiful. At thirty he wants his wife to be his chum, not his show-case, general advertiser, salary-flasher, servant, housekeeper and trumpet-blower. At thirty he longs for a friend and companion and he aims to combine both these attributes in the woman on whose finger he slips the marriage ring.

At thirty a man *knows*. And until he knows he should refrain from taking the most important step of his life.

NEW YORK.

It Sounds Easy—But Is It?

SECOND PRIZE FOR MEN

WHEN is the best age to marry? Easy! When you find the right girl, of course. How will you know her to be the right girl? That is the subject for another contest—So Go Slow.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Marriage Is Like a Business Partnership

THIRD PRIZE FOR MEN

I THINK a man should be at least twenty-five, for not until that age does a man possess enough wisdom to be able to judge; his ideas are indefinite, his career incomplete and he is not in a capacity to weigh, calculate, decide and stick to it as is often necessary to do when married. He is not shy of the overanxious mother who treats him like a king when he calls, because she would rather have some one else support her daughter. He does not know, nor does he understand the great responsibilities which are laid upon the shoulders of a husband and father. A boy younger than twenty-five guesses at what he does and generally fails if he does get married. But, my dear boys, marriage is not to be guessed at, for it is a business scientifically defined as a partnership controlled by—*Love* and *Money*, two of the greatest forces which govern the world.

And not until a girl is twenty-two or over can she differentiate between infatuation and love; between girlhood and womanhood; between wifehood and motherhood. Because a woman's duties are sacred, divine, enormous and burdensome, she must learn to understand something about them before she is married, and to do that she must be twenty-two or over. Married younger than twenty-two, a woman never stops to think about the silent partner who is sure to arrive and demand his share of her business. She is caught unawares and trouble follows. Most women of twenty-two or over understand how to adapt themselves to each course of married life in due time and according to circumstances. It's upon the woman that the great task of having and rearing children is laid. She, the mother, the wife and the housekeeper must be conscious of her doings. She must understand herself, her husband and know the world. The average woman reaches that stage of comprehension at the age of twenty-two and that is the time a woman should marry—not before.

OHIO.

It Simply Can't Be Done

FOURTH PRIZE FOR MEN

RECENTLY there was a play produced asking the question "What Is Love?" and through three acts the author tried his level best to put a satisfactory answer into the mouths of his players. But try as he would, it could not be done. Love means something different to most of us, and so the right age to marry is a very individual condition. But boys (and the girls better take note of this, too) keep away from it as long as you can. Personally I should say to my children that the best age to marry is that time when you want to become a parent—not before. When the call of fatherhood or motherhood is so persistent that you can no longer shut your ears to it, then seek your mate (and remember that a mate is more than a wife) and marry.

NEW JERSEY.

Burning The Candle At Both Ends

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"There's a Reason"

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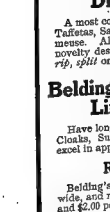

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The Use and Abuse of Sacrifice

Showing Some of the Dangers of a One-Sided Unselfishness

By

ANNE STORY ALLEN

IN a sunny corner of a wide veranda two old ladies were sitting. Their conversation stopped as a white-capped nurse appeared, bearing in her hand a letter which she passed smilingly to one of the old ladies. The white envelope was reached for with an answering smile, and was actually cuddled in the hands that received it.

"Two this week," laughed the nurse.

"That's nothing," responded the old lady, "I often get three."

The nurse went away. Two pairs of eyes were fixed on the letter; one pair enviously, the other with a tender shining.

"Do you mind if I read it?" An eager finger was already slipped under the flap of the envelope.

"Oh, no," answered the Old-Lady-Who-Looked-Lonely. "Read it, of course. Only—" There was a disagreeable little twang in her voice—"I should think you would rather have him than his letters."

The old lady with the letter raised her head proudly. There was a flash in her eyes as she said, "I have my son and I have his wife, also. Two dear children they are and they are both right in this letter." Then the flash died away, and a kindly, sympathetic look took its place. "Maybe you would like to hear it," she said gently, "Some of it, anyway."

There was not much change in the disagreeable, withered old face opposite her; but the old lady went cheerily on about the letter.

A Letter That Brought Joy

"LOOK!" she said, "Three typewritten pages!"

"Typewritten!" echoed her vis-à-vis, with more than a hint of scorn.

"Typewritten," said the old lady firmly. "Mine are busy children." Then she added, "They get in a lot of news and things that interest me, written in this way. And then, there are always half a dozen lines from Molly—little private things, you know. And there's always what Molly calls 'Charley's corner,' down here at the very end. And the dear boy always has something specially nice for me in that corner. The last thing was that he expected to come up to see me next Sunday, if he can get away from home."

The Old-Lady-Who-Looked-Lonely moved comfortably in her wheeled chair. "Well, if I had children," she announced, "I certainly would not be here."

"If you had children you would realize that they have their own lives to make, their own problems to solve and you would be proud and happy if they helped you to solve yours also in the best way possible."

She turned the wheels of her easily-moved invalid chair and with a pleasant nod rolled around the corner and out of sight.

The Old-Lady-Who-Looked-Lonely was left to herself.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" The nurse who had brought the letter returned to ask.

"Nothing."

The nurse looked at her with a little sigh. Then she followed the old lady who was wheeling rapidly down to the other end of the porch. "I guess I won't interrupt her," she thought suddenly. "She'll be happy for hours over that letter."

Back of sacrifice should be intelligence. Sacrifice that is spontaneous, that is not offered up because it is expected by others, is the sacrifice that counts. There is "the letter that killeth," and then is "the letter that giveth life." In there is "the spirit that giveth life." In the case just referred to, there was seemingly no sacrifice. Perhaps, in the usual ugly no sacrifice. Perhaps, in the usual ugly sense, in consideration each for the highest sense, in consideration each for the other, was there not the best kind of sacrifice? The mother, perhaps unconsciously, had given up any selfish but natural desire to be constantly with her son and his wife. The children, having weighed all conditions, had found that it seemed best—temporarily at least—that the mother should be where the very best physical care would be taken of her away from the noise and bustle of town, away from their home. In their turn they had sacrificed the approval of relatives and officious acquaintances who could see so much more clearly how the whole thing could have been better managed. But there was never a day, hardly an hour, when either in the background or in the foreground of their minds and hearts there was not the figure of a patient, sweet and *happy* little mother in a wheeled chair, in a big and "homey" sanatorium some fifty miles away. There was no duty, no burden; only a reaching out of their hearts to her and planning for everything in their power that could give her pleasure. And their reward—all they asked for—was her pleasure, her content. And verily they had that reward.

I have in mind two women, one of whom brought the other into the world. Mother and daughter they were; and the mother having brought the daughter into the world had her responsibilities, her pleasures, her enjoyment centered in the child. And when the child came to womanhood, when she was at the very age at which her own mother had come to know the joys of motherhood she refused to marry the man she loved, the man who loved her. Deliberately she set aside the golden opportunity that her mother had accepted. Deliberately she seized upon the huge granite block of apparent duty and rolled it in the path of her happiness. Not only into her path did she roll it but also into the path of the man who loved her.

Most of her friends said, "How noble! What a sacrifice! Her mother is ill; now she'll take care of her. She has given up her happiness. She has refused to marry. What a fine woman! What a noble woman!" But all the inner self of that woman cried out in protest. By day it mocked her and by night would not leave her. The approval of her friends and acquaintances, spoken or unspoken, which at first helped, at last became like an empty husk.

People called upon her. "Isn't it beautiful to see them together?" they would say. "Such devotion!" And as the years went on, "I just think, her mother will hardly let anybody else wait on her! She hasn't been able to go away for two years."—And then, "How she is aging!"—And after many years, "What will she do now that her mother's gone?" they said at last.

A grim, gray tragedy. What of the man who should have been her husband? What of the children who should have called her mother? What of the big, broad, womanly interests that should have rounded out her life?

An individual question, this, and one that must be answered according to the intelligence and the courage of the individual. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But may it not be if not greater, at least as great, to *take up* your life, to summon all your courage, to face with a stout heart all your self-questionings, your many doubts and bitter distresses?

In some of the so-called sacrifices, it is well to ask: How much of this is given intelligently according to best judgment, and how much blindfolded—perhaps unconsciously but still demanded—by the selfishness of the one for whom the sacrifice is made? In responding to these demands how much do I partake of and become party to that selfishness? Also there is this question: Should not the one for whom sacrifice is made be given at least the opportunity to be as unselfish as the one who makes sacrifice for him?

A man and a woman marry. It is her delight to perform all sorts of little services for him. He adores these little services, and she feeds upon his adoration. But by and by the sentiment of it is lost and round and round like the squirrel in its little wheel cage, the wife of this year who was the bride of a few years ago whirls in her little circle of habit. He likes her to do this, that and the other because he is used to it. She no longer cares to do it for the spirit has gone out of it. Her love by this time would normally have taken on other forms of expression. But the expectancy on his part and the silent catering to that expectancy on her part, has turned into an uninteresting duty that which began so happily.

Or it may be the other way round. The husband may gradually become the servant of the wife. And again, if the spirit has gone out of that service why serve any longer? But if the spirit remains; if there be joy in giving on the one hand and pleasure in receiving on the other hand; if it be not the rut of habit but the outpouring of love into one of the commonplace and practical forms that go to make up our every-day life—then what a difference!

"I always darn Jack's socks," said a woman to her friend.

"But you loathe sewing!"

"Of course I loathe it. But somehow I have always loved to darn Jack's socks. He'll look in that drawer," she nodded toward the chiffonier, "count up those socks and then he'll say, 'Still at it?' He knows I hate to mend, but he knows I love to do this for him. It's awfully silly. I can't explain it. There, that's the last one!"

Her friend slipped an arm about her waist as she arose.

"My dear," the friend said, "I expect that every day when Jack slips his feet into those socks you've darned, he carries about him everywhere he goes some of the love you've threaded into them, don't you?"

A sudden mist came into the wife's eyes.

"You've put it into words. I've never really thought it out, but that must be why I've never liked to give it up and why he never forgets to look in the chiffonier drawer."

"For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Perhaps the biggest sacrifices are those that are unheralded, unsung, practically unknown—the sacrifice of petty pride; the sacrifice of mental laziness, et cetera. More and more it becomes desirable for women to think; not merely to have opinions, but to think. And the woman who is prolific in opinions but practically barren of ideas, will do well to ask herself a few questions and find out if she can answer them: Am I to blame for my husband's failure to interest me? Is it my fault that our common ground seems to grow narrower as one year follows another? And if she can't answer them she will study them seriously until she sees light.

Try a Mental Housecleaning

HAVING answered these questions, either one of two things will follow. She will convince herself that she is by no means at fault or she will set herself to the task of sacrifice. For it is here that she must sacrifice mental indolence. It is here that she must go over the contents of her mind and ruthlessly weed out all that is lumbering up the room which should be cleaned and prepared for the reception of new ideas. It is next door to criminal to be stupid. Sacrifice your stupidity! Make a bonfire of the many worn-out toys and playthings your mind has used over and over again. On the principle that Nature abhors a vacuum, there will come to your ideas instead of opinions, responsiveness instead of mild acceptance and you will soon find that the wonderful mechanism of your brain is really working, not racing like a machine that is using power but accomplishing nothing.

The act of recognizing her mental laziness is of itself a sign of mental ability.

And, finally, remember this: That inner self of yours calls for expression If it is stifled now or turned aside, somewhere, somehow, it must be obeyed. Until it is obeyed, what have you of the highest value to give? At best, you have a poor pinchbeck imitation that sometimes clothes itself in humble garments and poses as sacrifice. But the real sacrifice is far different. The giving up of one's life, the meeting of death with a smiling face that another may live—"Greater love hath no man than this." The glorious examples of those we honor help to expel from our own souls the fear of death, and we are grateful to them. And side by side with them come those who try to live, as these have died: not in spectacular, applauded sacrifice, catering to and increasing the selfishness of others, but as fearless to face Life as these others faced Death.

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A Valentine Bag Benefit Party

Containing a Lot of Fun for You and Plenty of Cheer for Poor Neighbors

By ELEANOR COLBY

A NEW spirit of kindness and thoughtfulness has been awakened during the last six months. The Thanksgiving and Christmas festivities were none the less happy because the stricken ones over the sea and the unfortunate neighbors were given a share in our pleasures, and this same kindly spirit may very easily be carried into the February merry-making. Certain it is that if good Saint Valentine were alive to-day, he would find that in many a home a practical gift would give more comfort than his fabled heart-bedecked missive. He would, however, invest his gift with something of the surprise element, and that is what we have done in the following party: Try it, and you will not only have "oodles of fun," but give a happy time to people whose red-letter-days are few and far between.

Each of you must choose from the following list some one thing to contribute: salt, rice, tea, sugar, beans, laundry soap, bacon, candles, corn-meal, apples, candy, a jar of jam. As it is to be a bag party, each contribution must be brought in a paper sack. If you want the young men included in this fun, let them bring their gift in money. As you have all talked the thing over, you need not send out printed invitations, but it would be well to typewrite the following verse on paper sacks and mail one to each of the party a few days before the affair:

> This is just a memory-whetter
> Of our *big* Bag Benefit.
> Don't forget your contribution,
> For we surely count on it.
> Come at seven Saturday evening,
> Not a moment later, pray,
> For there's much to be accomplished,
> Much of work, and much of play.

TRANSFORMING the bags of groceries into the funny little people pictured on this page will occupy most of the evening. Have scissors, pencils, paste and paper at hand. Scraps of crêpe paper and bits of cloth of all colors, as well as tin-foil or tinsel, will come in handy. A sample book of wall-paper will furnish the right material for the flat cut-out parts.

In cutting the flat parts, allow wide seams for pasting them on the bags. It is well to cut the parts of plain paper and then trim them as desired.

Of course all the articles that are to be painted must first be done up in several bags or cloths, to prevent any paint from soaking through. It is not necessary to give long descriptions of how to make these bag dolls, as no two people will wish to make them exactly alike.

The jar of jam becomes a "long-headed boy" by painting a bespectacled face on the paper sack, adding flopping paper ears and a gay paper cap with a pompon, and pasting on his paper body this rhyme:

> Quite a long-headed boy I am.
> My real name is Jimmy Jam.
> Indeed of me 'tis truly said:
> "Jam-full is that poor kiddy's head!"

A bag of rice makes the bride's head. Her cheeks are rose-tinted and a scrap of tulle fastened on with flowers cut from wall-paper forms her veil. Here is her message:

> No wedding ever could commence,
> If I were not in evidence;
> No wedding trip would be quite nice
> Unless begun with shower of rice.

A round-eyed face is painted on the bag of sugar before its crêpe paper bonnet with fluffy frill and ties is added. For the body, choose wall-paper with a small flower design. Then paste on this jingle:

> When on the pantry shelf I'm laid,
> I'll prove a handy little maid.
> My sweetness I will never waste,
> And I'm a maiden of good taste.

Transforming the bag of tea into the head of a Chinaman is great fun. Give him a braided queue of black silk rags or crêpe paper. The hat is a circle of paper slashed to the center and pasted into conical shape. Gay flowered paper should be used for the mandarin coat. His rhyme is:

> When you inspect this small Chinee,
> You'll find me just a bag of tea.
> And if you use me as you should,
> You'll find I'm very, very good!

The body of the clown is the bag of beans, and gay red polka-dots are painted or pasted on before the rhyme is fastened in place. The top of the bag forms a frill and a crêpe paper frill is tucked into this before the rag head with its pointed cap is tied in. The feet are cut from red wall-paper. His cap reads:

> I know full well just what it means
> When people say: "He don't know beans!"
> But when my contents you inspect,
> Such idle slander you'll reject.

To prevent the Dutch boy's face from being too bumpy, the bag of laundry soap will have to be well stuffed with cotton. Yellow crêpe paper or corn husks may be fringed to form his hair. His little cap fits very close to his head. The verse on his card reads:

> I most assuredly do hope
> You'll like my bars of laundry soap.
> I am a little Holland boy,
> And keeping clean's my greatest joy.

Of all the very funny creatures the funniest is the little pig whose body is formed of a bag of bacon. The bag is tied up in crêpe paper which is stuffed with cotton to give piggy the right profundity of rotundity. His head, tail and legs are of stiff pasteboard firmly pasted in place. A card on his side reads:

> I am not handsome, as you see,
> But don't despise poor humble me.
> Remember that oft-spoken word:
> "The pen's mightier than the sword."

The bag of candles has a big artificial candle tied into its top. This is really a mailing tube covered with white paper and tipped with a white conical cap. A flame of red and orange paper finishes the cap. The face should be jolly to go with this rhyme:

> I never in my life could see
> Why folks say: "Don't make light of me."
> For I feel just the other way,
> When they make light of me, I'm gay.

Corn-meal (often called Indian meal) forms a fine head for the funny little Indian, but should be tied up in brown cloth before the features are painted. The feathers may be made of an old duster and the fringes of crêpe paper. The verse is:

> A shudder doubtless runs through you
> When first my savage face you view,
> No fear at all you need to feel,
> I'm just a little Indian meal.

Apples form the body of the apple woman. Her head is a big rosy apple having white paper eyes pinned on with black-headed pins, a date nose, and a carved mouth. A gay paper or cloth shawl covers her shoulders while the top of the apple bag is lined with white crêpe paper to form the frill of her bonnet. Her basket is cut from brown paper and has red circles pasted behind it to represent apples. The message on her basket reads:

> An apple woman plump am I.
> One of my apples you must try.
> No tawdry paper valentine
> Could ever be one-half so fine!

White cloth is used to cover the candy bag. The face is made by sewing on a stick of red candy for the mouth, and gluing on a candy heart for the nose. Gumdrops are neatly stuck in place to represent the eyes. Here is a jolly little rhyme for him:

> When on this face so fierce and grim
> You look, don't be afraid of him,
> His real, true nature he doth hide,
> He's very, very sweet inside.

The bag of salt is the easiest one of all to make, and it is very funny. The features may be painted directly on the cloth bag, while the black crêpe paper hair stands up in a pompon. The verse is:

> I'm sure you'll recognize me, friend,
> Though fright has stood my hair on end.
> You've heard of me all through your life.
> I am Lot's disobedient wife!

If you decide to fix a little bag of money, it may be made of cloth with pennies glued on for the eyes and a painted nose and mouth. This little jingle should be pasted on the wee body:

> I am so very, very small
> You might not look at me at all,
> Yet "Money talks," so, friend o' mine,
> I say: "I'll be your valentine!"

When the bags are all finished they may be carefully packed and delivered at the door of the chosen house by the jolly band who then go back and finish the evening with games and refreshments.

White magic on mirrors—

I always clean my mirrors with Bon Ami —it's so easy!

I simply apply a thin, wet lather of Bon Ami —let it dry for a moment—then wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Every mark, smudge and speck disappears! And there are no obstinate, damp smears left on the glass, either!

Bon Ami

Bon Ami comes off dry—that prevents smears and does away with all slow, laborious polishing and rubbing.

Bon Ami is real white magic in my home. A little touch—a little rub—and presto, how things shine! Glass, nickel, tile, enamel, aluminum, brass, tin, paint!

Have you tried Bon Ami Powder yet?

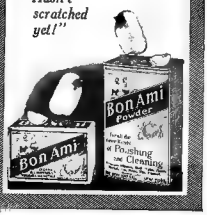
It is regular Bon Ami, ground to a fine, soft, velvety powder which turns to a nice white lather at the touch of a wet cloth. It won't scratch. It comes in a handy can with a hole in the top.

Your grocer has it now. You may like it even better than the cake. Why not try it?

Made in both cake and powder form

THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

"Hasn't scratched yet!"



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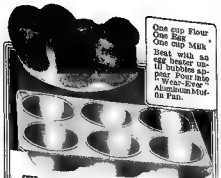


The Popover—The Recipe

THE

"Wear-Ever" Pan

Bake without turning the pan. Figure on less than the usual baking time, because aluminum ware gets hot quickly and stays hotter than any other ware—heats evenly all over, so every cake in the pan bakes at the same time and you have puffy, brown, crusty popovers.

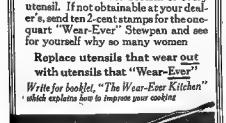
Aluminum utensils are NOT "all the same."

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" utensils dense, smooth and rigid. They give enduring satisfaction.

Always look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark—on the bottom of every utensil. If not obtainable at your dealer's, send ten 2-cent stamps for the one-quart "Wear-Ever" Stewpan and see for yourself why so many women

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Write for booklet, "The Wear-Ever Kitchen" which explains how to improve your cooking



The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Dept. 38, New Kensington, Pa., or (if you live in Canada) Berlin, Ont., Canada, Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Send me, prepaid, a 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan, for which I enclose 20c in stamps—to be refunded if I'm not satisfied.

Name.....

Address.....

The reclining Oriole Go-Basket is four articles in one—a Go-Cart, High Chair, Sleeper and Bassinet—which can be used from the baby's birth. The

Oriole Go-Basket

can be carried on the arm in crowded cars, trains and elevators by simply pulling a cord to form a wicker basket with which settles into a compact, convenient parcel. Lightest, strongest, most durable made. Ask your dealer, or write us if he doesn't carry it. Avoid imitations—look for the same

Long, flexible springs prevent all jolts and jars.

THE WITHROW MFG. CO.
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Send a One Dollar Bill and have Your Name and Address Neatly Printed on 125 Envelopes and 250 sheets Beautiful Linen Bond Paper. Correct style and desirable. Delivered free. Write for Catalog.

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The Vose Player Piano

is so constructed that even a little child can play it

It combines our superior player action with the renowned Vose Pianos which have been manufactured by the Vose family by three generations of the Vose family.

In public use this instrument you secure—ability, tone, and artistic merit at a moderate price; in the parlor it is a piano of quality, tone, and artistic merit as a piano of quality, tone, and artistic merit at a moderate price; the parlor it is a piano of quality, tone, and artistic merit at a moderate price; the parlor it is a piano of quality, tone, and artistic merit at a moderate price; the parlor it is

Knobs and Knockers

Colonial-Style Hardware for the Modern Home

By PHIL M. RILEY

Photographs by Mary H. Northend

Handle and Lock of the Georgian Period

This Front-Door Knob and Plate Is Always Good

Drop Handles of This Type Graced Many a Colonial Mansion

IN the ever-growing appreciation for things Colonial, in architecture, furniture and decoration, may be seen one of the most auspicious signs of the times. Happily this heritage is mostly one of simplicity, beauty, refinement and dignity.

Colonial is a comprehensive term including so much of a widely differing character as to provide amply for many and varied purposes. This elastic quality is one of its principal charms, for monotony and inconsistency must ever be laid at the door of the architect, decorator, or owner rather than to that of the style itself. Inconsistencies result when clear distinctions have not been made. The matter is more readily understood by confining the study to a single classification, such as builders' hardware, that much neglected but important combination of utility and decoration.

An intelligent selection of hardware naturally depends upon the house. It may be an old house remodeled, a reproduction of an old house, or a combination of the best features of several old houses; or it may be an adaptation decidedly modern in every way yet in the spirit of the old. In a remodeled house the existing hardware usually serves as a guide. Often the best plan is to match the old in antique stores or have it reproduced to order. All the leading hardware firms are doing this constantly, and the cost is not as great as might be expected, for the designs most in demand have already become stock patterns.

The hardware in a modern house adapted from Colonial motives should be modern. Of this a great variety is available. A choice should be subject to the approval of the architect. Several designs will be found for each period. This provides a means to give greater pretension to one room than to another, though keeping both in harmony. Personal preference may dictate still further in the selection of metals and finishes. Cast and wrought brass and bronze metal are finished in the natural color as well as in several other colorings and shadings.

Undoubtedly the most conspicuous feature of a Colonial door was the knocker. Although a primitive affair, it answered the purpose, and through necessity was developed into a graceful ornament. Most of the good designs have been reproduced, including the ring, oval and handle types. These vary in price according to weight and the amount of ornament and labor necessary in finishing.

Many knockers have spaces for engraving the name of the owner, and still others have electric attachments to ring a bell when the knocker is raised. Thus modern convenience is combined with Colonial spirit. Very small knockers have recently come into favor for the hall side of guest-room doors to revive a picturesque old English custom.

Beauty and Dignity Are Combined in This Latch

Handles with thumb-latches are most used on outside doors, although knobs may also be employed if preferred. These handles are often mounted on quaint, long escutcheon plates with the keyhole in a separate plate above the latch. Cylinder locks have been applied to these handles so that one may be employed both inside and outside the door, or an outside handle may be combined with an inside knob with rose or escutcheon to harmonize with the other trimmings of the hall. Stock designs now include a great variety of these handles; some of them severely plain but graceful in shape, some attractively ornamented with beadings, flutings, reedings and turnings, and others fanciful in outline where they bear upon the wood.

One of the Most Graceful of the Colonial Knockers

The hardware market now provides in stock patterns every need of the home-builder; the use of makeshifts for any purpose has become entirely unnecessary. Taste, moderation and the advice of a good architect should result in complete accord throughout the house. Care to insure hardware of the same design throughout each room, choice of the simpler designs and the fewest number of designs for the whole house consistent with the relative pretension of the more important rooms, are the best guides to success.

A Good Latch for Close Quarters

The Latch Great-Grandmother Lifted

Either of These Would Look Well on Your New Bungalow

A Revival of Interest in Home Baking

All over the country there is a great increase in home baking because food baked at home is more economical and can be safeguarded against unwholesome properties.

The greatest bake-day help is

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Contains No Alum

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You can make your Complexion particularly attractive this Winter—

If you will use a little Hinds Cream every day. It keeps the skin soft and smooth, and promotes a girlish freshness and fairness regardless of weather or climate.

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HONEY AND ALMOND
Cream

thoroughly cleanses the pores of all impurities—quickly soothes and relieves rough, irritated, sore conditions. The attractive complexion is restored with gratifying promptness.

Hinds Cream is not greasy or sticky, is quickly absorbed and will not injure even the most delicate skin. It is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients and to conform to the required standards of purity and quality.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

Samples will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage

A. S. HINDS, 258 West St., Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.

The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page 16*)

lost! Hundreds of thousands of them forever outcast, to pay through all the years that are left to them for that hour of yielding! Hundreds of thousands of them, and his Julia only different because she had made herself so—

IT seemed to Jim, in his club now and sunk in a deep chair before the wood fire in the quiet library, that he could never marry her. It must simply be his sorrow to have loved Julia—God, how he did love her!

But, through all their years together, there must not be that shadow upon their happiness; it was too hideous to be endured—"It *must* be endured," mused Jim wretchedly. "It is true!"

"Anyway," he went on presently, rousing himself, "the thing is no more important than I choose to make it. . Ordinarily, yes. But in this case the thing to be considered is its effect on Julia's character, and if ever any soul was pure, hers is——"

"And if we marry, we must simply make up our minds that the past is dead!" And suddenly Jim's heart grew lighter, and the black mood of the past hour seemed to drop. He stretched himself luxuriously and folded his arms. "If Julia isn't a hundred per cent. sweeter and better and finer than these friends of Babbie's, who go chasing about to bad plays and read all the rottenest books that are printed," he said, "then there's no such thing as a good woman! My little girl—I'm not half worthy of her, that's the truth!

"Hello, Jim!" said Gray Babcock, coming in from the theater, and stretching his long cold hands over the dying fire. "We thought you might come in to-night. Hazzard and Tom Farley had a little party for Miss Manning, of the Dainty Duchess Company, you know—awfully pretty girl, straight too, they say. There were a couple of other girls,—and Roy Grinnell—things were just about starting up when I came away!"

Jim rose, kicked the scattered ends of a log toward the flame.

"I've not got much use for Hazzard," he observed, frowning.

Babcock gave a surprised and vacant laugh.

"Gosh—I thought all you people were good friends!"

"Hazzard's an ass," observed Jim irritably. "There are some things that aren't any too becoming to college kids—however you can forgive them! But when it comes to an ass like Hazzard chasing to every beauty show, and taking good little girls to suppers——"

"Alice don't care a whoop what he does," Babcock remarked hastily.

"Yes, so of course that makes everything all right," Jim said ironically. But Mr Babcock was in no mood to be critical of tones.

"Sure it does!" he agreed contentedly. And when Jim had disgustedly departed, he remained still staring into the fire, a pleased smile upon his face.

JULIA spent the next day in bed, fighting a threatened nervous breakdown, and Jim came to see her at two o'clock, and they had a long and intimate talk, with Jim's chair drawn close to the couch, and the girl's lax hand in his own. She had not slept all night, she told him, and he suspected that she had spent much of the long vigil in tears. Tears came again as she begged a hundred times for him to forgive—but he quieted her at last, and the old tragedy that had risen to haunt them, was laid. And if Julia felt a rush of bitter gratitude and hope when they sealed their new compact with a kiss, Jim was no less happy—everything had come out wonderfully, and he loved Julia not less but more than he had ever loved her. The facts of her life, whatever they had been had made her what she was; now let them all be forgotten.

"Still, you are not sorry I told you, Jim?" Julia asked.

"No,—oh, no, dearest! If only because you would have been sure to want to do it sooner or later—it would have worried you. But now I do know, Julia,—you little Spartan—and this ends it. We'll never speak of it again, and we'll never think of it again. You and I are the only two who know— And if we love each other. When all's said and done it's I that am not good enough for you, darling, not worthy to tie your little shoe laces!"

"Oh, *you!*" Julia said, in great content.

Six weeks—five weeks—three weeks—one week to this day sang Julia's heart; the time ran away. She had dreaded having to meet Jim's friends, and had dreaded some possible embarrassment from an unexpected move on the part of her own family, but the days fled by, and the miracle of her happiness only expanded and grew sweeter, like a great opening rose. Their hours together, with so much to say rather and so much to discuss no matter how short the parting had been, were hours of exquisite delight. And as Julia's beauty and charm were praised on all sides, Jim beamed like a proud boy. As for Julia, every day brought to her notice something new to admire in this wonderful lover of hers; his scowl as he fixed his engine, the smile that always met hers, the instant solemnity and attention with which he answered any question as to his work, from the older doctor, all this was delightful to her. And when he took her to luncheon, his careless big fingers on the ready gold pieces and his easy nod to the waiter were not lost upon Julia. She had loved him for himself but, it was additionally endearing to learn that other people loved him, too, to be stopped by elderly women who smiled and praised him, to have young people affectionately interested in his plans.

"You know you are nothing but a small boy, Jim," Julia said one day, "just a sweet, happy kid! You were a spoiled and pitied little boy with your big eyes and your velvet suits and your patent leathers; you loved every one—every one loved you, you had your allowance, you were born to be a surgeon, and chance made your guardian a doctor—"

"You angel!" exclaimed Jim and as she jumped up,—they had been sitting side by side in the hall at the "Alexander," he caught her around the waist, and Julia set a little kiss on the top of his hair.

"But you do love me, Ju?" Jim asked.

"But I do indeed!" she answered. "Why do you always ask me in that argumentative sort of way?"

"Ah, well, it's because I'm always afraid you'll stop!" Jim pleaded. "And I do so want you to begin to love me as much as I do you!"

"You must have had thousands of girls!" Julia remarked, idly rumpling his hair.

"I never was engaged before!" he assured her promptly. "Except to that Delaware girl, as I told you, and after five years she threw me over for a boy named Gregory Biddle, with several millions,—but no chin, Julia—and had the gall to ask me to the wedding—!"

"Jim,—and you went?"

"Sure I went!" Jim declared.

"Oh, Jim!" and Julia gave him another kiss, through a gale of laughter, and ran off to change her gown and put on her hat.

IT was a Saturday afternoon and they were going to Sausalito. But first they went down-town in the lazy, soft Spring afternoon, to buy gloves for Julia and a scarf-pin for Biddie, who was to be Jim's best man, and to go into the big railroad office to get tickets for the use of Dr. and Mrs. James Studdiford, three days later.

"Where are we going?" Julia asked idly, her eyes moving about the bright pigeon-holed office and to the window, and the street beyond. Jim for answer put his thumb upon the magic word that stared up at her from the long ticket.

"New York!" she whispered, her radiant look flashed suddenly to him. "Oh, *Jim!*" And as they went out he heard a little sigh of utter content beside him. "It's too much!" said Julia. "To go to New York—with you!"

"Wherever you go, you go with me," he reminded her, with a glance that brought the swift color to her face.

Then they went down to the boat It was the first hot afternoon of the season; there was a general carrying of coats, and people were using the deck seats—there was even some grumbling at the heat. But Sausalito was at its loveliest, and Julia felt almost oppressed by the exquisite promise of Summer that came with the sudden sound of laughter and voices in lanes that had long been silent, and with the odor of dying grass and drooping buttercups beside the road. The Toland garden was full of roses, bright in fevel sunshine, windows and doors were all wide open, and the odors from bowls of flowers drifted about the house. Barbara, lovely in white, came to meet them.

"Come in, you poor things—you must be roasted! Jim, you're as red as a beet; go take a bath," said Barbara. "And Julia, Aunt Sanna is here, and she says that you're to lie down for not less than an hour. And peeps are none good for you, so come up and lie down on my bed and we'll open them!"

"Barbara, I am so happy I think my heart will burst!" said Julia, ten minutes later, from Barbara's pillows.

"Well, you ought to be, my good woman! Jim Studdiford—when he's sober—is as good a husband as you're likely to get!" said Barbara laughing. "Now, look, Julia, here's a jam-pot from the Fowlers, Frederick Fowlers,—I call that decent of them! Janey, come in here and put this jam-pot down on Julia's list! And this heavy thing from the Penroses—I hope to goodness it isn't more carvers!"

Two days later they were married, very quietly, in the little church of St. Charles Borromeo, where Julia's father and mother had been married a quarter of a century ago. They had "taken advantage" as Julia said, of her old grandfather's death, and announced that because the bride's family was in mourning the ceremony would be a very quiet one. Even the press was not notified; the Tolands filled two pews, and two more were filled by Julia's mother, her grandmother and cousins. Kennedy Scott Marbury and her husband were there, and sturdy two-year-old Scott Marbury, who was much interested in this extraordinary edifice and impressive proceeding, but there were no other witnesses. Julia wore a dark blue gown, and a wide black hat whose lacy brim cast a most becoming shadow over her lovely, serious face. She and Miss Toland drove from the

(*Continued on Page 33*)

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The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page 32*)

settlement house, and stopped to pick up Mrs. Page, who was awed by Julia's dignity, and a little resentful of the way in which others had usurped her place with her daughter. However, Emeline had very wisely decided to make the best of the situation, and treated Miss Toland with stiff politeness. Julia was in a smiling dream, out of which she roused herself, at intervals, for only a gentle, absent-minded "Yes" or "No."

"I tried to persuade her to be married at the Cathedral, by His Grace," said Miss Toland to Mrs. Page. "But she wanted it this way!"

"Well, I'm sure she feels you've done too much for her as it is!" Emeline said mincingly. "Now she must turn around and return some of it!"

TO this Miss Toland made no answer except an outraged snort, and a closer pressure of her fine, bony hand upon Julia's warm little fingers. They presently reached the church, and Julia was in Barbara's hands.

"You look lovely, darling, and your hat is a dream!" said Barbara, who looked very handsome herself, in her brown suit and flower-trimmed hat. "We go up-stairs, I think. Jim's here, nervous as a *kat*. You're wonderful—so calm! I'd be simply in spasms. Sally was awful; you'd think she had been married every day, but Keith—his collar was wilted!"

They had reached the upper church, now, and Miss Toland and Mrs. Page followed the girls down the long aisle to the altar. Julia saw her little old grandmother, in an outrageous flowered bonnet and Evelyn, who was a most successful mandolee now, and Marguerite, looking flushed and excited, with her fat, apple-faced young husband, and their lumpy little children. Also her Aunt May was there, and some young people, Muriel, who was what Evelyn had been at fifteen, and a toothless nine-year-old, Regina, in pink, and some boys. On the other side were the elegant Tolands, the dear old doctor in an end seat, with his hands, holding his eye-glasses and his handkerchief, fallen on either knee; Ted lovely in blue. Constance and Jane with Ned and Mrs. Ned, frankly staring.

As Julia came down the aisle with a sudden nervous jump of her heart she saw Jim and Richie, who was limping badly, but without his crutch, come toward her. The old priest came down the altar steps at the same time. She and Jim listened respectfully to a short address without hearing a word of it, and found themselves saying the familiar words without in the least sensing them. Julia battled through the prayer with a vague idea that she was losing a valuable opportunity to invoke the blessing of God, but unable to think of anything but the fact that the bride usually walked out of church on the groom's arm, and that the aisle was long and rather dismal in the waning afternoon light.—

"Here, darling, in the vestry!" Jim was whispering, smiling his dear, easy, reassuring smile as he guided her to the nearer door. And in a second they were all about her, her first kiss on the wet cheek of Aunt Sanna, the second to her mother—"Evelyn you were a darling to come way across the city, and Marguerite, you were a darling to bring those precious angels!"—and then the old doctor's *kiss*, and Richie's kiss—and a pressure from his big bony fingers. Julia half knelt to embrace little Scott Marbury. "He's beautiful, Kennedy —no wonder you're proud!"—and she tore her beautiful bunch of roses apart, that each girl might have a few.

"I've got to get her to the train!" Jim protested presently, trying patiently to disengage his wife's hands, eyes and attention. "Julia! Julia Studdiford!"

"Yes, I know!" Julia laughed, and was snatched away half laughing and half in tears, and hurried down to the side street where a carriage was waiting. But it was an April face that she turned a second later to her husband.

"They're all so good to me, and it just breaks my heart!" she said.

"At last—it's all over, and you belong to me!" smiled Jim. "I have been longing and *longing* for this, just to be alone with you, and have you to *myself*! Are you tired, sweetheart?"

"No-o. Just a little—perhaps."

"But you do love me?"

"Oh, Jim,—you idiot!" Julia slipped her hand into his, as he put one arm about her, and rested against his shoulder. "When I think that I will often ride in carriages," she mused, half-smiling, "and that, besides being *my* Jim, you are a rich man, it makes me feel as if I were Cinderella!"

"You shall have your own carriage if you want it, Pussy!" he smiled.

"Oh, don't—don't give me anything more," begged Julia, "or a clock somewhere will strike twelve, and I'll wake up in the Alexander," with the Girls' Club rehearsing a play!"

"You know, we could have our meals in here, Ju," Jim suggested, after Julia had examined every inch of her Pullman drawing-room. "Claude here"—all porters were "Claude" to Jim—"would take care of us, wouldn't you, Claude?"

"Dat I would!" said Claude with husky fervor. But Julia's face fell.

"Oh, Jim! But it would be such fun to go out to the dining-car!" she pleaded.

Jim shouted. "All right, you baby!" he said. "You see, my wife's only a little girl," he explained. "She's—are you eight or nine, Julia?"

"She sho' don't look more'n dat." Claude gallantly assured them, as he departed.

"I'll be twenty-four on my next birthday," Julia said thoughtfully, a few moments later.

"Well, at that, you may live three or four years more!" Jim consoled her. "Do you know what time it is, Lovelinen? It's twenty minutes past six. We've been married exactly two hours and twenty minutes. How do you like it?"

"I love it!" said Julia boldly. "Do I have to change my dress for dinner?"

"You do not."

"But I ought to fix my hair, it's all mashed!" Julia did wonders to it with one of the ivory-backed brushes that had come with the new traveling-case, fluffing the thick braids and tucking the loose golden strands about her temples trimly into place. Then she rubbed her face with a towel, and jumped up to straighten her belt, and ran a moistened finger about the embroidered turn-down collar that finished her blue silk blouse. Finally she handed Jim her own brush—then, with a capable air, and presented straight little shoulders to be brushed.

Jim turned her around and round, whisking and straightening, and occasionally kissing the tip of a pink ear, or the straight white line where her hair parted.

"Here, you can't keep that up all night!" Julia suddenly protested, grabbing the brush. "I'll do your hair!" But Jim stopped the performance by suddenly imprisoning girl and whisk-broom in his arms.

"Do you know, I think we're going to have great fun!" said he. "You're such a good little sport, Ju! No nerves and no nonsense about you! It's such fun to do things with a person who isn't eternally fussing about heat and cold, and whether she ought to have her gloves taken in the dining-car, and whether any one will guess that she's just married!"

"Oh, I have my nervous moments," Julia confessed, her eyes looking honestly up into his. "It seems awfully strange and queer, rushing farther and farther away from home, alone with you!" Her voice sank a little, she put up her arms and locked them about his neck. "I have to keep reminding myself that you are just you—Jim," she said, bravely, "who gave me my Browning, and took me to tea at the Pheasant—and then it all seems right again! And then—such lots of nice people have gotten married, and gone away on honeymoons—" she ended, argumentatively

The laughter had gone from Jim's eyes; a look almost shy, almost ashamed had taken its place. He kept her as she was for a moment, then gently let her go, and as they went laughing through the rocking cars to eat their first dinner together as man and wife, Jim was watchful her as she radiantly settled herself at table, and watched the frown of childish gravity with which she studied the menu, with some new and tender emotion stirring at his heart. Life had greater joys in it than he had ever dreamed, and greater potentialities for sorrow, too. What was bright in life was altogether more gloriously bright, and what was dark seemed to touch him more closely; he felt the sorrow of age in the trembling old man at the table across the aisle, the pathos of youth in the two young waiting salesmen who chatted so self-confidently over their meal.

SEVERAL weeks later young Mrs. Studdiford wrote to Barbara that New York was "a captured dream." "I seem to belong to it," she told Julia, "and it seems to belong to me! I can't tell you how it *satisfies* me; it is good just to look down from my window at Fifth Avenue every morning, and say to myself, 'I'm still in New York!' For the first two weeks Jim and I did everything alone, like two children,—the new Hippodrome, and Coney Island, and the Liberty Statue and the Bronx Zoo,—I never had such a good time! We went to the theaters and the museums, and had breakfast at the Casino, and *lived* on top of the green busses! But now Jim has let some of *his* old college friends know we are here, and we are spinning like tops. One is an artist, and has the most fascinating studio I ever saw, down on Washington Square, and another is an editor, and gave us a tea in his room overlooking Gramercy Square, and Barbara, everybody there was a celebrity (except us) and all so sweet and friendly—it was a hot Spring day, and the trees in the square were all such a fresh bright green.

"Tell Richie, Jim is going to assist the great Dr. Cassell in some demonstrations of bone-transplanting, at Bellevue, next week. —oh, and Barbara did write Aunt Sanna that we met the President! My dear, we did. We were at the theater with the Cassells, and saw him in a box and Dr. Cassell, the old darling! knows him, and went to the President's box to ask if we might be brought in and presented and, my dear! he got up and came back with Dr. Cassell to our box, and was simply *sweet*—and asked me if I wasn't from the South

(*Continued on Page 34*)

STEINWAY

AN increasing popular demand for a piano adapted to the modern home or apartment has led to the manufacture of two new Steinways. These are Style M, the smallest Steinway Grand, and Style V, of the Upright type. They have the incomparable tone and the long life of the most costly Steinway. Yet, as a result of the smaller frame and case, enabling a saving in manufacturing cost, they are offered at prices lower than ever asked for this supreme piano. They make it possible for you to own the ideal piano—a Steinway—at a price you would expect to pay for many so-called "good" instruments.

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BUTTER MIXTURE

1 lb. good butter
2 pint bottles milk
1 heaping teaspoonful Knox Gelatine
2 teaspoonfuls salt

Take the top cream of two pint bottles of milk and add enough of the milk to make one pint.
Soak the gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of the milk 10 minutes; place dish over hot water until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Cut the butter in small pieces and place same in a dish over hot water until the butter begins to soften; then gradually whip the milk and cream and dissolved gelatine into the butter with a Dover egg beater. After the milk is thoroughly beaten into the butter add the salt to taste.
If the milk forms keep on beating until all is mixed in. Place on ice or in a cool place until hard. If a yellow color is desired, use butter coloring.

NOTE, This mixture is intended for immediate use, and will do the work of two pounds of ordinary butter for table use and for baking cakes, muffins, etc.

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The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page 33*)

and I nearly said, 'Yes, south of Market Street,' but refrained in time—I had on the new apricot crêpe, and a black hat, and felt very Lily-like-a-princess, as Jane says—

"But we're both getting homesick, it will seem good to see the old ferry building again—and Sausalito, and all of you.

Early in July they did start homeward, but by so circuitous a route, and with such prolonged stops at the famous hotels of Canada, that it was on a September afternoon that they found themselves taking the Toland household by storm. And Julia thought no experience in her travels so sweet as this one; to be received into the heart of the family and to settle down to a review of the past five months. Richie was so brotherly and kind, the girls so admiring of her gowns and her diamonds, so full of gay chatter, the old doctor so gallant and so affectionate! Mrs. Toland chirped and twittered like the happy mother of a cageful of canaries; and Julia, when they gathered about the fire after dinner, took a low stool next to Miss Toland's chair and rested a shoulder, little-girl fashion, against the older woman's knee.

It was simply a tour of triumph for Ju," said Dr. Jim, puffing his pipe at the fireplace, with satisfied eyes on his wife. "She has friends in the Ghetto and friends in the White House. We went down to the Duponts, on Long Island, and Dupont said she—"

"Oh, please, Jim!" Julia said seriously.

"Dupont said she was one of the most interesting women he ever talked to," Jim continued inexorably, "and Dabney wanted to paint her!"

"Tell me the news!" begged Julia. "How's the 'Alexander,' Aunt Sanna—how is Miss Striker turning out?"

"She's turned out," said Miss Toland grimly, her knitting needles flashing steadily. "She came to me with her charts and rules, and oh, she couldn't lie in bed after half-past six in the morning and she couldn't put off the exercises, and she would like to ask me not to eat my breakfast after nine o'clock! Finally she asked me if I wouldn't please keep the expenditures of the house and my own expenditures separate, and that was the end!"

Jim's great laugh burst out, and Julia dimpled as she asked demurely:

"What on *earth* did you say?"

"Say—I asked her if she knew I built the 'Alexander,' and sent her packing! And now," Miss Toland rubbed her nose with the gesture Julia knew so well. "Now Miss Porter is supposedly in charge, but she won't stay three nights, so the clubs are given up," she observed disconsolately.

"And what's the news from Sally?" Julia interrupted.

"Just the loveliest in the world!" Mrs. Toland said. "Keith is working like a little Trojan—and Sally sent us a perfectly charming description of the pension, and their walks—"

"Yes, and how she couldn't go out because she hadn't shoes," Jane added, half in malice, half in fun. "Don't look so shocked, Mother dear!—you know it's true. And the landlady cheating them out of a whole week's board—"

"Gracious me!" said Mrs. Toland in a low undertone full of annoyance. "Did any one ever hear such nonsense! All that is past history now, Janey," she reminded her young daughter, in her usual hopeful voice. "Dad came back like the dear, helpful Daddy he is, and now everything's lovely again!"

THE Studdifords were house-hunting in all of Jim's free hours; confining their efforts almost exclusively to Burlingame, San Mateo or Ross Valley, made a welcome change now and then. It was not until late in October that the right house was found, on Pacific Avenue, almost at the end of the cable-car line. It was a new house, large and square, built of dignified dark red brick, and with a roomy and beautiful garden about it.

"Perfect!" said Jim radiantly on the afternoon when they first inspected 'the house. "It's just exactly right, and I'm strong for it!" He came over to Julia, who was thoughtfully staring out of a drawing-room window. Her exquisite beauty was to-day set off by a loose long seal-skin coat,—for the Winter was early—and a picturesque little motor bonnet also of seal, with a velvet rose against her soft hair. "Little bit sad to-day, sweetheart?" Jim asked, kissing the tip of her ear.

"No-o. I was just thinking what a lovely, sheltered back yard," Julia said sensibly, raising her blue eyes. But she had brightened perceptibly at his tender-ness. "I love you, Jim," she said, very simply.

"And I adore you!" Jim answered, his arms about her. "I've been thinking all day how rotten that sounded this morning," he added in a lower tone. "I'm so sorry."

"As if it was your fault!" Julia protested generously. And a moment later she charmed him by declaring herself to be entirely satisfied with this enchanting house, and by entering vigorously upon the question of furnishings.

The little episode to which Dr Studdiford had made a somewhat embarrassed allusion had taken place in their rooms at the hotel that morning, while they were breakfasting. Plans for a little dinner-party were progressing pleasantly, over the omelet and toast, when Jim chanced to suggest that a certain Mrs. Pope be included among the guests.

"Oh, Jim—not Mrs. Jerry Pope?" Julia questioned, wide-eyed.

"Yes,—but she calls herself Mrs. Elsie Carroll Pope, now. Why not?"

"Oh, Jim—but she's divorced!"

"Well, so are lots of other people!"

"Yes, I know. But it was such a horrid divorce, Jim!"

"Horrid how?"

"Oh, some other man—and letters in the papers—and Mr. Pope kept both the children! It was awful!"

"Oh, come, Ju—she's a nice little thing, awfully witty and clever. Why go out of your way to knock her?"

"I'm not going out of my way," Julia answered with dignity. "But she was a great friend of Mary Chetwynde's, who used to teach at the 'Alexander,' and she came out there two or three times, and she's a noisy, yelling sort of woman and her hair is dyed,—yes, it *is*, Jim!

"Lord, you women do love to rip each other up the back!" Jim smiled lazily, as he wheeled his chair about and lighted a cigaret.

"I'm not ripping her up the back at all," Julia protested with spirit. "But she's not a lady, and I hate the particular set she goes with—"

"Not a lady—ha!" Jim ejaculated. "She was a Cowdry."

JULIA leaned back in her chair, and opened a fat letter from Sally Burroughs in Europe, that had come in her morning's mail.

"Ask her by all means to dinner," she said, calmly. "Only don't expect me to admire her and approve of her, Jim, for I won't do it, I know too much about her!"

"It's just possible Mrs. Pope isn't waiting for your admiration and approval, my dear," Jim said nettled. "But I doubt, whatever she knew of you, if she would speak so unkindly about you!"

Julia turned as scarlet as if a whip had fallen across her face. She started at him for a moment with fixed, horrified eyes, then crushed her letter together with a spasmodic gesture of the hands and let it fall as she went blindly toward the bedroom door. Jim sat staring after her, puzzled at first, then with the red blood surging into his face. He dropped his cigaret and his newspaper, and for perhaps three minutes there was no sound in the apartment but the coffee bubbling in the percolator and the occasional clank of the radiator.

Then Jim jumped up suddenly and flung open the door of the bedroom. Julia was sitting at her dressing-table, one elbow resting upon it and her head dropped on her hand. She raised heavy eyes and looked at him.

"Don't be a fool, Ju," Jim said, solicitous and impatient. "You know I didn't mean anything by that—I wouldn't be such a cad. You know I wouldn't say a thing like that—I couldn't. Come on back and finish your coffee."

But he did not kiss her; he did not put his arm about her; and Julia felt curiously weary and cold as she came slowly back to her place. Jim immediately lighted a fresh cigaret, and began to rattle away somewhat nervously of his plans for the day. He was going over to the Hand Hospital to look at his man with the spine—better not try to meet for lunch. But how about that Pacific Avenue house? If Julia took the motor car, she could get at the agent's for the key, he would meet her there at four—how about it?

Julia cried for a long time. Then she stopped resolutely, and spent a long half-hour in serious thought, her fingers absently tracing the threads of the tablecloth with a fork, her thoughts flying

Presently she roused herself, telephoned Jim's chauffeur and the agent of the Pacific Avenue house, bathed her reddened eyes, and inspected her new furs, just home from the shop. Now and then her breast rose with a long sigh—but she did not cry again.

"I'll wear my new furs," she decided soberly. "Jim loves me to look pretty. And I *must* cheer up—he hates me to be blue! Who can I lunch with to cheer up? Aunt Sanna! I'll get a cold chicken and some cake, and go out to the 'Alexander'!"

So the outward signs of the storm were obliterated, and no one knew of the scar that Julia carried from that day in her heart. Only a tiny, tiny scar, but enough to remind her always, even with cold terror that even into her Paradise the serpent could thrust his head, enough to prove to her bitter disillusionment that there was already something that Jim's money could not buy.

The furnishing of the Pacific Avenue house proceeded apace—it was an eminently gratifying house to furnish, and Jim and Julia almost wished their labors not so light. All rugs looked well on those beautiful floors; all pictures were at their best against the dull rich tones of the walls.

(*Continued on Page 35*)

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The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page 34*)

Did Mrs. Studdiford like the soft blue curtains in the library, or the dull gold, or the coffee-colored tapestry? Mrs. Studdiford, an exquisite little figure of indecision, in the great Elizabethan chair of carved black oak, didn't really know; they were all so beautiful! She wondered why the blue wouldn't be lovely in the breakfast room if they used the gold here? Then she wouldn't use the English cretonne in the breakfast room? Oh, yes, of course, she had forgotten the English cretonne!

AT last it was all done, from the two stained little Roman marble benches outside the front door, to the monogrammed sheets in the attic cedar-closet. The drawing-room had its grand piano, its great mahogany davenport facing the fire, its rich dark rugs, its subdued gleam of copper and crystal, dull blue china and bright enamel. The little reception-room was gay with yellow-gold silk and teakwood; Jim's library was severely handsome with its dark leather chairs and rows of dark leather bindings. A dozen guests could sit about the long oak table in the dining-room; the great sideboard with its shining oak cupids and satyrs, and its enormous claw feet, struck perhaps the only pretentious note in the house. A wide-lipped bowl, in clear yellow glass, held rosy pippins or sprawling purple grapes on the table in the window, the sideboard carried old jugs and flagons, in blackened silver and dull pottery.

Presently Foo Ting was established supreme in the kitchen, Lizzie secured as waitress and Ellie, Lizzie's sister, engaged to do up-stairs work. Chadwick, Jim's chauffeur, was accustomed occasionally to enact also the part of valet, so that it was with a real luxury of service that the young Studdifords settled down for the Winter.

Julia's beautiful earnest face came to have a somewhat strained and wistful look, as the weeks fled past without bringing the quiet, empty time for which she longed. All about her now stretched the glittering spokes of the city's great social wheel, every hour brought her a flood of notes, every quarter-hour summoned her to the telephone, every fraction of the day had its appointed pleasure. Julia must swiftly eliminate from her life much of the rich feminine tradition of housewifery; it was not for her to darn her husband's hose, to set exquisite patches in thinning table linen, to gather flowers for jars and vases. Julia never saw Jim's clothing except when he was wearing it, the table linen was Ellie's affair, and Lizzie had the entire lower floor bright and fragrant with fresh flowers before Jim and Julia came down to breakfast. Young Mrs. Studdiford found herself readily assuming the society woman's dry, brief mannerisms. Jim used to grin sometimes when he heard her at the telephone:

"Oh, that would be charming, Mrs. Babcock," Julia would say, "if you'll let me run away at three, for I'm most positively keep an appointment with Carroll at three, if I'm to have my gown for dear Mrs. Morton's *bal masqué* Friday night. And if I'm just a tiny bit late you won't be cross? . . . for we all do German at twelve now, you know, and it *will* run over half an hour! Oh, you're very sweet! . . . Oh, no, Mrs. Tolcott spoke to me about it, but we can't—we're both so sorry, but this week seems to be just *full*—no, she said that, but I told her that next week was just as bad, so she's to let me know about the week after. . . . Oh, I know she is. And I *did* want to give her a little tea, but there doesn't seem to be a moment! I think perhaps I'll ask Mrs. Castle to let us dine with her some other time, and give Betty a little dinner Monday——"

And so on and on, in the quick harassed voice of one who must meet obligations.

"You're a great social success, Ju," Jim said smiling, one morning.

Julia made a little grimace, over her letters.

"Oh, come off, now!" her husband railed good-naturedly. "You know you love it. You know you like to dress up and trot about with me and be admired!"

"I like to trot about with you," Julia conceded, sighing in spite of her smile. "But I get very tired of dinners. Some other women gets you, and some other woman's husband gets me, and we say such flat things, about motoring, or the theater—nothing friendly or intimate or interesting!"

LENT had only begun when the Studdifords made a flying trip to Honolulu, where Jim had a patient. The great liner was fascinating to Julia and as usual, her beauty and charm, and the famous young surgeon's unaccountable happiness made them friends on all sides. So that the life of cocktail-mixing and card-playing and gossip went on as merrily as it had in San Francisco. Julia could not spend the empty days staring dreamily out at the rolling green Pacific; every man on board was anxious to improve her acquaintance, from the Captain to the seventeen-year-old little English lad who was going out to his father in India, and to not one of them did it ever occur that lovely little Mrs. Studdiford might prefer to be left alone.

On the boat, coming home, however, there occurred a little incident that darkened Julia's sky for a long time to come. On the very day of starting she and Jim, with some other returning San Franciscans were standing, a laughing group, on the deck when a dark, handsome young woman came forward from a near-by cabin doorway, and held out her hand.

"Do you remember me, Julia?" said she, smiling.

Julia, whose white frock was draped with a dozen ropes of brilliant flowers and who looked like a little May Queen in her radiant bloom, looked at the newcomer for a few moments, and then said, with a clearing face:

"Hannah! Of course I know you. Mrs. Palmer, may I present Dr. Studdiford?"

Jim smilingly shook hands and as the rest of the group melted away, Mrs. Palmer explained that her husband's business was in Manila, and she was bringing up her two little children to visit her parents, in Oakland.

"She's extremely pretty," Jim said, when he and Julia were alone, in their luxurious stateroom. "Who is she?"

"I don't know why I supposed you knew that she is one of Mark's sisters," Julia said, coloring. "I saw something of them all, after—afterward, you know."

"Oh!" Jim's face, which he chanced to be washing, also grew red; he scowled as he plunged it again into the towel. Julia proceeded with her own lunch toilet in silence, humming a little now and then, but the brightness was gone from the day for her; the swift-flying green water outside the window had turned to lead, the immaculate little apartment was bleak and bare. Jim did not speak, as they went down to lunch, nor was he himself when they met again after a game of auction, at dinner. In fact, this marked Julia's first acquaintance with a new side of his character. When she came back to her stateroom at six o'clock, he was already there, flung across the bed, his arms locked under his head, his somber eyes on the ceiling.

"Jim, don't you feel well, dear?"

"Perfectly well, thank you!"

Slightly angered by his tone, Julia fell silent, busied herself with her brushes, hooked on a gown of demure cherry color and gray, and caught up a silky scarf.

"Anything I can do for you, Jim?" she said then, politely.

"Just—*let me alone!*" Jim answered, without stirring.

HURT to the quick, and sudden color in her face, Julia left the room. She held her head high, but she felt almost a little sick with the shock. Five minutes later she was the center of a chattering group on the deck. A milky twilight held the sea, the skyline was low to the horizon, and the opal spaces all about them, the ship moved over a vast plain of pearl-colored smooth water. Where staterooms were lighted, long fingers of rosy brightness fell across the deck; here and there in the shelter of a bit of wall were the dark blots that were passengers, wrapped and reclining and unrecognizable in the gloom.

Julia and a young man named Manners began to pace the deck. Mr. Manners was a poet and absorbed in the fascinating study of his own personality, but he served Julia's need just now and never noticed her abstraction and indifference. He described to Julia the birth of his own soul, when he was what the world considered only a clumsy, unthinking lad of seventeen, and Julia listened as a mechanical fever patient might listen with vague distress to the noise of distant hammers.

Presently they were all at dinner; soup, but no Jim; fish, but no Jim,—here was Jim at last, pale, freshly shaven, slipping into his place with a muttered apology and averted eyes. With a sense of impending calamity upon her, Julia struggled through her dinner; after a while she found herself holding cards, under a bright light; after a while reached her stateroom.

Julia turned up the light. The room was close and empty, littered with the evidences of Jim's hasty toilet. She opened a window, and the sweet salt air filtered in, infinitely soothing and refreshing. She began to go about the room, picking up Jim's clothes and putting the place in order. Once or twice her face twitched with pain, and once she stopped and pressed Jim's coat to her heart with both hands, as if to stop a wound, but she did not cry and presently began her usual preparations for bed, in her usual careful fashion. The cherry-colored gown had been put away, and Julia, in an embroidered white kimono almost stiff enough to stand alone, was putting her rings into their little cases, when Jim came in

"Where have you been, Jim?" she asked quietly, noticing his white face, his tumbled hair and a certain disorder in his appearance. Jim did not answer, and after a moment Julia repeated her question.

"Up on deck," Jim said, a bitter burst of words breaking through his ugly silence. He dropped into a chair, and put his head in his hands. Suddenly he sat up, dropped his hands, and stared at her haggardly.

"Julia," said he hoarsely, "I've been up there thinking—I'm going mad, I guess—"

He stopped, and there was silence. Julia stood still, looking at him.

"Tell me," Jim said, "was it Mark?"

(*To be Continued*)

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An Optical Illusion

(*Continued from Page 23*)

The note, fluttering from my fingers, told me more about that ten-year interval of absence than I should have guessed at. "That unhappy limelight—"

I seemed to see her standing in it, with brutal frankness in her eyes. It was sheer bravado what she was doing, and yet in any other woman I should have called it—bravery!

There was a luncheon on, to some newly arrived Secretaries and their wives and as dressed for it, fanning myself, I wondered how I could calmly greet her across iced grapefruit and consommé, but neither she nor Lucy were there.

Lucy came to me for a few minutes that evening, and while her father and Bob talked official business, she sat on the step below me and let her glance stray out into the night. "I have been thinking—thinking how much less of a puzzle life would be if we could see with the eyes of the mind—I mean," she added, "that now we only see the outside, when it is the inside that makes all the difference." It was as if some premonition of all that was at stake between those three hung about her.

I turned her quickly to trivial things, yet after she left I thought of what she had said and remembered that some one else had spoken of the "darkened glass."

The next morning I was in the middle of sorting some empty preserve jars, when Violet came in.

I should hardly have known her! Her face wore the mask of a smile, but oh, such a hollow mask, for her eyes as they met mine were burning.

"It is early to return your call," she said, "but like you, I thought it best at once to the point. Has Norbury been to see you?"

I shook my head mutely.

"I told him to come," she said, "I took the liberty of giving you as reference—for *my* sins!"

I could only sit opposite her, murmuring, "Oh, Violet, what have you done!"

"Don't pity me," she said abruptly. "I have only done what everybody of my sort does sooner or later—faced the music. Not a very merry tune;" she added, and I caught a half-sob under her breath.

"Did he—take it like that?" I whispered, and she answered, laughing a little.

"My dear Mrs. Hunter—he took it, like a man!" She leaned forward, clasping her hands together. "Do you know how men take those things—disillusionment, and a face with tears in it does not scorch beauty, and life that is stripped of all its finery, and a heart that shows only a little corner left for loving, with all the rest a sham—do you know how a man takes these things? Well, I haven't the courage to tell you—but pray God that you may never know!"

I was shocked to a dumb pity. I could only sit there and look at her in dismay.

"I only want to tell you," she said, "that when he comes you need hide nothing. You do not know all, but what you know added to what I told him last night, gives your little girl the best chance—in the world!"

I leaned impulsively forward. "Violet," I said, "let us not talk about Lucy, let us talk about—yourself!"

"No," she said, hardly, "I am tired of the subject—I am just one thing more—my husband was a good man, and he is still—living!"

"You mean—" I echoed mutely, but another voice took up the answer.

"Good God, Mrs. Hunter, don't ask her any more—she means that she is an optical illusion!" Norbury was standing, white-faced, in the doorway.

"You told me that," said Violet Latham, "last night—do not think I will forget it." Her voice was very gentle.

"And it is true," he cried, his young voice bringing the charge home to her with all the hurt she had made him endure, "you are sweet to, the eyes, but God, how bitter to the taste—your name should be Maral Mrs. Hunter, I have more important things to speak of—Lucy Manners is ill and her father sent me for you—they think it is typhoid"

He brushed Violet out of his life just like that, and we saw at once that whatever blow she had struck him had not been mortal; it was little Lucy now, who counted.

"I will come at once," I said hurriedly, and the next moment he was gone. I did not move; I stood looking across at Violet as she stood, straight and tall, in the afternoon sunlight. Suddenly she threw out her hands with a gesture of finality.

"It is over," she said quietly, "you see that, Mrs. Hunter—there is nothing more but to go."

I reached over and touched her on the shoulder. "Violet," I said, "he did not dig deep enough."

She shook her head. "No," she said, "he is right. I was an illusion for his eyes, for his senses, but I did not reach his soul—how could I, from the depths under which my own is buried? It was bound to fail, I simply could not keep up the illusion—to the end!"

"And I am glad you have not," I cried, "don't you see, all your life among us you have kept under the good things and the true things—you have worn a mask, pretending to be heartless and flippant and unreal, but now I shall know that you are—honest, Violet, underneath!"

She smiled at me sadly. "Since you deem me honest I will be altogether so. I have been fighting for youth and the love that youth denied me. I did not mean to love him myself, I meant him to worship *me*—but when you came yesterday—I knew! I told him the things I did because, after all, it was not my happiness that mattered at all; it was his own! You see, with me also there was illusion—but I see clearly now."

I did what my heart prompted me to do. I leaned over and kissed her, much as I had kissed Lucy the night before, with a feeling that God's goodness lies around our incompleteness and that only He can see the end from the beginning. I think Violet, wherever she is now, will make a good end!

She left me after that and I went over to Lucy at the beginning of what proved to be, not typhoid, but something that made her, all the same, seem nearer and dearer to those of us who loved her. Norbury was one of them. He used to come in each day from the Legation, to ask me how she was and there was in his face, all the while of her danger, the high, strained look of one who longed to make amends.

AFTER all it was a very suitable thing. Everybody said so, when in the days that followed her convalescence, their engagement filtered through to our little coterie. She was, in a sense, the daughter of every man and woman in the Legation and we all loved Norbury for her sake.

They were just a pair of children starting a new life in that old, old land! It was only when I was pinning on her wedding-veil that I learned how sweet a creature she really was.

She handed me a slip of a note dated from Paris, six weeks before.

"This will reach you on your wedding-day, and I would like to send you a word I am older than you, and China is older than both of us, but I found in it something new and beautiful. You have found in it something new and beautiful, too, though in a different way. I think this somehow makes a bond between us, at least I like to feel it so, and with all my heart I send you good will"

It was signed "Violet Latham."

"You see," said Lucy simply, "she was good, after all!"

A Montessori Father

(*Continued from Page 19*)

but I didn't have any pen, so I couldn't write. I remembered that when the painter painted the screen this Spring some of the paint stuck in the meshes and had to be poked out with a match I wanted to see if the ink would fill the meshes that way, and I smeared some on with my fingers and it did. Then I blew it and it spattered all over the window-sill in little dots. Then I got an idea and I put some more ink on the screen and called Manuel and he came and put his nose against the screen and I blew and the ink went all over his face

"Gee, but you ought to have seen him!" he said. "He was mad at first and cussed, but I told him to keep quiet and call the other boys and we'd play the joke on them. They all came and I blew and they all got spattered."

I found myself almost irresistibly moved to mirth by John's graphic story and his own appreciation of the fun he had had. It was very funny. But I forced myself to composure.

"Well, how did you get all spotted and smeared and streaked up yourself?" I asked.

"You see, they found out how I did it after one trial," he explained mirthfully, "and sometimes they blew first."

Jane had followed me, eternally hopeful that my self-control would some time fail me and that I would beat John. She regarded the episode from a highly moralistic point of view, which she always assumed when John excluded her from any of his sports.

"John was a bad boy and ought to be spanked," she declared severely. "He blew ink on me and he wouldn't let me play in his room."

SHE had played the ink game to the complete ruin of her rompers. She was too little to blow ink from the outside and thereby gain the sweet revenge which made the game interesting to the others, so she had hurried into John's room, hoping from had hurried into John's room, hoping from the vantage point of a chair to aid her brother and inflict inky disaster on the enemy, John, however, had refused to allow any one to share his stronghold and had routed her out. Hence her disapproval of the whole proceedings.

I could think of nothing to say or do. My wife's enjoyment of the incident was unrestrained. John had suffered the logical consequences of his act and had enjoyed them thoroughly And since this is a truthful confession, I may as well say, so had I.

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How to Lay Out the Home Garden

This Is the Month to Select Varieties, Order Seeds and Plan Your Garden

By

F. F. ROCKWELL

TO every possessor of a home, Spring brings the call of the soil, the irresistible temptation to get out and dig in the dirt, and make a garden. In addition to supplying a lot of pleasure and healthy exercise, the home garden may be made a thing of real profit. Furthermore you can grow vegetables of better quality than you can buy. And modern tools and modern fertilizers make the work of gardening both pleasanter and easier than it used to be. Modern methods of culture and means of fighting insect pests, and improved varieties of seeds make results better and much more certain than they formerly were when so little attention was paid to these things.

Old methods of hit or miss gardening, however, can no longer be followed with success. Time is too valuable; labor is too costly. Careful and intelligent planning is necessary. That is why, weeks, even months before you can put the first seeds into the ground, you should begin to plan your work, so that you will know exactly what you will require and may order it and have it on hand, ready to go ahead rapidly and without mistakes when planting time does come. That is the only way to have a thoroughly successful garden; one that will make you take a justified pride in its results, and make your neighbors wonder how you managed to do it.

If you have never tried this new and more interesting way of gardening, you may wonder just how to begin. First of all take a pencil and a few sheets of paper and make a list of all the vegetables you want in your garden. Then rewrite it, putting them in the order in which you will plant them. Remember there is no such thing as a "model" garden—it all depends on the family taste. Next, put on your rubbers and go out and measure the garden plot or plots. Make a rough sketch, jotting down the dimensions; then take a large sheet of paper and mark off the plan to scale. An eighth of an inch to the foot is perhaps the most convenient scale for the average garden.

By Studying This Plan You Can See Just How To Lay Out Your Garden

You are now prepared to go ahead and make your plan with some intelligence. You know what you want to grow and the amount of room in which you have to grow it. As a general thing, the rows should be run across the garden, rather than lengthwise of it; this gives a smaller unit of planting, which is very desirable for the garden when a variety of things are to be grown.

You can now proceed to lay off, to scale, the amount of space to be given each vegetable, and what may be planted as a second or succession crop after the first has been harvested. In making the plan, keep in mind the following important principles:

First: Get as much, (and no more) of each vegetable and variety, as will be wanted before it "goes by," or becomes tough and old.

Second: Plan for as long continued a yield as is possible—either by successive plantings or by using early, medium and late varieties.

Third: Keep crops of similar habit of growth and season of planting together as much as possible, as care in this matter helps wonderfully in the work of planting and cultivating. For instance:

Keep crops that have a short season of growth, or mature about the same time, near together. This will help very much in the work of making succession planting, or getting the ground sown to a cover crop to furnish humus and fertility for next season's garden. Keep crops which require the whole season to mature, or which will be wanted for late Fall and Winter use, in one end or section of the garden.

If you have never made a plan of this kind before, you will find that there are a great many things to think about and a good many changes to be made before you get it to work out just right. But all the time and thought spent will be more than repaid when you come to plant and care for your garden. The part of a plan illustrated herewith will show you how to lay out your plan, and the table will serve as a guide as to the order in which you will find it convenient to plant, the proportionate number of rows of the various vegetables which may be wanted in the average garden, and the amount of seed which will be required for each.

These diagrams are meant to serve merely as examples, however, and not to be blindly followed. You should plan your garden, according to your own tastes and table requirements. For instance, if you are particularly fond of sweet corn and not particularly fond of green peas, increase one item and cut down the other accordingly. If you are something of an expert, you can work into your plan "companion cropping"—planting radishes between rows of lettuce or carrots, or lettuce between rows of cabbage, and so forth—and other special garden stunts. But avoid the danger of getting your plan so intricate that you will not be able to follow it.

Of equal importance with having everything in your garden carefully planned ahead so that you will know just where and when it is to be put in, is the selection of suitable varieties. Every year sees scores of new sorts introduced. In case you are not familiar with up-to-date varieties, I can vouch for the following, from personal experience.

Asparagus: Giant Argenteuil or Palmetto. Beans: Extra early, or "string" (you want only a row or so of these), Stringless Green Pod and Bountiful; beans, wax, White Wax, or Rustproof Golden; beans, pole, Old Homestead (green), and Sunshine Wax (yellow); Golden Carrot-podded Horticultural, and Giant Podded Lima. Beets: Early Model or Eclipse for early; Crimson Globe or Columbia for late. Cabbage: Copenhagen Market (early), Succession, Drumhead Savoy and Danish Ballhead, for Winter. Carrots: Chantenay and Coreless. Cauliflower: Snowball and Dry Weather. Celery: Golden Self-blanching, and Winter Queen. Sweet Corn: Golden Bantam (early and again for medium and late, if you like it as well as most people who once try it); Metropolitan, Country Gentleman, White Evergreen and Black Mexican. Eggplant: Black Beauty. Lettuce: Mignonette, Grand Rapids and Wayahead for Spring; for Summer, Salamander, Iceberg and Wonderful; for Fall, Mignonette, Grand Rapids, Big Boston. Melons, musk: Netted Gem (Rocky Ford), Fordhook, Spicy. Peas: Tall, Gradus and Royal Salute; dwarf, Blue Bantam or Laxtonian, for early, and British Wonder for succession, if planted at the same time. Peppers: Ruby King, Chinese Giant. Radishes for Spring, Crimson Globe, White Icicle; for Summer, White Strassburg. Spinach: Victoria. Tomatoes: Bonny Best for early; Matchless, Dwarf Giant. Turnips: Early White Milan; Petrowski, Golden Ball, Amber Globe.

And while planning how to arrange the garden and what to put in it, do not overlook the fact that because the garden will feed you, you will have to feed it. First of all, if it is to be procured, nothing is better than a good dressing, three or four inches thick of old, well-rotted barnyard manure. This, however, cannot always be found, and in that case it becomes necessary to rely on chemical fertilizers. These alone do not get satisfactory results from fertilizers because they fail to understand one big difference between them and manure. It is this: that while the manure furnishes both plant-food and humus, the fertilizers supply plant-foods alone, and *humus* or decayed vegetable matter, in the soil, is necessary to get good crops. So if you must use fertilizers alone try to have your garden where sod or some green crop or corn was grown a year or two before. Use the highest grade fertilizer you can get; one containing four per cent. nitrogen, eight per cent. of available phosphoric acid, and ten per cent. potash, as shown by the analysis printed on the bag, being good for all garden crops. This should be spread evenly over it after it is spaded or plowed, at the rate of one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds to a space fifty by one hundred feet, or from one thousand two hundred pounds to a ton to the acre.

The success of your garden depends as much upon the grade of fertilizers and seeds as upon its care, so in purchasing remember the best is always the cheapest in the end.

Planting Table for Small Garden

VEGETABLE	NO. ROWS	DISTANCE OF ROWS APART	DAYS TO MATURE	AMOUNT OF SEED OR NUMBER OF PLANTS FOR ONE FIFTY-FOOT ROW
ALL SEASON CROPS				
Beans, pole	½	3-4′	60-100	½ pint
Beans, lima	½	3-4	70-100	1 "
Brussels Sprouts (P)	½	2-3′	70-100	35 P.
Celery	2	3-4′	125-150	100 P.
Cucumber	½	4′	60-75	½ oz.
Egg-plant (P)	½	2-2½′	80-90	25 P.
Leek	1	15″	120-140	½ oz.
Melon	1	4-6′	90-125	½ "
Onion	4 (or more)	1′	130-175	½-¾ oz.
Parsnip	3	18″	150-175	¼ "
Pepper (P)	½	2-2½′	40-60	25 P.
Potatoes	3 (or more)	2-3′	60-100	½ peck
Salsify	2	18″	125-150	½ oz.
Squash	½	4-6′	60-100	¼ "
Tomatoes (P)	1	3-4′	40-60	12 P.
SUCCESSION CROPS				
Beans, green	1	18-24″	45-65	1 pt.
Beans, wax	1+1	18-24′	50-75	1 pt.
Beets	2+4	15″	60-80	1 oz.
Cabbage (P)	1+1	2-2½′	60-90	25-35 P.
Cauliflower (P)	½+1	2-2½′	90-80	25-30 P.
Carrot	2+4	12-15″	60-90	½ oz.
Corn	4+4	3-3′	60-80	½ pt.
Kohlrabi	½+½	15-18″	60-80	½ oz.
Lettuce	1+1+1+1	12-15″	75-125	½ oz.
Peas	2+2	3-3′	60-80	1 pt.
Radish	1 (Plantevery 10-24 days)	12′	25-50	½ oz.
Turnips	1+1+4	15″	60-90	½ "

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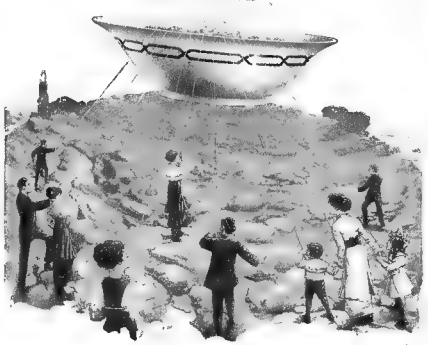

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(151)

Working for Uncle Sam

Another Helpful Suggestion On Making Your Own Living

By JANE LEE

IN going over the professions open to women without any special training beyond that given in the high schools throughout the country, working for the United States Government seems a pretty safe choice. The Grand Old Man has much to commend him as an employer. He does not pay exorbitant salaries, to be sure, but the bank on which he draws will not fail, and you are sure of your pay. He is very easy as to hours, for as a rule seven hours constitute a day's work, and he gives you thirty days' vacation every year with pay. He will also allow you thirty days' sick leave with pay during a year.

One thing I believe that Uncle Sam does not do to any great extent, and that is to furnish husbands. I am told that there are more old maids in the Government Service than any other profession open to women to-day. So if matrimony is your aim, you should choose another means of livelihood. But to go back to our subject which is "How to get Work" and not "How to get a Husband."

Time and again I have tried to impress upon you that you must be a high school graduate, or have education equivalent thereto, if you expect to make a living wage in these days of trained women. There is almost no future held out for the woman in business with little education, for it is an age of specialists and you may as well know this fact before you start in. Your high school diploma is the helping wedge to get you into business—any business.

UNDOUBTEDLY the simplest branch of work which the Government offers to women is known as "Clerks' Departmental Service," the examinations for which are held twice a year. Salaries run from seven hundred dollars a year to about one thousand five hundred dollars. But how to secure the work? First you must have the ever-necessary high school training, and then you must pass the Civil Service examinations. While the examination for this clerk copyist position is the easiest of all Civil Service examinations, it may not be as simple and as easy as you might imagine. You will need a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, grammar and spelling and above all you must write an almost ideally perfect hand to make copies of rough drafts. You must know something—not a mere smattering—of the Government and of current events in United States History. Finally, you will be called upon to write an intelligent essay on some topic of national interest, such as the Monroe Doctrine or the Pure Food Law.

There are, of course, many positions open to women in Government work, but I suggested the simplest one to begin with. Preference is always given to male stenographers, and hence a woman stenographer who wins out in this line of work must be a past master in the profession, beating out the thousands of men with whom she must compete. Preference is also given to male bookkeepers, though some few women hold such a position. Girls who are good mechanical artists find excellent positions and good pay in the Bureau of Forestry and the Department of Agriculture. Compositors, expert proof-readers and binders can find work in the Printing Department. A specialist in botany is eligible for certain positions in the Department of Agriculture.

Of course, all these latter positions mean special training over and above a high school course. They also mean living in the city of Washington. Outside of that city women can secure work as teachers in Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines; they can become kindergarten and industrial teachers and matrons in the Indian schools; trained nurses in the Isthmian or Philippine service and inspectors in the immigration and custom service.

The first step toward getting a position under Uncle Sam is to write to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., asking for a Manual of Examinations. Do not enclose stamps, for it will be sent to you free of charge, but in writing be brief. The Commission does not want the history of your life, a rambling dissertation on your hopes and ambitions. Write on a postal card asking for the Manual, and give your full name, street, house number, town and state. If you cannot write a good clear distinct demand for this book in a perfectly legible hand-writing, you are lost before you begin.

In this Manual you will find a list of all positions open to women, with a scale of salaries, and finally a list of cities where the semi-yearly Civil Service examinations are held. You do not have to go to the city of Washington to take examinations. They are given in various cities in all the states in the Union. For instance last Spring during the months of March and April, examinations were held in the state of Kansas in the following cities: Concordia, Emporia, Fort Scott, Hutchinson, Lawrence, Leavenworth, Manhattan, Salina, Topeka and Wichita. In the state of Texas during the same months, examinations were held in Amarillo, Austin, Beaumont, Brownsville, Dallas, El Paso, Greenville, Houston, Laredo, San Antonio, Tyler, Waco and Wichita Falls.

In the Manual they send, you will find some illustration of the grade of work you will be tested in. A sample sheet of high draft copying is shown and many specimen words are cited which are along the lines of those to be given. Not only must you spell these "catch" words correctly but you must be able to give a correct definition of them. A sample of arithmetic is also given—just mere suggestions of what you will be tested in on the examination date.

Having studied the Manual and made up your mind which examination you wish to take—which position you are capable of filling—you must then write to the Civil Service Commission again, tell them your decision and ask for an application blank for that position. Once you have taken the examinations you must wait—sometimes for many months before you learn your fate. Seventy is the lowest rating on which you can pass, and naturally the higher your percentage the sooner you may hope for an appointment. It stands to reason that the girl who passes ninety-seven will get work long before those who pass at eighty-nine, even if passed at a much later period. If you fail to pass the Civil Service examinations once, you are not prohibited from taking them again one year after. You cannot take them when the following examinations are announced—you must wait one year at least.

Having found out your defects and having seen the standard of the examination papers, you can spend the intervening twelve months in hard study. In this way you can perhaps prepare yourself to pass with top-notchers the second time.

HOW to get that preparatory study can be answered in many ways. You can take a postgraduate course at your high school—you can go to a business college and specialize along the lines needed for the work you have chosen—or some of you who are natural students can take a course by correspondence. Personally, I could not learn to spell "cat" by correspondence, as I am not a natural student, but thousands of girls acquire a wonderful amount of learning by that method. It might be worth your while to write to some of these schools, asking for their literature which they will gladly send to you. Remember that in teaching, or rather in learning, by correspondence a great deal depends on the will-power, intelligence and determination of the student.

Finally you must be at least eighteen years of age to become eligible for any work under Uncle Sam—much older in some positions, such as matrons and nurses. And I want to add that the United States Government is a safe haven for the girl who has some physical defect. The lame girl is seldom wanted in a hustling business office. I speak of this because I happen to know personally a girl who had a peculiar formation on the side of her mouth, and despite the fact that she was an expert stenographer she failed to find work for many, many months in any of the business houses. She finally took the civil service examination, passed over hundreds of men, and has since been a faithful and well-paid servant of Uncle Sam.

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How to Make Your Forcemeat

Simple Directions for Preparing Savory Stuffings of Many Kinds

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

THIS paper is a simple answer to a simple query "How do you make your forcemeat?" To make a good, extra good or superfine stuffing requires that the maker know a good thing when she tastes it, have some imagination in the blending of ingredients, patience in manipulation, and a knowledge of proportions.

Stuffing for Chicken

1 Cupful Bread-Crums
2 Ozs. Chopped Suet
½ Teaspoonful Onion Juice
Paprika
Grated Lemon Rind
2 Ozs. Sausage Meat
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley
1 Dessert-spoonful Worcestershire Sauce
Salt
Pepper
Milk

MIX in a deep dish the bread-crums, sausage meat, chopped suet and parsley. Stir in the onion juice, Worcestershire sauce, a seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika, grated lemon rind and a little milk to moisten. This is a simple stuffing, but nothing stronger is required, as it tends to destroy the delicate flavor of the fowl.

Onion Forcemeat for Peppers

1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley
3 Onions
1 Saltspoonful Salt
Red Pepper
1 Cupful Bread-Crums
2 Tablespoonfuls Mushroom Catchup
Lemon-Juice
Celery Salt

CUT a small piece off the stem end of sweet green peppers, or cut them in two, lengthwise, removing the seeds and partitions. Boil in boiling water for five minutes, drain and fill with the following forcemeat. Chop the onions, add chopped parsley, bread-crums, a squeeze of lemon-juice, a saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of red pepper, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom catchup and a dash of celery salt. Bake the peppers when stuffed, on a shallow buttered baking-pan in a hot oven for thirty minutes, basting frequently with melted butter. Serve on rounds of hot buttered toast, garnish with curled parsley.

Stuffing for Roast Pork

1 Cupful Bread-Crums
1 Tablespoonful Melted Butter
Sage
Paprika
Pepper
2 Spanish Onions
1 Egg
Salt

PUT the bread-crums into a deep bowl, parboil the Spanish onions for ten minutes in boiling salted water, then take out and chop: Add these to the crums with one tablespoonful of melted butter, a pinch of powdered sage, a little salt, paprika, and a good shake of white pepper. Bind together with the egg yolk; the white portion is best left out of this stuffing.

Stuffing for Young Pig

2 Lb. Fresh Pork
½ Lb. Calf's Liver
1 Teaspoonful Sage
1 Teaspoonful Salt
6 Slices Bread
Paprika
1 Lb. Veal
1 Chopped Shallot
1 Teaspoonful Thyme
1 Saltspoonful Nutmeg
1 Teaspoonful Pepper
Butter
½ Teaspoonful Poultry Seasoning

PASS through a chopping machine, the fresh pork, veal, and calf's liver. Add the chopped shallot, sage and thyme, the grated nutmeg, poultry seasoning, salt, pepper and a dash of paprika. Butter six slices of bread free from crust, spread on each a layer of the forcemeat, and cut each slice across in four pieces. Pile these up, one upon the other like sandwiches, and place them lengthwise in the pig. Fill the spaces round with any forcemeat that is left over.

Another forcemeat is made with one pound of sausage meat, six tablespoonfuls of bread-crums soaked well in gravy, one dozen cooked chestnuts rubbed through a sieve, one teaspoonful of powdered sage, a little salt, pepper and four tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Mix thoroughly.

Superfine Stuffing

½ Lb. Calf's Liver
½ Lb. Lean Bacon
½ Slice Onion
Salt
1 Teaspoonful Powdered Herbs
Paprika
1 Egg

CUT the calf's liver and lean bacon into small pieces. Chop one slice of onion into very small bits. Fry the pieces of bacon slightly, add the onion, fry for a minute, then fry the liver till quite cooked. Add the powdered herbs, salt and paprika.

This mixture must be allowed to get cold when it is chopped, and the yolk of egg added. It is used for anything that is to be served cold, such as galantine, chartreuse, or game pie. It is also used hot for quails and other small birds.

Stuffings for the Turkey

THERE is nothing better on the whole than a plain bread and butter stuffing highly seasoned. This should be dry, rich and absolutely free from sogginess. Cut thick slices of bread two days old, butter them well, season with plenty of salt, red and black pepper and crumble into small pieces. Or melted butter may be mixed into the bread after it is crumbled. If seasoning is liked, sage, sweet majoram, a bay-leaf and a little onion may be added. So many people dislike the taste of onion, however, that it is wiser to omit it unless the taste of the guests are known. A bread and butter stuffing may be given variety by mixing with it finely-chopped red or green peppers. Be careful all the seeds are removed, or the turkey will be too hot for most palates. Chopped capers are also liked by many people, or a few mushrooms or pickled walnuts. Some old-fashioned housewives would never think of filling a turkey without a goodly supply of raisins, but the sweetness thus given is rather distasteful to many people.

Oyster Stuffing

CUT three slices of bread very thin and toast them until they are nice and brown, then butter them. Lay them flat inside the turkey and put over them a good layer of raw oysters seasoned with pepper, salt, lemon-juice and pieces of butter. Over this lay three more slices of toasted bread, then another layer of well-seasoned oysters. If the oysters are put in raw they will cook as the turkey cooks, and give a much better flavor than if they are cooked before stuffing.

Another excellent turkey dressing is made of one and a half cupful of bread-crums, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one chopped onion, salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped celery, one well-beaten egg, three dozen oysters, and milk to moisten. Mix well together and stuff the turkey with it.

Potato Stuffing

2½ Cupfuls Mashed Potatoes
1 Teaspoonful Poultry Seasoning
1 Onion
1 Lb. Cooked Sausages
½ Cupful Salt Pork Cubes
Seasoning

MIX the hot mashed potatoes, chopped onion, poultry seasoning, cooked sausages, cut into small pieces, salt and pepper. Add quarter of a cupful of salt pork cubes to the onion and the pork which have been slightly browned; stir till thoroughly heated, then use.

Two Chestnut Fillings

40 Chestnuts
4 Ozs. Chopped Suet
2 Tablespoonfuls Bread-Crums
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley
Nutmeg
2 Pickled Walnuts
1 Teaspoonful Chopped Olives
1 Onion
4 Mushrooms
Seasoning
Stock

SLIT, bake, peel, and coarsely chop the chestnuts, add the finely-chopped suet, fine bread-crums, seasoning of salt, pepper and grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, chopped pickled walnuts, chopped olives, onion, and chopped mushrooms. Moisten with a little stock and use.

Another delicious stuffing is made as follows: Slit and blanch thirty chestnuts, peel them and cook till tender in well seasoned stock, drain them, chop finely, and mix with three ounces of chopped fried bacon or ham and pound till smooth, adding two tablespoonfuls of butter, and three tablespoonfuls of brown sauce. Season to taste and use as required.

Mushroom Forcemeat

½ Lb. Fresh Mushrooms
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Small Onion
2 Ozs. Chopped Bacon
Lemon-Juice
½ Lb. Bread-Crums
1 Egg
Seasoning

MUSHROOM forcemeat one might call super-excellent. Peel, trim, and drop fresh mushrooms into cold water. Put them into an enameled saucepan with just the water that clings to them as you lift them out. Add the butter, a squeeze of lemon-juice, a small chopped onion, and the chopped bacon. Cook them very gently till tender. Strain them out of the liquor, chop finely, and add to the bread-crums, then add yolks of eggs, also as much of the mushroom liquor as the mixture will stand without being too wet. Season nicely with red pepper, salt, and white pepper.

Veal Stuffing

BONE the veal and flatten it out well, spread over a thick layer of sausage meat, next a layer of chopped cooked tongue, then a thin layer of chopped mushrooms, gherkins and pickled walnuts, then another layer of sausage meat, and roll up.

4 Ozs Finely-Chopped Suet
2 Ozs. Cooked Ham or Bacon
6 Tablespoonfuls Bread-Crums
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley
1 Can Mushrooms
2 Eggs
Salt
Pepper

Mix carefully the finely chopped suet, chopped cooked ham or bacon, bread-crums, chopped parsley. Stir in a teaspoonful of mixed powdered herbs, salt and pepper to taste, half a can of button mushrooms, and two well beaten eggs.

Sage and Onion Stuffing for Goose

3 Tablespoonfuls Bread-Crums
2 Ozs. Suet
Seasoning
Milk
1 Teaspoonful Sage
2 Onions
1 Teaspoonful Mixed Herbs
½ Teaspoonful Poultry Seasoning
Grated Lemon Rind

CHOP the suet fine, add the bread-crums, mixed herbs, poultry seasoning, powdered sage, and a little grated lemon rind. Add the seasoning of salt, pepper and nutmeg, and two chopped onions. Mix well and moisten with sufficient milk to bind the mixture, and use as required.

Tomato Stuffing for Pigeons

CHOP one peeled tomato, add a slight flavoring of onion juice, and one chilli or half of a Spanish pimento, chopped together, constitute a delicious stuffing for pigeons or for quails to be braised or roasted. If roasted, place a slice of toasted bread under the bird when half done, and serve this with the bird.

Liver Forcemeat for Stuffing Birds

2 Ozs. Game or Poultry Liver
4 Ozs. Fat Bacon
4 Ozs. Lean Veal
1 Small Onion
2 Bay-Leaves
Parsley
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Egg
3 Chopped Mushrooms
Seasoning
2 Sprigs of Thyme

CUT into small dice shapes the game or poultry liver, fat bacon, lean veal, or you may use rabbit, or chicken instead, and a half of a small onion. Put all together into a frying-pan with butter, bay leaves, thyme, parsley, a little pepper and salt, and fry for five minutes. While it is hot, pound it in a mortar or a pudding dish and rub it through a sieve, mix with the puree one raw yolk of egg and chopped mushrooms. Place it in a forcing bag with a plain tube, and fill the birds with it.

Fish Forcemeat

3 Tablespoonfuls Bread-Crums
½ Tablespoonful Chopped Suet
½ Teaspoonful Powdered Herbs
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Lobster or Shrimps
Grated Lemon Rind
½ Teaspoonful White Pepper
1 Egg
½ Teaspoonful Salt

THREE tablespoonfuls of bread-crums, chopped parsley, chopped suet, and chopped cooked lobster or picked shrimps; add a little grated lemon rind, a quarter of a teaspoonful of powdered herbs, white pepper, salt, and a well beaten egg. Mix all together and use.

Celery Stuffing

1 Teaspoonful Powdered Herbs
3 Stalks Celery
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter
Paprika
Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Bread-Crums
Salt
Chopped Parsley
Onion Juice
1 Egg

WASH the celery well and cook till tender. Rub through a sieve, or chop finely, and mix with it the bread-crums, powdered herbs, a little chopped parsley, salt, pepper, paprika, melted butter, a little onion juice and well-beaten egg. Mix well together, and use for stuffing ducks, chickens and other poultry.

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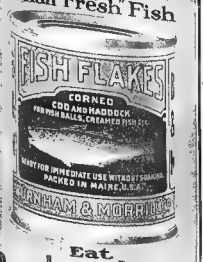

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Just How Not To Cook

A Few Rules Proving That the Best Way Is Always the Easiest as Well as the Most Economical

By

CHRISTINE T. HERRICK

ONCE upon a time I heard a woman say that there is only one right way to do any kind of housework. I didn't agree with her then and I don't now. To my mind there are several excellent methods of performing almost every sort of home task and that makes it the more astonishing that so many women hit on the wrong one.

Look at the work of the kitchen. First and foremost of the ways how not to do it, I would put guessing at ingredients instead of measuring them. Never have I been able to see why this is done. It is impossible for me to understand the exceeding difficulty of dipping out coffee or tea with a spoon or sugar or flour with a cup instead of dumping the material in at random. I cannot grasp the reasons why a cook finds it harder to pour boiling water from a kettle into a cup and thence into a teapot or a coffee pot than to turn it directly from the kettle into the pot. When you consider the fact that at least seven times out of every ten that she does this the coffee or tea suffers by her course it is unbelievable that she would continue it.

Yet she does, and is quite likely to make it her glory that she never measures anything, but guesses at it. She will assure you of this with an air of superiority which makes you feel yourself ignorant and inexperienced because you measure anything, and the fact that you have the example of the best professional chefs to back you carries no force.

I CONFESS to a sympathy with the women who shirk weighing materials. Like the soldier who had thirteen fine reasons for not firing his gun on a certain occasion—the first being that he had no powder—she seldom has good scales. If she gets a cheap set they are apt to be inaccurate and expensive ones are high-priced. But for nearly every ingredient which is used in cooking you can have a measure which is equivalent to a weight. The old saying, "a pint is a pound all the world round," may not always hold true but it is not far wrong; and when you know that a half-pint cup of butter or of sugar is near enough to half a pound to serve all practical purposes, that four cups of dry flour weigh a pound, that a heaping tablespoonful of granulated sugar or two of flour equal one ounce and a few other formulas of the same order, you are able to manage without scales in all but delicate operations.

But the objection that holds good against these does not apply in the matter of quantities. If I have mentioned coffee or tea especially in this connection it is because carelessness in making these is one of my particular grievances. Yet neglect of measurements is perhaps more fatal in mixing cakes or bread or sauces and puddings than other articles. Sometimes discretion must be employed when one brand of flour thickens up more or less than another, but that is all the more reason to be particular in the foods where accuracy does count.

Another way how not to do it is to put in ingredients as they come, so to speak, instead of in a fixed order. Those cooks who have both an art and a science of their work have discovered and laid down certain simple rules which to the sensible mind seem quite as easy to follow as to disregard. For example: in mixing cake they tell you to cream your butter and sugar together before adding milk or eggs, and in beating the latter to whip the yolks and whites separately, the former until smooth and thick, the latter until stiff. Then why don't all housekeepers adhere to this rule? Here is an instance:

A couple of years ago I was in a farmhouse kitchen while the farmer's wife was mixing a cake and privately envied her the fresh butter, the newly laid eggs, the abundant cream she had at command. As I saw her turn the unseparated and unbeaten eggs into the cream I wondered if the quality of the ingredients would not make up for the want of method in the mixing. It did not! When the cake came on the table it was porous and tough, showing plainly the lack of the beating and stirring which would have brought it to excellence. Every lumpy sauce or gravy or soup testifies to the fact that the thickening was not mixed properly or added carefully and is an example of how not to have done it.

Another variety of this fault can be seen with painful frequency. How often do you who call yourself a housekeeper get together everything you will need in preparing any compound on which you are engaged—bread, cake, pastry, pudding, what you will? Do you assemble mixing bowls and spoons, measuring cup, rolling-pin, egg beater, strainer or other utensils you expect to use? Do you have each component part set in array close at hand so that when you once begin mixing you will not have to leave the work for anything, but can keep at it until the bread is kneaded and set to rise? Or until the cake is in the tins, the pastry ready to put on the ice, the pudding in the mold? Or do you have to stop at the end of the process of creaming butter and sugar to run to the pantry for the eggs or to the ice-box for the milk, and when you have these to interrupt yourself again while you get the sieve and sift the flour or find and grease the pans into which your finished product is to go? In other words, do you offer a pattern of how to do it or of how not to do it?

All through the various details of cookery you may see the same facility displayed for doing things in the wrong way. Was it Robert Ingersoll who lamented that health was not catching instead of disease? I have often mourned that it should seem so much harder for the average domestic worker to do things in the right way than in the wrong.

Consider some of the simpler processes of cookery. Why should meat for soup or that which is to be stewed be kept at a galloping boil instead of at a simmer? Is it any more trouble to stand the pot, at the side of the stove or over a low-turned gas flame than to pile on fuel or turn the gas to the full head? It is an untrained cook who does not know that slow cookery is essential in rendering tough meat tender or in coaxing the best juices from it for soup. If you asked her about it she would probably show that she knew the correct method. Yet she goes tranquilly on pestering how not to do it, even when the right mode is as easy to follow as the other.

Again: what is there difficult about setting a saucepan holding milk or a sauce or gravy containing cream or milk in an outer vessel of boiling water while it is cooking? Yet eight cooks out of ten—to make a conservative estimate—will take the chance of the milk scorching and thereby being ruined sooner than follow this simple precaution. "I just set it on the stove for a minute," she will say, "I had only turned my back to get something out of the cellar and the milk scorched on me!" How many times have we all heard it? How many times have we ourselves said it?

IF there were some abstruse learning, some involved steps connected with certain minutiæ of cookery it might be easier to pardon the faults of omission and commission. But why should a loaf of bread or cake be permitted to scorch or become too brown when a sheet of ordinary paper laid over the top would save it? Why be allowed to blacken on the bottom when a little pains would prevent?

"If your oven burns the bottom of your bread why not set your pan on an asbestos mat?" I heard a housekeeper ask her cook the other day. "You have two or three you could use."

"Sure enough! I never thought of it," replied the cook. And calmly continued to neglect the precaution and to scorch the lower crust of her loaves! She was fixed in the habit of how not to do it.

"I put a pan of water in with it," was the excuse another made for a blackened custard. "I never thought it would catch." And to the query: "Why did you let your oven get so hot in the first place?" she had no answer.

In desperation I would like to ask these women why they have scorched milk or gravy, with a double boiler in the pantry? Why have weak coffee, overstrong tea, heavy cake, tough bread with measuring spoons on the shelf? Why, in fine, have any of these mishaps and casualties in cookery that may be avoided by a little study of how not to do it?

"Why do you never have stews?" I once asked another housekeeper who was lamenting the high cost of the chops, steaks and roasts with which she fed her family. "There are so many delicious ways of cooking cheap meat in stews of different sorts."

"Because my family won't eat stews!" she responded promptly. "They don't even like fricasseed chicken. When I make a stew of any kind they either refuse it altogether or else take a little on their plates and leave it. So I have concluded there is no saving in buying food people don't like and I have cut stews out of my bills-of-fare. Chops and that sort of thing come high, but I can't seem to get anything else they like as well."

While I agree with her that there is no economy in buying food persons won't eat I hold the decided conviction that if she would make her stews in the right way her family would eat them. A stew "as such" would be refused when a meat pot-pie or pastry or some similar variation would be acceptable and the fact that the meat in it was the same that they had rejected in a mere stew would never occur to the eaters. Also it is possible to convert cheap meat into savory croquettes or fritters or scallops or soufflés, to make it into a loaf or rissoles, to use it as a stuffing for tomatoes or green peppers, to serve it in a mold with a sauce and otherwise to vary it in a number of appetizing forms that would be relished by the scorners of ordinary stews.

HOW not to use cheap meat is to treat it in the preparation as you would choice cuts. It may be enough for a fine steak to clap it on a gridiron and broil it ten or twelve minutes over a clear fire, but this plan cannot be followed with tough meat. Still less can this be rendered fit for the table by putting it into the frying-pan to sear or soak in grease. Now can you cook a piece of the round of beef as you would a choice rib roast? The former is as excellent for beef à la mode, as it is for a pot-roast, for braised beef and for beef à la jardinière. It is necessary to roast the cheaper meat a little longer and baste it more frequently than you would the choicer cuts. When cooking cuts of beef have you ever tried piercing small holes in the lean portion and inserting bacon?

Perhaps the best way of veritable economy may be followed by the woman who understands to the full how to make use of left-overs, of the bits that careless cooks toss aside as "scraps," and who lets nothing go to waste in her kitchen.

Some of you housekeepers have brought this kind of knowledge to the dignity of a science before which I bow with respect; but there are others who seem not yet to have learned the first letter of the alphabet of wise saving on remnants. Think it over and see for yourself how far you personally have gone in the way of economy.

And when you buy do you always insist not only upon the regulation trimmings of the meat, but do you order sent home the cracked bones from the roast, the knuckle from the rolled lamb or the mutton or veal, the bare ribs of the beef, the feet of the chicken, the giblets? Do you know how all these can be used in your stock-pot? Are you familiar with the low-priced cuts of the different animals and do you understand how to cook them appetizingly after you have bought them?

When you clear the table do you save every fragment which comes away? Do you put aside the tablespoonful or two of vegetables in the dishes, the bones on the platter, etc.? Do you preserve the heels of loaves, the stale slices of bread to use as croutons in soup or to dry and crush for crums for stuffing or breading? Do you turn into the stock-pot the remains of gravy in the dish or pan; do you save the dripping from roast meat to use for frying; do you drain off the fat in which the bacon was fried to put it to service later; do you strain the fat in which frying has once been done and keep it for further use?

Do you convert dry cake into puddings or trifles with the odd spoonfuls of stewed fruit or the quarter glass of jelly or preserves and a meringue or custard?

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A Valentine Luncheon

Every Recipe Reflects the Tender Sentiment of the Day

By MARY MASON WRIGHT

HEARTS are especially appropriate for Valentine affairs, and a delightful luncheon may be carried out entirely with hearts, if liked. In preparing these dishes, heart-shaped cutters in various sizes are, of course, necessary. If you cannot buy the sizes desired, a tinsmith can make them in any size you wish. You will also need heart-shaped molds and heart-shaped patty-pans.

Cheese and Nut Hearts

2 Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Baking-Powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Cupfuls Pecan Nut Meats
½ Cupful Cream Cheese
Ice-Water
1 Egg

SIFT the flour, baking-powder and salt together, add the pecan nut meats chopped fine and just enough ice-water to make a dough that will roll nicely. Roll out about an eighth of an inch thick on a floured board, and spread with the cream cheese. Fold over three or four times, roll in thin sheets and cut out with a heart-shaped cutter. Brush over each heart with the white of the egg, and bake a delicate brown in the oven. These are just the thing to serve with a cream soup or bouillon with little beet or pimento hearts floating in it.

Heart-Shaped Biscuit Sandwiches

2 Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
1 Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonful Butter
Ham or Chicken
Milk

AFTER you have sifted together the flour, baking-powder and salt, work in the butter. Add enough milk to make a soft dough, roll out about a fourth of an inch thick and cut out with a heart-shaped cutter. Bake in a moderate oven. When cold, split, spread with butter and then with chopped ham or chicken, seasoned and worked into a paste with butter. An egg and olive mixture also makes a delicious filling.

Cheese Sandwiches in Heart-Shapes

1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Butter
Bread
2 Cupfuls Cream Cheese
2 Teaspoonful Paprika
Pimentoes

CUT the bread into thin heart-shaped slices. Mix into a paste the cream cheese, butter, salt, paprika, and spread on one-half of the bread hearts. Pierce the centers of the other hearts with a smaller heart-shaped cutter, place these upon the whole hearts, filling the little holes with chopped pimentoes. This effect of a red heart within a white one is very pretty.

Lobster Hearts

1 Teaspoonful Lemon-Juice
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Can Lobster
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Egg
Pie Pastry
1 Pint Milk

BAKE a rich baking-powder pie pastry and roll it a fourth of an inch thick. Cut about a third of the dough into thick, narrow strips. Cut the rest out with a heart-shaped cutter and place the strips around the edge of each heart to form a deep cup-like edge. Drain the liquor from the can into a bowl, and free the meat from the bones.

Pour over the lobster a white sauce made as follows: Blend together in a double boiler the butter and flour, the milk, heated, and the liquor from the lobster. After stirring constantly until smooth and thick, season with salt, pepper and the lemon-juice. Fill the pastry shells with this mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. Brush the inside of the shells with the white of an egg before putting in the lobster mixture.

Salmon Croquettes

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Cupful Milk
Bread-Crumbs
Red Vegetable Coloring
Can Salmon
2 Teaspoonful Lemon-Juice
2 Eggs

DRAIN the salmon from its liquor and pick out all bones and skin. Make a thick sauce with the butter, flour and the milk, heated. Stir until smooth and season with salt, pepper and the lemon-juice. When cool, color with a few drops of red vegetable coloring and stir in the salmon. Mold in heart-shapes, dip in the white of an egg, then into bread-crums and fry. They will be better if allowed to stand a while after being molded, before frying. Drain and serve with Hollandaise or any desired sauce.

Heart-Shaped Chicken Patties

½ Cupful Chopped Parsley
1 Cupful Cream Sauce
2 Cupfuls Cold Chicken
Pie Pastry

LINE heart-shaped patty-pans with good pie pastry. Fill with chopped chicken which has been mixed with the parsley-cream sauce, and season to taste. Put on a top cover and bake a delicate brown.

Tomato Salad

½ Cupful of Whipped Cream
1 Quart Tomatoes
Cloves and Mace
2 Ounce Gelatin or Jelly Powder
Slice of Onion
1 Bay-Leaf

STEW the tomatoes, onion, bay-leaf, mace and one or two cloves for about twenty minutes. Press through a sieve. Place over the fire again, season with salt and pepper, then stir in gelatin or unflavored jelly powder that has been dissolved in a little cold water. Stir well, then set aside until it begins to thicken. Fold in the whipped cream lightly and pour the mixture into heart-shaped molds. When firm turn out upon lettuce leaves. A little pink mayonnaise may be placed around them, if liked.

Cupid Cakes

2½ Cupful Sugar
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
1 Cupful Chopped Nut Meats
½ Cupful Butter
½ Cupful Milk
2 Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
4 Eggs

ADD alternately to the creamed butter and sugar, the milk and the flour into which has been sifted the baking-powder. Beat the batter until smooth, then add the nut meats dusted with a little flour, the vanilla, and fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Half fill heart-shaped patty or gem-pans with this batter and bake in a moderate oven. Turn out, ice with white or pink icing and decorate with red candy hearts, or sprinkle the white icing with red sugar.

Sweethearts

2 Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Butter
1 Cupful Ice-Water
Currant Jelly

WHEN you have sifted the flour and salt together, work the butter in well and add enough ice-water to make a dough. Roll thin on a floured board, then cut out with a heart-shaped cutter. Pierce half of these hearts with little hearts using a very small cutter for this purpose. Spread the unpierced hearts with currant jelly, and place the pierced hearts on top of these. Bake in a hot oven.

Heart Tarts

Pie Pastry
Strawberry Preserve

LINE heart-shaped patty-pans with good pie pastry and bake a delicate brown in the oven. When cool fill with strawberry preserve.

Angel Hearts

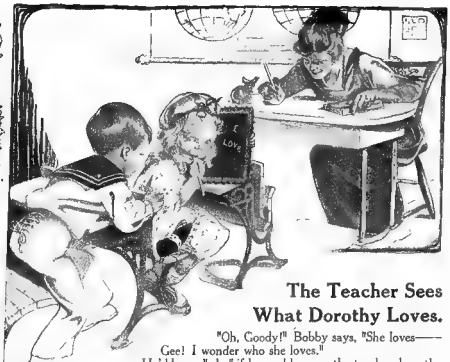
Angel Cake
Candied Cherries
Pink Fondant

TAKE an angel cake that is a day old and cut into slices about a half inch thick; then cut out with the small heart-shaped cutter. Dip each little heart in pink fondant, and decorate with tiny hearts cut out of candied cherries.

Heart's Delight

½ Cupful Water
1 Cupful Cream
2 Pint Cherry Juice
1 Cupful Sugar
Gelatin or Jelly Powder
Cherries

SOAK two ounces of gelatin or required amount of jelly powder until soft; dissolve by adding one-half cupful of boiling water. Add to this the red cherry juice, and the sugar. If the juice has already been sweetened use only a half cupful of sugar. Stir until it begins to grow thick; then fold in the cream, beaten until stiff. Line heart molds with little candied cherry hearts and pour in the mixture. Let stand until firm and turn out.



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Fruits in Winter-time

How to Make the Most of Those That Are Now on the Market

By ELISE WARD MORRIS

THE average housekeeper attaches too little importance to the value of Winter fruits as a substantial addition to her daily menu. The banana may be termed the "poor man's food" but truly no other article of food may be served more ways, or more temptingly. Oranges and grapefruit hold many possibilities, and the fruits of the East—dates, figs and prunes—contain food values of a surprising percentage. Of these fruits the banana is the least expensive and the simplest to serve.

In serving bananas keep in mind that they are a starchy food, as much so as rice and potatoes. Cooked bananas are more easily digested than the raw. This fruit lends itself, cooked or uncooked, to many combinations with other fruits. Served alone the banana has many possibilities.

Baked Bananas

6 Medium-Sized Bananas
1 Teaspoonful Butter
1 Cupful Sugar

PEEL the bananas and slice lengthwise. Lay enough slices in the bottom of a baking dish to cover, then sprinkle freely with the sugar. Repeat until the dish is full, then dot the top with the butter. Only ripe bananas should be selected as the partly green fruit becomes tough when cooked. Cook fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven. If allowed to bake too long so much water will be drawn from the fruit that practically nothing but the fiber will be left.

Banana Salad

1 Cupful Chopped Pecans
Juice of Half a Lemon
4 Bananas
Red Pepper
Salt

AFTER peeling the bananas, cut in thin slices. Squeeze the lemon-juice over them and season with salt and red pepper. Add the nuts and serve on tender leaves of lettuce, or watercress that has been standing in French dressing.

GRAPEFRUIT is another accommodating fruit. It is equally good at breakfast, lunch or dinner. Breakfast grapefruit is far better if prepared the night before and set on ice after being sweetened. A dash of sherry just before serving changes the breakfast grapefruit into a desirable luncheon dish. For either a first course or dessert, the halved and sweetened grapefruit, with a spoonful of sherry, and a maraschino cherry in the center, forms not only a delicious dish but a decorative one.

Grapefruit Salad

2 Grapefruit
Roquefort Cheese
Lettuce
French Dressing

WHEN you have peeled the grapefruit, separate the pulp from the white skin. Place in a salad dish of tender lettuce, crumble the Roquefort cheese and sprinkle over the fruit. Cover the salad well with French dressing.

Grapefruit and White Grape Salad

2 Grapefruit
Wake Grapes
French Dressing
Watercress or Parsley

HALVE the grapefruit evenly to keep the cases intact. Remove the fruit and separate the pulp from the white covering. Use an equal portion of white grapes, seed, and mix with the grapefruit. Let stand for thirty minutes in French dressing before serving. Fill the grapefruit shells with the fruit and lay about them, sprigs of watercress or parsley.

Grapefruit Cocktail

4 Grapefruit
1 Lb. Malaga Grapes
½ Cupful Sugar
8 Maraschino Cherries
Crushed Ice

FOR a grapefruit cocktail prepare the fruit as for the white grape salad, using a pound of Malaga grapes for four medium-sized grapefruit. Use sugar instead of the oil dressing and chill thoroughly before replacing in the shells. A maraschino cherry is needed for the center of each cocktail, and crushed ice as a final finishing touch. A sweet wine may be added, if desired, before the fruit is set aside to chill.

Fruit Marmalade

1 Grapefruit
1 Orange
2 Lemons
Sugar

SLICE the fruit in halves, removing cores and seeds. Put in a dish and cover with water, allowing to soak overnight. Remove from the water the following morning and shred finely the peel and pulp. Add this to the water and measure the whole. Use three times the amount of sugar as of water and fruit. Soak altogether for another night and cook for half an hour. Remove and set aside for twenty four hours, then cook to the thickness and consistency of jelly. Put up in jelly glasses.

Cranberry Jelly

WASH three pounds of cranberries and place them in a jar inside the stove, covered with one pint of cold water. When the water reaches the boiling-point the berries will have steamed to the desired tenderness. Mash and return to the oven for an hour longer. Remove and drain off the liquid. Run first through a wire sieve then a jelly bag. For every pint of juice allow one pound of sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Boil for twenty minutes and put up in pint jars. Protected with paraffin this jelly will keep an indefinite length of time and is always ready for use.

Cranberry Frappé

1 Quart Cranberries
2 Lbs. Sugar
1 Quart Water
1 Lemon
1 Tablespoonful Gelatin or Jelly Powder
½ Cupful Boiling Water

COOK the fruit until soft then run through a sieve. Add the lemon-juice and a bit of the grated rind, then the sugar. Dissolve the gelatin or jelly powder in a little cold water, then in the boiling water in the usual way, and add to the berries. Pack with ice and salt in a freezer and let it stand for two hours. This is delicious to serve in punch glasses with the turkey course.

IN cooking prunes, raisins and figs remember that they are so rich in sugar that practically none is needed. Lemon-juice always adds to the flavor in cooking or serving these fruits. Wheat cereals are delicious served with stewed figs; oatmeal is much improved, for a change, by serving with prunes or stewed raisins.

Prune Salad

STEW one pound of large prunes, without sugar, until soft. Remove pits and fill with nut meats or cream cheese. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Fruit Salad with Prunes

½ Lb. Stewed Prunes
1 Orange
1 Cupful Pineapple
1 Banana

THE prunes should be stewed until tender, and the stones removed. Add to the prunes the diced pineapple, the shredded orange and the banana, cut into slices. Mix all the fruits well and place on a dish of crisp lettuce. Serve with salad dressing.

Date Marmalade

STONE the dates and steam over hot water until tender, then press through a colander. This makes an excellent sandwich filling but mixed with finely-ground nuts forms a nutritious luncheon dish to be served as other jams or marmalades. Fig marmalade may be made in the same way, with the addition of a little lemon-juice. Both the date and fig marmalade are decided additions to steamed rice.

Stewed Figs for Dessert

WASH and soak the figs in cold water then stew for an hour, or until soft. Remove from the liquid and let the sirup boil until it becomes thick. Pour the sirup over the figs and serve with sweetened whipped cream. Serve cold.

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Styles for Stout Women

They Can Wear the New Fashions With a Few Changes and Modifications

By MARGARET BRYCE

To be dressed à la mode this season the stout woman need no longer mince along in narrow form-revealing skirts, nor envelop herself in baggy kimono blouses that make her look stouter. Wide skirts are an accepted fashion, as are closer-fitting, simple waists, with long set-in sleeves, though even in these sane and eminently practical styles, extremists find opportunity for introducing ideas too conspicuous for any but the very young and slender girl to wear becomingly.

It is right here that PICTORIAL REVIEW comes to the rescue, and from the confused mass of styles, takes what is good and practical and presents these ideas in patterns of simple construction, easy to put together, becoming and smart to wear. No other publication devotes the space to the consideration of the stout woman's sartorial needs that PICTORIAL REVIEW does, and the patterns provide, not frumpy, dowdy, old-fashioned designs, but the very newest, most up-to-date styles with all the extreme features eliminated.

Take the wide skirts for example—what could be simpler than No. 6048, a seven-gored flare model, with extra width provided in the tiny plait at each seam? Yet it is in the very latest style. Or if the many-gored skirt is not liked, there is No. 6989, one of the newest circular models, indorsed by the best fashion authorities. This skirt may be cut in one or two-piece style, with front or back closing. It is slightly high-waisted, as are all smart separate skirts, and ripples out into a graceful width of about 3 yards. Many women like the circular model that is hung from a yoke, like No. 5993, which fits smoothly over the hips, below which the fulness starts. All three may be in regulation or shorter length, and while skirts are being worn much shorter than they were last Spring, I would like to utter a word of warning against a too-zealous following of this fashion. No stout woman looks well in any short skirt. It has a tendency to shorten and widen her, and makes her feet conspicuous. All the skirts I have mentioned are suitable for materials of different weights and qualities, such as serge, gabardine, wool poplin, broadcloth, satin and covert cloth. Later on, cotton and linen fabrics will lend themselves to their making admirably. Nos. 6989 and 6993 will be found in the January PICTORIAL REVIEW, No. 6048 in the February number.

The New Waists

To combine with the skirts described above, I am going to suggest some very smart shirtwaists cut on the new lines. Nos. 6983 and 6987 in January PICTORIAL REVIEW, and Nos. 6015 and 6042 in this issue. A necessity to the stout and thin woman alike is the plain tailored waist of crêpe de Chine, washable satin, crêpe or voile, and just the right models are Nos. 5983, 5987 in January PICTORIAL REVIEW, and 6050 in this month's designs. Nos. 5983 and 5987 feature the popular front-buttoning vest that gives such nice straight lines to the stout figure. In No. 5983, the vest may button to the neck, or it may be turned back to form revers, perforations being given in the pattern for this possibility. A tuck frames the revers, and another tuck is formed on the shoulders in front to further accentuate the straight line effect. There are two styles of sleeves—full-length shirt sleeves, and plain one-piece models, the latter perforated for short length. Simplicity itself is No. 6050, closing in front, up to the neck, or with open neck and collar cut square across the back. The sleeves are in raglan shaping, a style very becoming to stout women, as the sloping shoulder line ranks with the close set-in sleeve in narrowing the shoulder width. These three waists may be fashioned of self-color satin or crêpe de Chine if worn with a tailored suit, or with a separate skirt they may be of white, flesh, putty or sand color. A little more dressy in effect are waists Nos. 6015, 6040 and 6042, all February patterns, and adapted to net, satin, lace, and silk crêpe. No. 6042 is particularly effective for combining satin and chiffon or lace, using the satin for the front and back sections, corded silk for the vest, and chiffon or net for the sleeves. It is made over a lining, with allowance for long and short sleeves, high and low neck. Nos. 6015 and 6040 are a little simpler, but both are pretty and new. The surplice line of No. 6040 is becoming to women of full figure, and a flare or standing collar may be worn. The very low neck of last Summer is frowned on, and a slightly open or quite high neck is preferred. For the woman past fifty an attractive afternoon dress could be made of black satin, combining waist No. 6015 with skirt 6989. Fine cream lace collar, and revers of white corded silk would be pretty. Or 6042 could be combined with 6045 in satin, with vest and sleeves of lace or chiffon.

Smart One-Piece Frocks

LAST but by no means least in the list of clothes necessary for the stout woman's Spring outfit is the one-piece frock, which smart women of every figure-type are wearing in broadcloth, serge, gabardine, poplin, cashmere and satin, and because of this vogue, PICTORIAL REVIEW is bringing out ever so many pretty models, most of them quite simple, but with some new style touch to make them a little different. In no other publication will you find so many attractive styles to choose from. Among the February patterns is No. 6013, a smart morning dress with a drop-shoulder surplice waist, joined to a plain skirt with just enough fulness front and back to look well. There is, too, No. 6024, which is somewhat on the lines of No. 5811, one of the most popular patterns ever presented by PICTORIAL REVIEW. The newer model displays set-in sleeves instead of the raglan sleeves of 5811, and has just a trifle more flare in the skirt; but the same pretty lines that made No. 5811 such a good seller, have been incorporated in this newer design.

Other good-looking morning and shopping frocks are Nos. 6046 and 6052, the former with vest sections extending below the belt, which gives a becoming length of line to stout figures. There is an inset panel gore in the skirt front, that helps to break the appearance of width over the abdomen, and a slight fulness across the back eliminates the ugly tight look so many plain skirts display when worn by stout women. The other dress is very plain, a smartly shaped collar, and a wide lap on the skirt front and back helping to relieve the severity. These are good models to keep in mind for Summer wear in cotton materials. But whether we are stout or thin we must have a dressy frock or two for church, calling, luncheons and other semi-formal functions, and the stout woman finds this one of the most perplexing of her dress problems. Among the February patterns is No. 6044, which is smart and pretty, and in prune, plum or old blue silk poplin or black satin, would be just the thing for the stout woman's social needs. The surplice waist is unlined, and the four-piece skirt is in tunic effect, the side and back gores being short and lengthened by a flounce section. If a combination of fabrics is liked the waist and tunic could be of broadcloth or serge, and the sleeves, front gore and flounce of satin or corded silk in the same shade. Make the collar of fine cream lace. A dainty dress for soft silks or cashmere is No. 6031 with lengthened shoulder line, and with the back extended over the form to show in front, below which the waist is gathered. No. 5997 while quite plain in effect is very smart, particularly if the collar and vest are of contrasting material. For slender women the skirt may have a habit back, but the inverted plait provided in the pattern is better for stout women. In the January PICTORIAL REVIEW are two dresses, Nos. 5992 and 5995 were shown and they are certainly good-looking little models, suitable for serge, poplin or cotton fabrics. No. 5992 displays a smart waistcoat girdle and No. 5995 a yoke belt which gives a smooth fit over the hips. The three-piece skirt is slightly circular. All the dresses have high or low neck, long or short sleeves, and a width of from 2 to 3 yards at the foot. All questions answered by mail.

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I want you to use it every day—three times a day if you wish. My Rapid will cook everything you serve—make it more digestible, more delicious. Try it and *know for yourself.*

I Am Making a Special Factory Price On 10,000 Cookers

Right now to get my Rapid into new neighborhoods quick, I am making a specialty low inside factory price on 10,000 cookers. But I cannot offer this bargain very long for the price of Aluminum has advanced. The Rapid is aluminum lined throughout—has full equipment of "Wear-Ever" Aluminum cooking utensils. Try it in your home before I have to raise the price.

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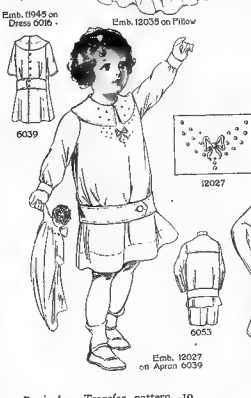
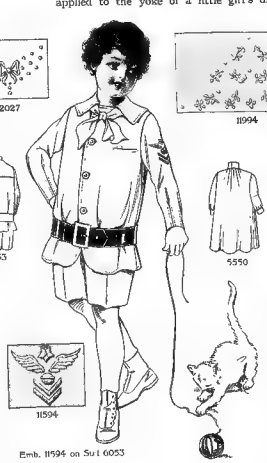
No. 11742—A dainty design which includes 28 sprays suitable for applying to children's dresses and to lingerie. Transfer pattern, 15 cents. Applied to Dress No. 5816, sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Price, 15 cents.

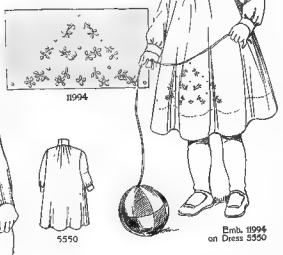
No. 11336—A charming design of sprays for babies' dresses, coats, et cetera. Transfer pattern, 10 cents. It is combined with Scallop No. 11659, which is $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide, and the transfer pattern includes 6 yards and 4 corners. Price, 15 cents. Both are applied to Infants' Long Coat No. 5356, One size only, price, 10 cents.

No. 11880—Very simple but pretty is this embroidery for babies' wear. Transfer pattern, 10 cents. It is applied to Cap No. 5021, part of a set which includes a sack and bootees as well. Price, 15 cents.

No. 11810—A pretty little design that could be applied to the yoke of a little girl's dress very







effectively. Transfer pattern, 10 cents. Illustrated on Dress No. 5427, sizes $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Price, 15 cents.

No. 11945—An unusually good-looking design is this, a detailed view of which is given. Transfer pattern, 15 cents. It is illustrated on Infants' Dress No. 6016, cut in one size only. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12035—Embroidery for babies' pillow. Transfer pattern $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches high. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12081—Another attractive design for babies' dresses. Transfer pattern, price, 15 cents. It is illustrated on Dress No. 6016, which is shown again on the opposite side in a different development. Dress cut in one size only. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11843—Charming embroidery for baby's pillow. Transfer pattern of the design is 15 by 11 inches. Price, 15 cents.

No. 12027—An attractive little bow-knot surrounded by French knots is illustrated in this design, the transfer pattern of which is 10 cents. It is applied to a cunning little Apron, No. 6039, sizes $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11694—These emblems are very good for children's suits, sailor and middy blouses. Transfer pattern of 4 designs, 10 cents. It is illustrated on Boy's Suit No. 6053, sizes 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11994 — Attractive embroidery for children's dresses, lingerie, et cetera. Transfer pattern, 10 cents. It is shown on the front, just above the hem of Child's Dress No. 5550, sizes $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Price, 10 cents.

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Decorative Embroidery Stitches for Lingerie

No. 11728—Transfer, 15 cents. Combination No. 5853, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 bust. Price, 15 cents.

No. 11742—Transfer, 15 cents. Corset Cover No. 5525, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 bust. Price, 10 cents. Drawers No. 5994, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 waist. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11729—Transfer, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11659, ⅞ inch wide, 6 yards and 4 corners, transfer, 15 cents. Envelope Chemise No. 5954, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 bust. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11833—Transfer of 2¼ yards, 15 cents. Combination No. 5896, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11808—Punch work, transfer, 15 cents. Dressing-Sack No. 5098, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Price, 15 cents.

No. 11827—Transfer, 15 cents. Dressing-Sack No. 5721, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 bust. Price, 15 cents.

No. 11808 and Scallop 11693, transfer of each, 15 cents. Chemise 5476, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. 10 cents.

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And make you grow happy and healthy and strong.

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By

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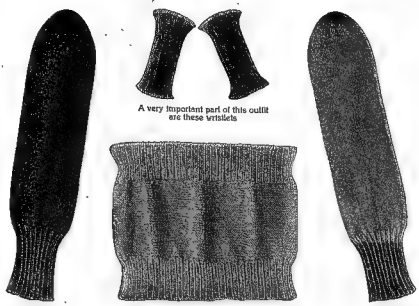

A very important part of this outfit are these wristlets

Heelless Hose

This Abdominal Band forms a splendid protection against the cold

Seamless Soles

HAVE you joined the vast army of knitters? The grandmothers and matrons, débutantes and schoolgirls who are knitting morning, noon and night, Sunday and week-day? An army that girdles the globe, that knows neither nationality nor sect, for it is bound together by that touch of sympathy that makes the whole world kin. The farmer's wife stealing a few moments from her many duties, knits not a whit more untiringly than the society woman at afternoon tea in the smart hotels.

If you are uncertain what is needed, you will find here several of the more necessary articles, all simple and practical, and easy to knit.

In the past the number of colors in wool yarns has been limited, but to-day any taste may be satisfied, for many and varied shades and tones have been worked out.

There are also some startling novelties in two-tone effects; notably a deep chocolate interwoven with electric blue strand, the chocolate predominating. Another charming color combination is an alternating graduation from the new sand color to a dark tan, which is repeated in every half inch of the yarn.

The most desirable yarns for these models are the Scotch knitting yarns, Spanish—of very fine strand, and the four and eight fold Germantown, all of which may be obtained in a diversity of colors and shades. They are all very easy to knit, place where the cold pinches worst, and when a pair is worn the huntsman can dispense with gloves if he so desire.

The muffler is a boon to him who would not be burdened with an overcoat, and the grateful warmth of the soft woolen folds, serves as a barrier between the wearer and the assaulting blasts of Winter winds. This article is knit in plain garter stitch, and will not prove too difficult a task even to unaccustomed fingers.

The garter stitch is also used in making the turban which is knit in one straight piece—just like the muffler. This article is then folded lengthwise and sewed together with over-and-over stitches. After turning this inside out, fold, in order to find the center, and shirr eleven inches on either side of it; draw the knitted pieces together firmly and sew into position—this forms the crown. Place on the head in order to shape it; fold one of the ends under the other close to the back of the neck, and stitch to position. The long ends may then be wound around the head, thus forming a turban; or they may be allowed to hang loose as shown in the illustration.

The heelless stockings are also knit in rounds; knitting in K 2, P 2, then knit plain. These will be found very serviceable whether for use in hospital tents, where the ease with which they can be drawn over the foot has made a strong appeal to nurses in charge of surgical cases that cannot stand much handling,

A Muffler that will prove a comfort on cold, raw days

Turban with loose ends

Sportsman's Helmet

do not require a great deal of time and are excellent "pick-up" work for spare moments. They are very effective whether made up in the staple khaki color, mixed gray, navy blue or brown. Needles of various sizes are used in the making, and the turban, the largest article shown, only requires one and three quarter hanks of Scotch yarn, while the wristlets can be made from a quarter of a hank.

The sportsman's helmet was knit in rounds of K 2, P 2, and is certainly a most useful article, as it protects the head and throat when the wearer tramps abroad on cold, raw mornings.

There is a strong appeal in the wristlets, too, as they give protection to the or in the fields where the seamless soles prove restful to tired, tramping feet.

Last, but not of least importance, comes the abdominal band, knit in the plain rib K 2, P 2, which is later changed to the garter stitch — easiest of all of the knitting stitches. This article is a popular favorite with the outdoor man, and will prove an acceptable gift whether offered by itself or in conjunction with any of the other articles shown.

Full instructions on the work, the kind of needles and the amount of yarn needed for each article will be forwarded to you on receipt of ten cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope sent to the Embroidery Editor.

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents, at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies, or 20 cents by mail from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

The Toilet Needs

Sani-Flush

to keep it always clean and white —free from stains, discolorations and disagreeable odors. Use a little every day and you'll be rid of your most disagreeable household task; you avoid using your hands or a brush and bending your back.

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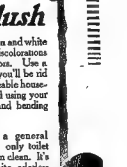

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The Trap which you can't clean except with *Sani-Flush*

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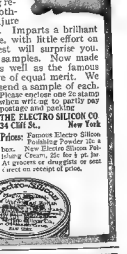

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The Tiniest of Bangs Is Held in Position by a Pearl Bandeau

Two Charming Examples of the Fashionable Jeweled and Gold-Incrusted Combs

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Again Milady's Dainty Ears May Be Covered, and the Severely Plain Style of Hair Dressing, with Hair Drawn Back Tight from Face and Forehead, Is Replaced by Soft Waves

Hair Dressings by Courtesy of Hepner Company

Fashion Shows Equal Favor to Combs of Jet, Amber, Demi-Blonde and Tortoise Shell

The Débutante Wears the Smart Side-Parting, but Her Wavy Hair Is Not Piled so High as the Matron's

At a Becoming Angle, Any Place in the Coiffure, One of These Combs May Be Placed

A Glossy Strand of Hair Fantastically Flat Serves as Connecting Link between Chignon and Diadem

The Young Girl Looks Best in a Rather Simple Arrangement Such as This, Drawn Back Over the Ears, and Bang on One Side of the Forehead

Here Is a Back View of the Coiffure at the Opposite Side, Showing a Graceful Arrangement of a Silver Chain and Tassel

Yes, Resinol Soap certainly *has* cleared my skin

If you want a clear, fresh, glowing complexion, use Resinol Soap at least once a day. Work a warm, creamy lather of it well into the pores, then rinse the face with plenty of cold water.

It does not take many days of such regular care with Resinol Soap to show an improvement, because the Resinol balsams *soothe* and *refresh* the skin, while the pure, alkali-free soap is *cleansing* it. The same treatment does wonders for the hands, arms and neck and Resinol Soap for the shampoo keeps the scalp clean and the hair healthy.

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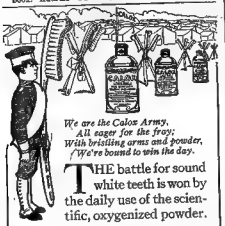

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Hats the Mature Woman Can Wear

Selected by Maude Anderson

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No. 2—Charming bonnet for elderly women

No. 3—This brim turns up sharply at one side

No. 1—While many of the more youthful shapes of the season are denied the woman of middle age, there is no lack of pretty, smart and becoming styles to choose from. This model for example, fashioned of black chiffon velvet would fill in very acceptably as a dress hat for late Winter and early Spring wear. A feather edging on the brim softens the effect wonderfully.

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No. 2—For the woman past fifty, who does not care for hats, this charming bonnet of black faille will prove acceptable. The soft puffing of bias silk on the edge makes a becoming frame for the face.

No. 3—A brim rising high at one side and faced with black satin is held in by a jeweled ornament, and a soft white breast is arranged around the other side, close to the edge of the hat.

No. 4—Turning back sharply from the front of this smart hat of sand color satin or faille is an extension of the brim that is caught onto the crown. A bias facing of lighter velvet gives an effective note of contrast, and at the back a spreading wing of soft brown plumes makes a good-looking finish.

No. 5—Black satin and white faille are combined in this simple hat which shades the face on one side, while at the other the brim is turned up decidedly. A lovely white ostrich pompon is posed to give height.

No. 6—Somewhat on the order of the popular tricorn is this jaunty hat of tête de nègre brown velours, with a narrow binding of dull gold ribbon on the brim, and an uncurled ostrich feather held upright in front.

No. 6—Brightened by a gold bow

No. 7—Velvet and roses for dressy wear

No. 9—One of the new large shapes

No. 7—The woman who looks well in a hat drawn down on her head should choose this model, which, fitting snugly on the head and shading the face, is turned gently upward at one side to show the hair. In silver tissue, with black velvet brim, and large crush roses of shaded pink, it makes a charming hat for theater and afternoon wear.

No. 8—A little more tailored in effect, but very smart, is this hat of fashionable putty color panne velvet, with facing of sand color The only decorative touch is an upstanding bow of velvet at the back.

No. 9—Many women with a full face look best in a medium large hat. Here is a very attractive one of taupe velvet, with a band of silver around the crown, and a fancy feather ornament that may be of taupe or black.

No. 10—This is another large hat fashioned of black velvet with no trimming save a band of plaited white faille ribbon around the crown, and a tiny stick-up of the same ribbon at one side. Silver or putty color ribbon may be substituted.

No. 11—Very becoming to elderly women is this bonnet of shirred black velvet or faille, with an edging of fluted black velvet ribbon, and soft uncurled ostrich feathers around the crown, drooping a little over the brim. Narrow velvet ribbon ties are drawn in closely under the chin and finished with a smart little bow.

No. 12—A lovely breast in tones of brown and green adds to the charm of this good-looking hat with brim facing of dark brown.

No. 8—Tailored hat of putty color velvet

No. 10—Simple in trimming but becoming in shape

No. 11—A pretty velvet bonnet with leather trimming

No. 12—Beautifully shaded is the breast that trims this hat

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Early Spring Models for Southern Wear

Waist 6042
Shirred Skirt with
Yoke 6030

Costume 6046

Waist 5712
Girdle 5880
Shirred Skirt 6019
with Yoke

Costume 6024

Costume 6055
with Cord
Shirred Skirt

6042-6030—Advance Spring designs are always brought out at this time of year for the needs of women going South, who require lighter clothes than the season farther North permits. Any of the models pictured on this page could be fashioned of light-weight silk or cotton fabrics, and for this design, a flowered net, dimity or taffeta would be exquisitely pretty, with underwaist and sleeves of shadow lace. The waist is in overblouse effect with large armholes, and vest that may extend down over the girdle and is perforated to turn back at the top forming revers. The sleeves, which may be long or short, are sewed into the armholes of the lining, and high, round or V-neck may be chosen. Lovely for soft materials is the shirred skirt, a one-piece model with straight lower edge, and with yoke at sides and back to which the skirt is adjusted with a shirred heading. As are all the new models, this is high-waisted, to be hung from a foundation girdle of belting about 2 or 2½ inches deep. Lower-edge width about 2¾ yards. Waist No. 6042, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6030, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4¼ yards 36-inch flowered material, 1⅛ yard lace or net for sleeves and vest.

6046—A simple morning and walking frock to be made of the heavier cotton fabrics or linen is presented here. It is practical, and easy to make, yet there is a certain charm due to the smart lines on which it is cut. Turned back from a front-buttoning vest of white piqué, the waist fronts form revers that may be faced with embroidery if desired. An adjustable shield provides high, round and square neck, though it may be omitted, and the open neck illustrated finished with a smart collar, may be worn. Attached at high waistline is a four-piece skirt slightly gathered at the top, and with a fashionable width of 2½ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material, with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting for vest and collar. Price, 15 cents.

5712-6019-5880—From the new bordered and embroidered fabrics perfectly charming frocks may be fashioned for afternoon wear in the South, that later on will serve for Summer wear in the North. Embroidered voile was selected for this frock, the waist in kimono shaping over an underbody with high, round, square or V-neck, and long sleeves that may be omitted as in this view. The skirt is decidedly pretty, shirred to a circular yoke, and with lower edge straight around for the use of flouncing and bordered fabrics, or shortened in tunic effect in either of two outlines. The lower-edge width is about 2¾ yards. Over the yoke is arranged a softly draped girdle of pale blue satin, which gives a charming note of color. Waist No. 5712, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6019, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 5 yards 44-inch flouncing. Girdle No. 5880, sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 1¼ yard 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 66*)

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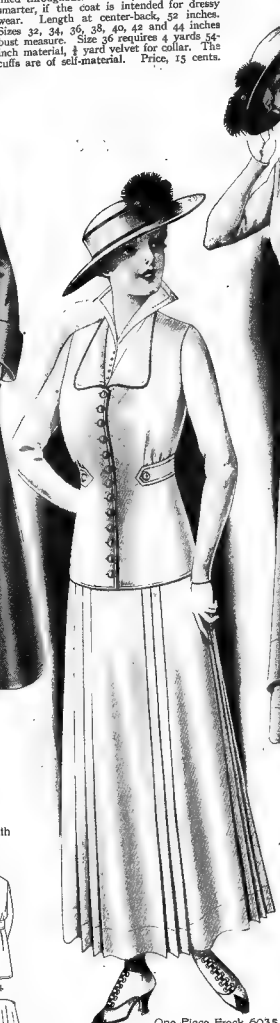
Smart One-Piece Frocks, a Clever Coat and Suit

6028—Loose and flaring in the newest mode, this coat of brown velours spells comfort as well as style. It may button in front to the throat, or the fronts may be turned back to form revers. Fulness below the waistline may be held in to form a box-plait front and back by a deep belt which may be carried all the way around, or may end each side of the center-front, fastening with a button. A round yoke extending over to the top of the sleeves, and large pockets are provided in the pattern, though in this view only the pockets are shown, the yoke being omitted. A coat like this is a valuable addition to the wardrobe, as it is suitable for morning, afternoon and evening wear according to the material of which it is fashioned. For morning and sports wear, heavy Scotch cloakings, tweeds, chinchilla, vicuna and corduroy are smart, while for afternoon and evening there are wool and seal plush, plain and check velours, zibeline, broadcloth and the fur fabrics. Some of these coats are lined to the waist only, others are lined throughout. A complete lining looks smarter, if the coat is intended for dressy wear. Length at center-back, 52 inches. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material, ½ yard velvet for collar. The cuffs are of self-material. Price, 15 cents.

Flare Coat 6028 with Convertible Collar

6035—One-piece frocks are increasing in popularity all the time, but considering their convenience, and their chic, this is scarcely to be wondered at. They are worn under smart separate coats, and are made of sand color, dark brown, blue, white, claret or green broadcloth, gabardine or serge. Novel in line is this model, which features a plaited four-piece skirt with yoke top, the front yoke section cut in one with the front of the waist, while the joining of waist and skirt yoke at sides and back is concealed under a belt. The whole effect in very trim and neat, and the only decorative touch is the front buttoning shield with flare collar of white hemstiched organdy. This dress may be in regulation or shorter length, and is about 2¼ yards wide at the foot. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material, ⅛ yard 36-inch organdy for chemisette and collar, the latter to be turned down or flaring. Price, 15 cents.



One-Piece Frock 6035

6044—Another clever version of the one-piece frock is presented here, with attractive tunic effect gained by cutting the front gore in one with a flounce section which lengthens the short side and back gores. A deep hem, loose from the gores and flounce, accentuates the tunic effect. Diagonal closing and wide tuck over the shoulders are noteworthy features of the unlined waist, which is provided with an adjustable shield giving the possibility of high or round neck. The sleeves are full-length, with perforations for shortening. The waistline is raised, and skirt and waist are joined under a belt of self-material. Regulation or shorter length may be worn, and a fashionable lower-edge width of 2½ yards is allowed. Dark blue serge, gabardine in seal brown, burgundy, sand and putty color, as well as broadcloth in any of these shades and black are the favored materials and colors. A collar of corded silk, with buttonholed scallops makes an effective finish. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material, ⅜ yard silk for collar. Price, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11061, ⅝ inch wide, transfer pattern of 5 yards and 4 corners, price 15 cents. Cuffs of white faille, satin or piqué to match the collar may be used as a finish for the sleeves.

One-Piece Frock 6044

6054–5771—Fashions are always affected by events of international importance, and to the influence of the European War may be ascribed the Russian and military jackets, the front closings, the high collars and the braid and button trimming. Here is a smart suit of taupe chiffon broadcloth, with one of the new short jackets, closing with military severity to the throat, and gathered into a belt of wide braid. The high turn-down collar of white faille may be replaced by a choker collar, or the coat may be finished with open V-neck. There is a choice of plain two-piece sleeves, or one-piece gathered sleeves with cuff. The gathered peplum or position at the back of the coat, may be omitted. The tunic may be plaited or gathered, and is mounted on a three-piece foundation about 1½ yard wide. Coat No. 6054, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5771, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 6 yards 44-inch material, 4½ yards braid.

6028 6035 6054 6044 5771

Jacket 6054
Tunic Skirt 5771

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Afternoon Gowns for Stout and Elderly Women

6040–6045—One of the new plaited flare skirts is combined with a pretty waist to form an afternoon gown that, in black satin, with collar of organdy, chemisette of fine lace, and revers of metal lace, would be charming for the stout woman or the woman past fifty. The surplice line of the waist is becoming, and the flare collar if not liked, may be worn turned down. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves. A plait at each seam of the seven-gored skirt provides ample fulness for both fashion and comfort. It is high-waisted, and about 3 yards wide. Waist No. 6040, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6045, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch satin, ¼ yard organdy, 1 yard embroidery two inches wide for revers.

6024—Elderly women who find so much difficulty in selecting gowns dressy enough for formal wear to theaters and dinners, that are not too fussy or youthful, will be sure to like this model. In prune, plum, seal brown or black bengaline or satin, it would be very effective, the plainness relieved by a vest and collar of white corded silk. The waistline is raised, and the fronts of the waist have tab extensions that button onto the girdle. The sleeves may be long or short, the neck high or low, and the three-piece skirt is cut on slightly circular lines, giving the fashionable flare at the sides, with a lower-edge width of about 2¾ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch satin, ⅛ yard 27-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

6042–5889—A good-looking tunic pointed at the sides gives style to this gown of raisin or sand color crêpe de Chine, with vest, tiny revers and collar of white charmeuse, and sleeves of chiffon. The lines are especially good for mature women, as they are smart without being fussy, simple without being too plain. The vest may be extended below the girdle if desired, and an extension of the waist may be rolled back to form revers, although not shown in this view. The waist is in overblouse style, with large armholes, and lining into which the sleeves are sewed. The lining provides high, round and V-neck. Over a two-piece foundation skirt about 1¾ yard wide, is mounted a three-piece tunic, straight or cut away in front. Waist No. 6042, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5889, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 6⅛ yards 44-inch material, ¾ yard charmeuse, and ⅛ yard chiffon for sleeves.

Waist 6040
Plaited Skirt 6045

Waist 6042
Tunic Skirt 5889

Waist 6015
Tunic Skirt 5823

Costume 6024

6015–5823—It is comparatively easy for women who have lost the slenderness of early youth to find practical morning and house dresses they can wear. But when it comes to afternoon gowns on up-to-date lines, that will not accentuate the tendency to fleshiness,—Ah! that's another story. Equally difficult is it for the mature woman to find designs that express both dignity and good taste. PICTORIAL REVIEW is the only magazine that consistently devotes space to illustrating and describing gowns of all sorts for stout and mature women. Gowns that are not simply the regular models with a few frills eliminated, but are really designed for their needs. On this page are four attractive afternoon dresses, suitable for broadcloth, gabardine, poplin, satin, and crêpe de Chine. In this model a waist and skirt are combined, the waist unlined and tucked in box-plait effect each side of the vest, with revers and collar of hemstitched organdy. Long and short sleeves, high and low neck are possible. One of the new circular tunics is shown on the skirt, mounted on a three-piece foundation with high waistline, and about 1¾ yard wide. Waist No. 6015, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5823, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

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Smart and Practical Styles for the Patriotic Woman
Charming Novelties in Cotton Dresses

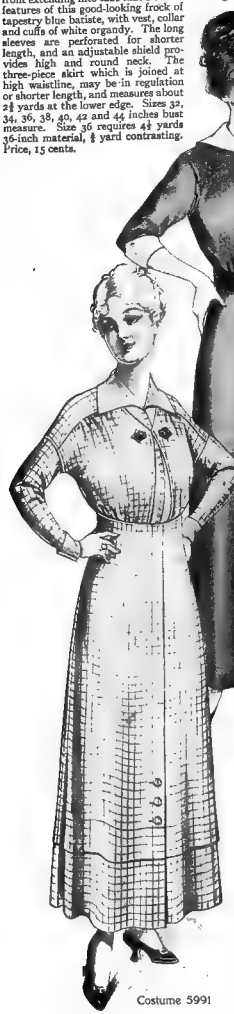
5991—In cotton, the United States has a product it can handle in every process,—growing, spinning, weaving and designing,—and the Cotton Fashion Show held in Washington demonstrated conclusively that cotton may be made up into all sorts of dresses, from the simplest morning frock to the daintiest evening gown. For morning and general wear there were gingham, chambray, percale and lawn, with charming organdy, sheer batiste and mull, dimity, lace and wonderful embroideries for afternoon and evening. Patriotic women in every state are adopting the idea of wearing cotton dresses, and to help in the good work PICTORIAL REVIEW presents in this issue two pages of designs that are suitable for making the simpler daytime frocks. In this, the first model on the page, a pretty white gingham barred off into a large check by lines of blue, is shown, with vest, collar and cuffs of blue piqué. The back of the drop-shoulder waist extends over the shoulders forming a yoke in front, and allowance is made for an adjustable shield with high, round or square neck, and long as well as short sleeves. The vest and collar are cut in one. At high waistline the three-piece skirt is attached. It is made with a deep hem at the bottom under which is joined a flounce section about 1¼ yard wide. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material, with ⅞ yard piqué for vest, collar and cuffs. Price, 15 cents.

6024—Front-buttoning vest, smartly-shaped collar, and waist front extending into tabs that button onto the girdle are attractive features of this good-looking frock of tapestry blue batiste, with vest, collar and cuffs of white organdy. The long sleeves are perforated for shorter length, and an adjustable shield provides high and round neck. The three-piece skirt which is joined at high waistline, may be in regulation or shorter length, and measures about 2¼ yards at the lower edge. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material, ⅞ yard contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

5807—A touch of novelty is given to this frock of white cotton crêpe by the yoke effect formed by extending the back over the shoulders, below which the fronts are tucked. At lowered shoulder line the sleeves which may be long or short are joined, and instead of the open neck illustrated, an adjustable shield with high neck may be worn. Attached at high waistline is the five-gored skirt in regulation or shorter length, and about 2¼ yards wide. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

It is simply amazing the variety of weaves and designs to be had in cotton fabrics nowadays, and as for the colors, it is impossible to do full justice to their beauty. Every shade and tone known to the dyer's art are reproduced in exquisite softness, so that there is no difficulty in getting just what is wanted, no matter how unusual the shade. Manufacturers all over the country are realizing that their big opportunity has come, and are producing wonderful fabrics. For morning and house dresses, there are endless weaves and colorings in the heavier cottons such as are ginghams, percales, chambrays, galatea, cotton poplin, rep, piqués. Even greater is the needle and bedford cords, and variety for afternoon and evening wear, in cotton and chiffon voiles, plain, figured, striped, plaid, flowered and bordered. Then there are mulls and cotton crêpes de Chine, batistes, lawns and dimities, swiss muslins and lovely embroideries. Laces must not be forgotten, for over chiffon, they make adorable evening gowns, in white, cream or black.

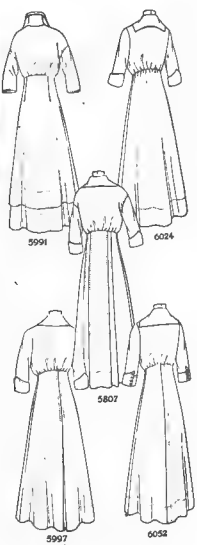
Costume 6052



Costume 5991

Costume 6024

Costume 5807



Costume 5997

5997—Contrasting fabrics such as plain with plaid, or striped as in this illustration, always work out effectively in cotton. A good choice for this model would be blue and white striped chambray or ratiné, with plain blue éponge to trim. The vest fastens over onto the front of the waist, with a prettily shaped collar as a finish. If the open neck is not desired, an adjustable shield permits of high or round neck, and perforations are given for shortening the sleeves. The four-piece skirt, which may be in regulation or shorter length, and is about 2¼ yards wide, is attached at high waistline. An inverted plait may be formed at center-back, or plain habit back may be substituted. Provision is made for two bias trimming bands on the skirt, one slightly wider than the other. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch striped gingham, and 2 yards plain. Price, 15 cents.

6052—Very dainty would this dress be, fashioned of flowered lawn, batiste or dimity, or one of the cotton foulards with collar and cuffs of white hemstitched organdy. The simple waist closes visibly in front, and the open neck is finished with a smart collar in sailor shaping. Should high neck be preferred, a chemisette is provided with the possibility of high, round or square neck. There are long one-piece sleeves that may be shortened if desired, and the waist is joined to a four-piece skirt at high waistline. A lap front and back relieves the absolute plainness of the skirt, which may be in regulation or shorter length, and is about 2¼ yards wide at the lower edge. Any of the heavier cotton fabrics, such as cotton bedford cord, cotton poplin, percale or galatea may be used in making this dress. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material, with ⅞ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs. Price, 15 cents.

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Smart and Practical Styles for the Patriotic Woman

Cotton Frocks for Stout Figures

Costume 6013

6013—Simple yet with unquestionably smart lines, this costume lends itself well to the new cotton materials that are so lovely. The design is especially adapted to the stout woman, as it is cut to give an appearance of slenderness. Blue-dotted white dimity with collar and revers of blue piqué would be attractive, and the drop-shoulder surplice waist may be belted with blue velvet. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves, and of cutting the collar in round outline, omitting the revers. An adjustable shield provides the possibility of high, round or square neck, and a lower-edge width of 2½ yards gives the new flare at the foot. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material, ⅝ yard contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

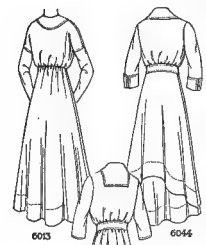
6044—The cleverly designed tunic effect of this costume makes it adaptable for afternoon wear, and beige silk and cotton bedford cord, with collar and cuffs of white ratiné overlaid with cotton velvet would be charming. Diagonal closing and a tuck on the shoulders in front give style to the waist, which may have high or open neck and long or short set-in sleeves. At high waistline is attached the four-piece skirt, the tunic effect of which is gained by lengthening the side and back gores with a flounce section, that is cut in one with the front gore. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material, ⅝ yard cotton velvet, and ½ yard white ratiné. Price, 15 cents.

This makes a very good-looking afternoon dress. A little more elaboration may be worked in at small expense, by hemstitching the hem of the tunic section, where it joins the flounce. Double collar and cuffs may be worn, or a facing of the upper material may be applied to the lower with hemstitching. Cotton gabardine is the newest addition to the list of smart cotton fabrics, and it is really lovely. It is used for one-piece frocks and separate skirts, and is second only to cotton corduroy in beauty. These two fabrics are quite expensive, but will no doubt be brought out in cheaper grades as their popularity increases.

Costume 6044

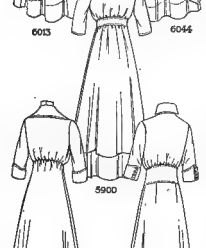
Costume 5900

Costume 6046



6013 6044

5900—Over a three-piece foundation skirt lengthened by a flounce is dropped a smart three-piece tunic that may form a point at the lower edge in front, or may be cut straight around. Regulation and shorter length are provided for, and at lower edge the skirt measures about 1¼ yard. Many smart models feature a narrow underskirt with a wide tunic such as this costume shows. The waist is simple but is relieved from severity by a Directoire collar and tiny revers that may be of organdy on a dress of cotton crêpe. Allowance is made in the pattern for high, round and square neck, and short as well as the long sleeves pictured. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.



5900

6046—Blue and white striped gingham would be a good choice for this effective frock, which the stout woman will find very becoming. Its use is by no means restricted to stout women, however, as the slender woman can wear it with equally smart effect, and the style is becoming to matron and maid, mother and daughter. A front-buttoning vest of white piqué gives the fashionable note of contrast, and the revers, which are formed by turning back the fronts of the waist, may be faced with fine eyelet embroidery. Cuffs to match finish the short sleeves prettily. An adjustable shield with high, round or square neck may replace the open neck illustrated, and full-length sleeves may be substituted for the short ones shown. At high waistline, the four-piece skirt which is about 2½ yards wide, is attached under a belt that may be of self-material or white suède. Regulation and the short length that is so smart are provided in the pattern. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch gingham, ⅞ yard 36-inch white piqué for vest, and 2 yards embroidery 4½ inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

6046 5992

5992—One of the new waistcoat belts is featured on this costume of blue and white check ratiné, relieved by a vest of white bedford cord, with revers of blue piqué and collar of organdy. The vest buttons down the center-front, and the revers are extensions of the waist fronts, turned back and faced. With the adjustable shield provided in the pattern, high, round and square neck are possible, and the full-length sleeves may be shortened. At raised waistline the three-piece skirt is joined. It may be in regulation or shorter length, and is about 2 yards wide at the foot. Although not illustrated, a deep trimming band is allowed for the skirt, extending around the sides and back, but ending at either side of the front lap. This costume is a good model for stout women in any sort of material. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch ratiné. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 5992

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and embroidery designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 300 Wabash Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 505 North 7th Street, St. Louis; 917 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 82 and 84 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford Street, Boston; 250 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

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Afternoon and Evening Gowns of Unusual Charm

Waist 5996
Shirred Skirt 5946

Waist 6010
Shirred Skirt 6019
with Yoke

6010–6019—Simply charming are the new chiffon and panne velvets, that are being made up into the loveliest afternoon and evening gowns and wraps. In this model, raisin color velvet is combined with net the same color, the velvet forming the waist and the skirt yoke, as well as a smart trimming band, while the skirt itself is of silk net. Nothing could be more unlike the first design described, as it extends barely to the regular waistline, is fitted in quite snugly to the figure, and forms its own girdle. It is sleeveless in this view, but allowance is made in the pattern for an underbody in one piece front and back, with long sleeves perforated for shorter length, and with choice of high, round, square or V-neck. The girdle is an extension of the back carried around to the center-front. Very new is the skirt, adjusted to a circular yoke with a shirred heading. The lower edge is straight, and regulation and shorter length are provided, with perforations for cutting the skirt in tunic effect in either of two outlines. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Waist No. 6019, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6019, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 waist. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 2 yards 40-inch velvet, 2½ yards 45-inch net, 1 yard 18-inch allover lace.

6042–6030—Waistcoat blouses are charming for afternoon wear, and in chiffon and satin combine attractively with the new full skirts. Sand color broadcloth is favored for such gowns, using it for the waist and skirt, with front-buttoning vest of beige satin and sleeves of lace. This waist is made with large armholes so that it may be worn as an overblouse. There is a lining with high, round or V-neck, and long bishop sleeves that may be shortened. The one-piece skirt is cut with full-length front gore, and yoke at sides and back, to which the skirt is adjusted with a shirred heading. The lower edge is straight, with a width of 2½ yards. Waist No. 6042, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6030, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 3¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth, ¾ yard lace and ¾ yard satin.

5953–5936—Quaintly reminiscent of the flounced frocks of our grandmothers is this net and satin gown which is just the thing for luncheons, calling and formal afternoon wear. The waist is fitted in quite a bit, though the plaits on the front lend softness to the effect. It is worn over a lining into which bishop sleeves of net or chiffon are sewed, and the low-cut square neck shows a gathered tucker of net. The ruffled skirt is mounted on a four-piece foundation with high waistline, and about 1¼ yard wide. Waist No. 5953, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5936, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4 yards 36-inch satin, 1 yard 45-inch net and ¾ yard lining.

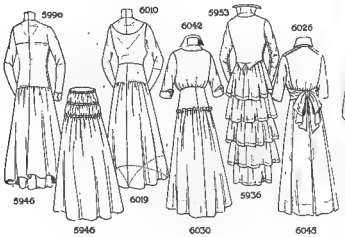
6026–6045—Rust brown velveteen is very effective in frocks of this type, especially when combined with satin. The waist buttons down the center-front, and the long sleeves which are perforated for shorter length are cut in one with the underbody. Very smart is the skirt, a seven-gored flare model, with a plait at each seam. It is high-waisted, and is about 3 yards wide. Waist No. 6026, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6045, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 5¼ yards 40-inch velvet, 2½ yards satin.

Waist 6042
Shirred Skirt 6030

Waist 5953
Ruffle Skirt 5936

Waist 6026
Skirt 6045

5996–5946—That this is a season of individuality in dress can be seen by the variety of styles pictured on this page, all distinctly in the newest mode, and all just as distinctly different from each other. There are a few basic style notes, such as the wide skirts, long sleeves for daytime wear, and sleeveless effects for evening, but otherwise there is a wide latitude allowed, and every woman who uses PICTORIAL REVIEW patterns will be able to find something new, smart and becoming, no matter what her figure or type. The Medieval or Moyen Age effect is attractively pictured in the first model, with long waist of pailletted net, square as to décolletage, and sleeveless, though the jeweled straps over the shoulders are supplemented by a soft drapery of tulle. Full and flaring is the gathered skirt of cerise silk net over satin, with trimming bands of satin. It is in one piece, gathered or shirred on cords, and mounted on a three-piece foundation. If desired the skirt may be shortened to form a tunic. It is about 2½ yards wide, and the underskirt is about 1¾ yard wide. An underbody with high, round, square or V-neck and long or short sleeves is provided, making the dress suitable for afternoons. The waist, No. 5996, must be cut on the bias to get the correct effect. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5946, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 1 yard 36-inch spangled net for waist, 2½ yards 45-inch net for skirt, 4½ yards 36-inch satin, ¾ yard tulle for sleeve drapery.



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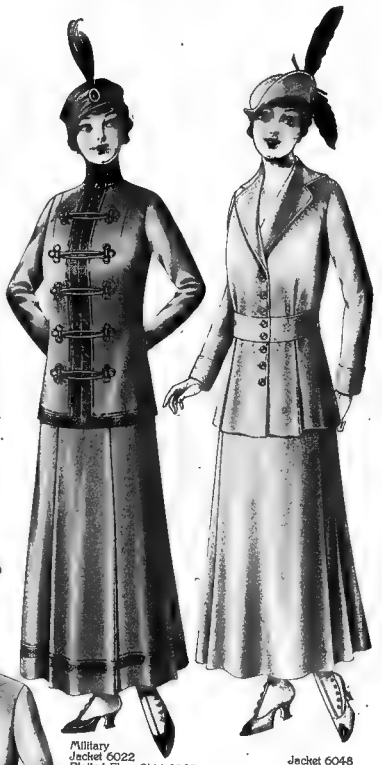
Chic Tailored Suits and a Good-Looking Coat

6088—A dashing, swagger coat is this, belted at sides and back, and loose and flaring below. It may fasten right up to the neck in front, or it may be rolled back to form revers, as pictured. Allowance is made in the pattern for a round yoke extending to the top of the sleeves, though it is omitted in this view; and the belt may extend right across the front if desired. Brown and tan check velours, or a dull old red and gray would make a smart coat, as would soft vicuna cloth in dark green or brown. The big, roomy pockets are a new style note. Length at center-back, 52 inches. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material, ½ yard contrasting for revers facing. Price, 15 cents.

6048-5989—The severely tailored type of suit, with Russian jacket buttoning up the front to the throat is especially favored by young women this season in covert cloth, or sand color gabardine and a collarless open neck finish chosen. The pattern is in 37-inch length, perforated for 31 inches. Combined with this chic jacket is an equally chic skirt, a one or two-piece circular model flaring out at the sides, with raised waistline, and measuring about 3 yards at the foot. Both regulation and the fashionable short length are allowed for. Jacket No. 6048, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5989, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires for one-piece skirt, 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6054-5823—Very jaunty is this short coat, closing in military fashion with crochet olives and cord loops. A band of beaver fur covers the choker collar, for which a high turn-down collar, or collarless, open neck may be substituted. The coat is gathered into a belt which may be covered with beaver, and the back may be lengthened by a postilion or peplum, also fur-trimmed. A choice of one-piece gathered sleeves and plain two-piece sleeves is offered, the one-piece sleeves finished with band cuffs. In this illustration the two-piece sleeves are shown. A smart tunic skirt completes the suit, the tunic arranged over a three-piece foundation skirt with high waistline, and in regulation or shorter length. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The tunic is in circular shaping and may be attached at the top of the skirt as pictured, or it may be cut off and seamed at the hip line, giving a yoke effect. These circular tunics, hung above a narrower underskirt share favor with the flare circular and plaited skirts. Jacket No. 6054, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5823, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6022-6045—A dashing "Hussar" jacket is presented here, the military effect accentuated by the trimming of braid and frogs. This model is fitted by a dart on the shoulders in front, and by slightly curved side-back seams extending from the underarm. High turn-down or standing choker collar may be worn, or open neck with collar ending just in front of the shoulder seams. A belt is provided in the pattern, which may be worn with the jacket buttoning down the front, omitting the braid and frogs. While the jacket is about 30 inches long, it is perforated for 26-inch length should a shorter model be preferred. At each seam of the seven-gored skirt a small plait is formed, and the skirt flares out at the bottom in a fashionable width of 3 yards. It is high-waisted, and either regulation or shorter length may be worn. Broadcloth, gabardine, serge, covert cloth or velveteen may be selected for making the suit, with a trimming of wide silk braid edged by a line of soutache. Jacket



Military Jacket 6022 Plaited Flare Skirt 6045

Jacket 6048 Plaited Flare Skirt 6032

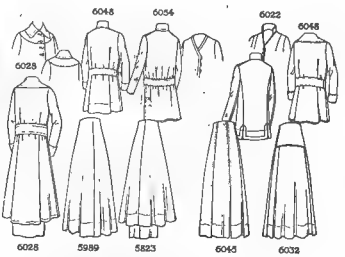
No. 6022, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material, with 4¼ yards wide braid, and the same quantity of soutache. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6045, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material, with 4 yards wide and 4 yards narrow braid. Price, 15 cents.

6048-6032—Combined with another skirt, this jacket is illustrated and described elsewhere on the page. A different development is shown in the short length, and with fronts rolled back to form revers. The four-piece skirt is cut with front section and front yoke in one, and below the yoke, the side gores are plaited. This is an especially good model, as it gives a smooth fit around waist and hips, with the fashionable flare at the foot. The waistline is raised, and allowance is made for both regulation and shorter length. The width around the lower edge is about 3½ yards. Jacket No. 6048, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires for shorter-length jacket 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6032, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. There is quite a craze for suits like this of broadcloth and gabardine, in the new sand and putty tones as well as covert cloth. They are generally in plain tailored effects, without trimming.

Flare Coat 6028 with Convertible Collar

Jacket 6048 Circular Flare Skirt 5989

Jacket 6054 Tunic Skirt 5823



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A Page of Charming Graduation and Party Frocks

Costume 6012

Girls' Dress 6031

Costume 6049

Costume 6041

Costume 6047

Costume 5939

Chemise Overdress 6001
Undersilp 4765

Girls' Dress 6021

(*Descriptions and Back Views on Page 66*)

For a complete assortment of Misses' and Girls' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 35 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York. Price of each Pattern on this page, 15 cents, including Cutting and Construction Guide.

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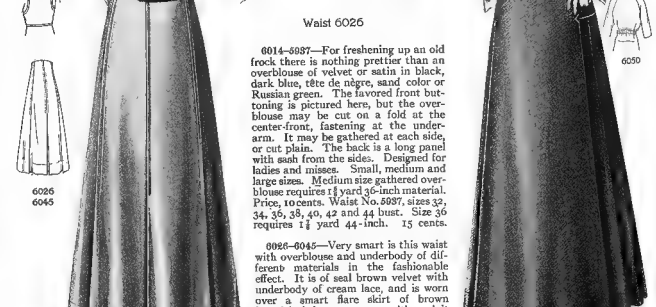
6038—Either plain or gathered back may be selected for this practical shirt-waist which is gathered at the shoulders in front, and can be made with long or short sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

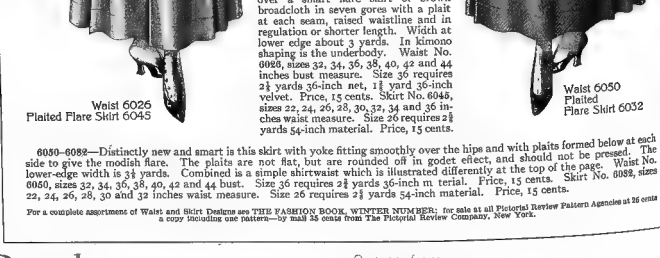
Waist 6038

Waist 6026

Waist 6050



Waist 6026



Waist 6026
Plaited Flare Skirt 6045

Waist 6050
Plaited
Flare Skirt 6032

6014—5937—For freshening up an old frock there is nothing prettier than an overblouse of velvet or satin in black, dark blue, tête de nègre, sand color or Russian green. The favored front buttoning is pictured here, but the overblouse may be cut on a fold at the center-front, fastening at the underarm. It may be gathered at each side, or cut plain. The back is a long panel with sash from the sides. Designed for ladies and misses. Small, medium and large sizes. Medium size gathered overblouse requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Waist No. 5937, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 44-inch. 15 cents.

6026—6045—Very smart is this waist with overblouse and underbody of different materials in the fashionable effect. It is of seal brown velvet with underbody of cream lace, and is worn over a smart flare skirt of brown broadcloth in seven gores with a plait at each seam, raised waistline and in regulation or shorter length. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. In kimono shaping is the underbody. Waist No. 6026, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch net, 1¼ yard 36-inch velvet. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6045, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6050-6032—Distinctly new and smart is this skirt with yoke fitting smoothly over the hips and with plaits formed below at each side to give the modish flare. The plaits are not flat, but are rounded off in godet effect, and should not be pressed. The lower-edge width is 3¼ yards. Combined is a simple shirtwaist which is illustrated differently at the top of the page. Waist No. 6050, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material. Skirt No. 6032, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅓ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Waist and Skirt Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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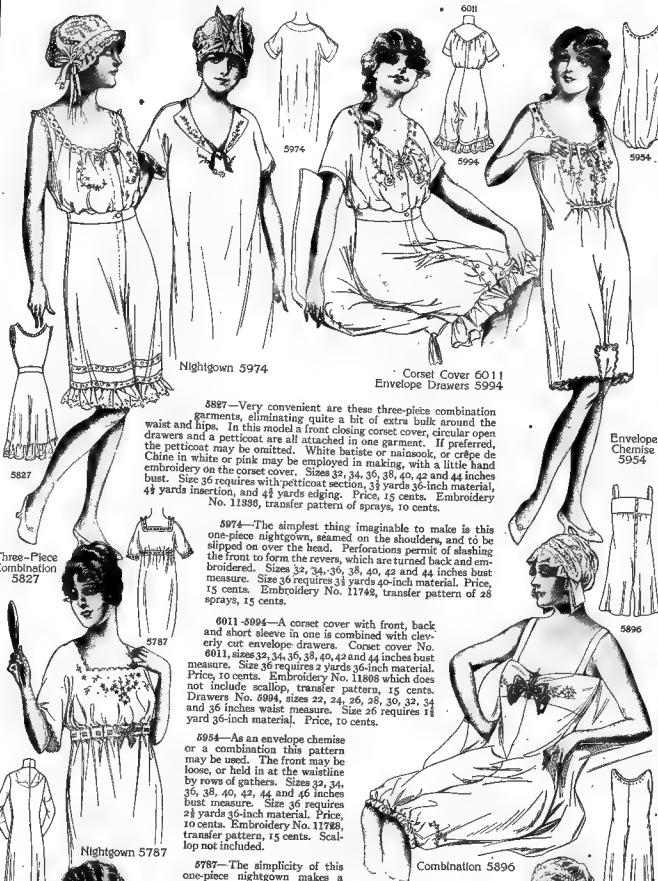

5827—Very convenient are these three-piece combination garments, eliminating quite a bit of extra bulk around the waist and hips. In this model a front closing corset cover, circular open drawers and a petticoat are all attached in one garment. If preferred, the petticoat may be omitted. White batiste or nainsook, or crêpe de Chine in white or pink may be employed in making, with a little hand embroidery on the corset cover. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires with petticoat section, 3½ yards 36-inch material, 4½ yards insertion, and 4½ yards edging. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11336, transfer pattern of sprays, 10 cents.

5974—The simplest thing imaginable to make is this one-piece nightgown, seamed on the shoulders, and to be slipped on over the head. Perforations permit of slashing the front to form the revers, which are turned back and embroidered. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11748, transfer pattern of 28 sprays, 15 cents.

6011-5994—A corset cover with front, back and short sleeve in one is combined with cleverly cut envelope drawers. Corset cover No. 6011, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11808 which does not include scallop, transfer pattern, 15 cents. Drawers No. 5994, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5954—As an envelope chemise or a combination this pattern may be used. The front may be loose, or held in at the waistline by rows of gathers. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11728, transfer pattern, 15 cents. Scallop not included.

5787—The simplicity of this one-piece nightgown makes a strong appeal to the busy woman. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery 11968, transfer, 15 cents.

(Descriptions continued on Page 66)

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Negligée 5929 6034 -Described above. Scallop 11659, each, 15 cents.

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For a complete assortment of Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER, for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York

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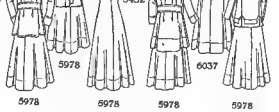
The New Covert Cloth Suits and Pretty Frocks

6056–5978—Here is the new covert cloth suit that is all the rage in New York. On Fifth Avenue all the smartest young women are wearing them and very fetching they look, too. The jackets while simple are jaunty, and the skirts are in popular circular flare style. Two illustrations of this suit are shown on this page, depicting the varied possibilities of the jacket. It may button straight up to the throat, with high turn-down military collar, or the fronts may be rolled back to form revers. The pattern provides a length of 34½ inches, but perforations permit of shortening the jacket to 28½ inches. Loosely belted, it is an admirable style for youthful figures. Combined is one of the new flare skirts, in circular shaping, to be made in one or two-piece style, with front or back closing, and with high waistline. The width around the lower edge is about 2½ yards. The illustration at the top of the page shows the shorter length jacket with revers, and the one-piece skirt. Jacket No. 6056, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5978, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires for one-piece skirt 2 yards 50 or 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5432–6014–5978—These little velvet overblouses give chic to the simplest costumes, and are a boon to the economical girl, as they may be worn over waists that have lost their first freshness. Combined with a skirt of broadcloth or serge the same color, and a net or satin blouse, the effect is decidedly attractive. An underwaist pattern is provided here, in drop-shoulder style, with long sleeves gathered in softly at the wrist, or shortened to elbow length. It is made over a lining which may be omitted, and while not perforated for the V-neck illustrated, it is an easy matter to cut this outline. Suitable for both ladies and misses is the overblouse, closing at the center-front and slightly gathered at the underarm. The back hangs in a straight panel perforated for shorter length. On page 58 other possibilities are shown. The skirt was described above. It is in circular shaping, and may be in one or two-piece style. Waist No. 5432, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 1½ yard 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Overblouse No. 6014, sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 1½ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Skirt No. 5978, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires for one-piece skirt 2½ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Jacket 6056 Circular Skirt 5978

Waist 5432 Overblouse 6014 Circular Skirt 5978

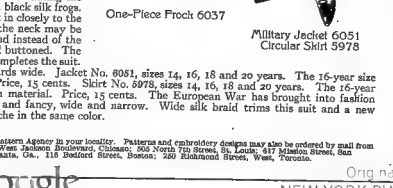


Jacket 6056 Circular Skirt 5978

6056–5978—In this illustration the jacket in its longest form is shown, buttoning straight up to the throat where one of the new choker collars gives an attractive finish. The skirt is shown in two-piece style, buttoning down the front. Soft tan covert cloth, which is again fashionable after several seasons of neglect, would make up smartly in this model, with bone buttons, and collar and cuffs of darker tan velvet. No other trimming is required. The model is not separated at the waistline, but is cut in one piece from neck to lower edge. Jacket No. 6056, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5978, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires for two-piece skirt, which is about 2½ yards wide, 2½ yards 50 or 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6037—In novel and attractive guise, the widely-popular one-piece frock is presented here, with simple waist and smart skirt gathered at the sides below a yoke that is cut in one with the front and back gores. If preferred, plaits may be substituted for the gathers. Besides the V-neck illustrated, allowance is made in the pattern for high, round and two styles of square neck outline, one of which is decidedly new; and the long sleeves are perforated for shorter length. A lower-edge width of 2¾ yards gives the fashionable flare and fulness at the foot. Blue and green or brown and tan plaid serge, broadcloth or velvet would make up smartly. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3½ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6051–5978—Very swagger are these dashing military or Hussar jackets frogged and braid-trimmed, and with high military or choker collar closing tight at the throat. Dark blue broadcloth or gabardine may be selected for making, with wide black silk braid trimming the front and lower edges, and the fastening effected with black silk frogs. A dart on the shoulders in front helps to fit the jacket in closely to the figure in the approved military style. If preferred, the neck may be open, with the collar ending at the shoulder seam, and instead of the fronts meeting as illustrated, they may be lapped and buttoned. The smart circular skirt described elsewhere on the page completes the suit. It is shown in one-piece style here, and is about 2¾ yards wide. Jacket No. 6051, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material, 4½ yards braid. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5978, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires for one-piece skirt 2 yards 50 or 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. The European War has brought into fashion military effects, including a lavish use of braid, plain and fancy, wide and narrow. Wide silk braid trims this suit and a new fancy is to outline the wide braid with a row of soutache in the same color.



One-Piece Frock 6037

Military Jacket 6051 Circular Skirt 5978

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Jaunty Frocks for the Girl in Her Teens

6012—New frocks for young girls display a most engaging simplicity. Waists are fitted more snugly to the figure, and while the kimono sleeve divides favor with the long set-in model, it is no longer loose or baggy, but is fitted up closely under the arm. Skirts follow the prevailing tendency toward fulness, and flare considerably at the foot. Soft fabrics such as satin, crêpe de Chine, faille, silk cashmere, nets and chiffon are favored, as these fabrics lend themselves delightfully to the flare and fulness, the gathers and plaits of the new frocks. A charming pinkish tone of lilac Liberty satin was selected for this model, the waist of which is cut in one with short sleeves, and is mounted on an underbody of net or lace, to be made with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. Attached at high waistline is the straight gathered skirt, which is about 2⅝ yards wide. Provision is made for trimming bands, and these may be of the dress material or of satin. Or they may be omitted altogether, though they would, in satin, trim a dress of net or chiffon very prettily. No allowance is made for the girdle, but Pattern No. 6880 may be used if desired. Sizes, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material, 1 yard net for underbody, 1 yard satin for girdle. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6012 Costume 6041

6041—There is nothing more becoming to the immature girlish figure than these quaint high-waisted wide-skirted frocks of white or pale-tinted chiffon or net, trimmed with satin brocaded in silver roses.

The waist of this costume is cut in one with long sleeves which are perforated for short length, and is mounted on a sleeveless lining with high, round, low round or square neck. The attached one-piece skirt is cut with straight lower edge, and is perforated to form a point at sides. A new style feature is the cord shirring which holds in the fulness. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size which is about 2½ yards wide at the lower edge, requires 3½ yards 48-inch chiffon, 1 yard 36-inch flowered satin. Price, 15 cents.

6012 6041 5897 6037 6020

6014–5897—Here is one of the new overblouses that young girls have taken up so enthusiastically, and are wearing in black, seal brown, dark blue or mysterious green velvet, with dresses of satin or net. This model is particularly effective, buttoning at the center-front, with the back much longer, and in straight panel effect. The fronts may be plain or gathered, and may be fastened as illustrated, or they may be cut on a fold of material, with the closing arranged at the underarm. The revers are formed by turning back the front edges and facing with satin. Under this overblouse is a pretty frock of black Brussels net with kimono waist tucked on the shoulders, and joined to a straight gathered skirt. Bands of the new silk braid in graduated width trim the skirt effectively, though if preferred, bands of satin may be substituted. The full though if preferred, bands of satin may be substituted. The full-length sleeves are perforated for shorter length, and may be of white lace over net, or of black net over white chiffon. Overblouse No. 6014, sizes, small, medium and large. Price, 10 cents. Costume No. 5897, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. In medium size the entire costume requires 3½ yards 44-inch net, 3½ yards 40-inch satin for underdress, 1⅛ yard 40-inch velvet for overblouse, 1 yard chiffon for sleeves, and 7⅞ yards braid.

Overblouse 6014 Costume 5897

One-Piece Frock 6037 Sailor Dress 6020

6037—Featured in this smart costume of putty color broadcloth is the new neck line, which is being shown on the very latest models. Besides the outline pictured, the pattern provides high, round and V-neck. Other new style features are the wide skirt which may be plaited or gathered, and the back closing, continued all the way down to the bottom of the skirt, which is about 2½ yards wide. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6020—There is one style of dress that girls simply cannot get along without, and that is the universally popular sailor dress. For school and "gym" wear it has grown to be a sort of uniform, but naturally each year brings some little style changes. This model, which may be fashioned of black or dark blue serge, shows the newest development, with shaped yoke, lacing in front, natty sailor collar, long or short sleeves, and six-gored skirt with panel front and back. A shaped yoke lacing at the back extends across the sides and back of the skirt, ending at each side of the front panel, which is fastened onto the yoke. If desired the yoke may be omitted, leaving a plain six-gored skirt. A touch of white cloth or piqué on the collar, and narrow braid to trim the cuffs and collar provide sufficient decoration, as a dress of this type should never look fussy. Width around lower edge of skirt about 2½ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3½ yards 54-inch serge, ½ yard white cloth, 4½ yards braid. Price, 15 cents. Not alone are sailor dresses useful for Winter wear in serge and gabardine, but they can be worked into Summer service just as effectively, as they make the smartest sort of tennis and golf frocks in white, pink or blue linen, chambray or cotton corduroy.

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School and Play Clothes for Children

6021—The soft fulness that is so becoming to the small girl is attractively featured in this model of dark blue velveteen. The smart long waist is cut in one with sleeves that may be long or short, and is blousoed over a sleeveless lining, with high, round or V-neck. Waist and straight gathered skirt are joined under a folded girdle, and allowance is made for a gathered tunic which is not shown in this view. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires without tunic, 2½ yards 36-inch material, 1 yard lining. Price, 15 cents.

6053 — Simple but smart is this suit for the little man, with diagonally closing blouse, and straight trousers. A sailor collar gives a natty finish, with a sailor's knot of black silk, and the long sleeves are perforated for short length. High neck is provided in the adjustable shield that may be of white linen. Sizes 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5799 -Easy to make is this cunning coat, with circular cape for greater warmth. A round collar finishes the neck, and turn-back cuffs, the sleeves. A bonnet is included in the pattern, though it is not illustrated. Beige cashmere or poplin, or white corduroy would make up attractively, with the cape scalloped and buttonholed. Sizes, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11661, ½ inch wide, 6 yards and 4 corners in transfer pattern, 15 cents.

6029—This jaunty redingote frock presents in attractive form for little women, one of the latest fashion tendencies of the season, and is at its best in a combination of fabrics such as plain blue and plaid serge. The redingote of plain serge is arranged over an underdress in one piece from neck to hem, closing in front, and having high, round or V-neck, and long or short sleeves. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1⅞ yard 50-inch plaid, with 1⅞ yard 50-inch plain material. Price, 15 cents.

6023—Distinctly smart is this frock of sand color gabardine, with long, plain, front-buttoning waist joined to a cunning two-piece skirt in circular shaping, cut with the fashionable flare at the bottom. High neck with standing collar may be substituted for the open neck and large collar pictured. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2½ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6043—A quaint little coat that would make up effectively in velvet and fur is shown here, gathered below a round yoke, and with body and sleeves in one. A deep shaped belt holds the coat in at low waistline. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6033—Over a plain slip with body and sleeves in one, is arranged a long overblouse, that slips on over the head, and closes on the shoulders. The sleeves may be long or short. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6018—Brown and plaid gabardine are combined in this frock with high or open neck, long or short sleeves, two-piece circular skirt, and plaited tunic. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 50-inch plaid, and 1⅜ yard plain. Price, 15 cents.

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"My weight has increased 30 lbs. I don't know what indigestion is any more, and my nerves are all rested. I sleep like a baby."

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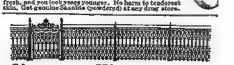

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What Is New in Juvenile Fashions

Play Apron 6039

Dress 4298

Dress 6031

Dress 6029

Suit 6053

Dress 6018

Dress 6033

Dress 6021

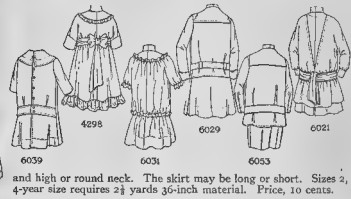
Dress 6033

EVERY mother knows how much a touch of hand embroidery smartens up the children's clothes. Hundreds of lovely designs, easy to work out, will be found in The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents, at any Pictorial Review Pattern Agency. Or 20 cents by mail from the Pictorial Review Company, New York.

6058—The tendency toward the picturesque in clothes for the small boy is evidenced in this suit of black velvet, with blouse closing in slightly diagonal effect, and straight knee-length trousers. The open neck may be replaced by an adjustable shield, and the long sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Sizes 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. The 4-year size requires 2 yards 44-inch velvet. Price, 10 cents.

6029—A practical, yet smart model is illustrated here, with plain front-buttoning blouse attached at low waistline to a cute two-piece skirt in circular shaping, that flares out in the most approved manner. It is at its best in a combination of materials, such as serge and velvet, or plain and plaid fabrics, and can be made with high, round or open neck, and long or short sleeves. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 1 yard 44-inch velvet, 1¼ yard 44-inch serge. Price, 15 cents.

6031—Delightfully pretty and quaint the little girls look in these softly gathered, long-waisted frocks of chiffon cloth, or crêpe de Chine, with no trimming save the shirred headings and tiny rosebuds. This waist is cut in one with short sleeves, over a lining with high, round, low round or square neck, and long sleeves perforated for short length. The straight gathered skirt may be attached with or without a heading. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 6 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Price, 15 cents.



4298 6029 6021

6039 6031 6053

4298—A simple little kimono dress for tiny girls is pictured here to be made of lawn, dimity, gingham or cashmere, with short sleeves, and high or round neck. The skirt may be long or short. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 4-year size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

6039—Very useful is an apron like this which may be worn over a pretty frock to protect it from soiling, or as a play dress. Gingham could be chosen for making it, with a running bird embroidered in cross-stitch. Sizes ½, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11758, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

6021—Soft fulness in skirt and tunic, and graceful kimono blouse combine to form a most attractive frock for best wear. It is made over a sleeveless waist lining with high, round or V-neck. Waist and long sleeves are in one, with perforations for shortening the sleeves. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 12-year size requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material, 1 yard 18-inch lace. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11569, transfer, 15 cents.

6018—Nothing smarter for the schoolgirl could be found than this frock of brown and tan check worsted, with collar and vest of white cloth. The long waist is in the newest style, and allowance is made for high and open neck, long and short sleeves, and a plaited tunic over the two-piece circular skirt, though it is not illustrated here. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 44-inch check, ½ yard plain. Price, 15 cents.

6033—Over an underslip cut in one with long or short sleeves, is mounted an overblouse with large armholes and to be slipped over the head. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch check, and ⅞ yard 44-inch plain. Price, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Children's Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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Designs for Mother and the Little Folks

Infants' Dresses 6016

6016—From this pattern three attractive dresses for the baby may be developed, all equally pretty. The first, shown in the large view here, has a yoke that extends into a panel at the center-front, with the back quite plain. Another style shows a square yoke front and back below which the dress may be gathered or arranged in fine tucks. The third dress may be gathered or plaited below a round yoke, for which the square yoke is perforated. The yoke dresses are suitable for ordinary wear and may be finished with a deep hem, either featherstitched or hemstiched. But the panel front dress would be very dainty for best wear with hand embroidery on the yoke and panel which may be framed in hemstitching or very fine Valenciennes insertion. The bottom of this dress is finished with a gathered ruffle put on with Valenciennes insertion, and finished with insertion to match. The neck may be trimmed with a frill of edging to match the insertion, finishing the little puff sleeves similarly. The pattern provides full-length sleeves which are perforated for short length. Only the finest and softest materials should be used for dresses for the baby, though these need not necessarily be expensive. Fine longcloth can be purchased in a ten or twelve-yard piece for $1.00 to $1.50, and this would make several dresses and petticoats. If anything finer is desired, there are batiste, Persian lawn, nainsook and mull. Pattern cut in one size only. To make the dress with panel front, 2 yards material 36 inches wide will be required, with 6½ yards insertion to trim. For the plaited or gathered dress, 2½ yards 36-inch material will be required. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11945, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

Play Apron 6039

Nightgown 5654

6039—Very useful and serviceable are these little aprons that may be worn to protect a pretty frock, or made with high round neck and long sleeves, the dress may be omitted altogether, and the apron worn as a dress. Two styles of collar are provided; one in deep round outline, which is perforated to form a small round collar. There are long sleeves gathered to band cuffs, and perforations permit of shortening the sleeves. The apron buttons down the center-back, and the pockets and belt illustrated may be omitted if desired. Pink or blue and white checked gingham, blue or pink chambray, blue or red and white striped percale, or plain gingham may be used for fashioning this little apron, and a charming touch is given by the bird embroidered on the front in cross-stitch. Sizes ½, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. The 2-year size requires 1¼ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Cross-stitch embroidery No. 11758, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

Dressing-Sack 6027

5654—Front or back closing makes this nightgown a most convenient little garment. It is gathered below a square yoke, and can be made with high neck to be finished with or without round collar, or it may be cut with square neck finished with a band of insertion or any preferred trimming. The long one-piece sleeves are gathered to a band cuff, and are perforated for short length. Sizes ½, 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 4-year size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Scallop No. 11659, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

6027—Simplicity itself is this dressing-sack with front, back and sleeve in one piece, but with seam at the center-back. The sleeve and underarm seams may be joined, or they may be finished with a facing, and tied together with ribbon. The lower front edges form a point but they are perforated for straight and rounded outlines. French flannel, flannelet, albatross, challis, china silk, lawn, dimity and Swiss are all suitable materials for making. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

6025—Undershirt and drawers are provided in this pattern, the undershirt buttoning right down the center-front, and to be made with long sleeves or sleeveless; the drawers may be in ankle or knee length, and are laced together at the waistline in the back. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires for undershirt and drawers 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5977—For cold Winter nights these night drawers are best made with feet, but for warmer weather the feet may be omitted and the drawers gathered into a band at the bottom, or left loose as preferred. In front they are gathered below a pointed or square yoke, and high, round or square neck, long or short sleeves may be chosen. Flannelet, Canton flannel, longcloth and cambric are suitable fabrics. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. There are many pretty striped effects in flannelet that make attractive and comfortable Winter night drawers, and if any trimming is desired, narrow wash braid in colors matching the material may be used to finish the edge of the yoke, and trim the collar and cuffs. If made of thinner material, such as lonsdale cambric, longcloth or nainsook for Summer service, the short sleeves and square neck would be more comfortable, finished with a narrow band of insertion, or the white feather-stitched braids that are both pretty and inexpensive. There is a waist at the back.

Undershirt and Drawers 6025

Night Drawers 5977

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and embroidery designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices, 222 West 39th Street, New York, 325 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, 505 North 7th Street, St. Louis, 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., 82 and 84 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga., 116 Bedford Street, Boston, 250 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

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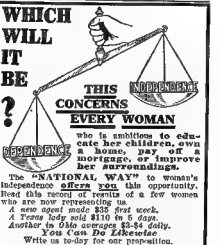

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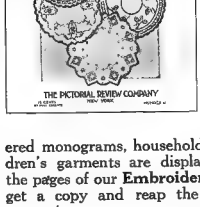

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Early Spring Fashions

(*Continued from Page 49*)

6024—A charming simplicity characterizes this frock of pale blue poplin, with white piqué introduced in the front-buttoning vest and smart collar. Long or short sleeves and high or open neck are among the possibilities. At high waistline the three-piece skirt which is about 2⅜ yards wide, is joined. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents

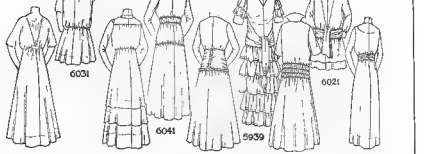
6055—The waist of this dainty frock of net and satin is cut in one with sleeves that may be long or short, and is mounted on a sleeveless lining, with high or low neck. Attached is a straight one-piece skirt, to be made with or without cord shirrings. It may be shortened to form a pointed tunic. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6½ yards 36-inch material, 1¼ yard satin. Price, 15 cents.

(*Describing Models Illustrated on Page 56*)

6018—Soft white silk powdered at intervals with prim posies of blue makes a charming graduation frock, and the blue may be accentuated by bands of satin on the skirt, and a deep girdle. The kimono waist is mounted on an underbody that is in one front and back, with high or round neck, and long or short sleeves. Attached at high waistline is the straight gathered skirt about 2⅜ yards wide. No pattern is given for the girdle, but No. 8880 may be used. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch silk, 1½ yard 36-inch satin, 1 yard net. Price, 15 cents.

6031—Dainty to a degree is this gathered frock of white silk crêpe, untrimmed save for button roses in blue. On a lining with high, round or square neck and long or short sleeves, is mounted the long waist which is cut in one with short sleeves that may be plain or gathered. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 12-year size requires 4¾ yards 40-inch material, 1⅛ yard lining. Price, 15 cents.

6049—Tucks are again in favor as is evidenced by this pretty model of blue and white silk mull, made with the popular straight gathered skirt tucked above a deep hem. Another style feature is the odd neck line, cut straight across in front, though a yoke to which the waist may be gathered, permits high, round and square neck. The waistline is becomingly raised, and the long sleeves of the pattern are perforated for the short length pictured. The width at lower edge is about 2½ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 6⅜ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.



6041—One of the most popular fashion notes in frocks for young girls is the straight skirt held in at the hips by cord shirrings. This high-waisted frock of white chiffon over blue satin charmingly exemplifies the mode, and is shirred at the waistline as well, obviating the need of a girdle. A band of blue satin outlines the surplice of the waist, and weights the bottom of the chiffon skirt. The top of the skirt band is cut in Vandyck points, headed by tiny blue roses. A sleeveless lining which forms the foundation of the waist may be cut in high, round, low round or square neck outline. Lower-edge width about 2⅜ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards chiffon, 6⅜ yards 36-inch satin. Price, 15 cents.

6047—Another phase of the fashionable gathered skirt is pictured here, the skirt attached with gathered heading to a circular yoke. Over the yoke is arranged a softly draped bias girdle. The waist is gathered in front to a round yoke cut in one with the back section. Possibilities of the pattern are high, round and V neck, long and short plain sleeves, and short puff sleeves. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch charmeuse, and 1⅛ yard 40-inch panne velvet. Price, 15 cents.

5939—Above a satin underskirt, are ruffles of net satin-bound, topped by a smart medieval waist of chiffon velvet, and an adorable graduation frock is the result. The waist is mounted on a lining with high, round, square or V-neck, and long or short sleeves. The long cuirass-like waist is quite plain, but crosswise plaits lend softness to the figure. A three-piece skirt is the foundation for the straight gathered ruffles. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16, which is about 1⅛ yard wide, requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch satin, 2¼ yards 44-inch net, ⅛ yard chiffon. Price, 15 cents

6001–4765—Picturesque and girlishly becoming are these chemise overdresses fashioned of spangled or beaded net, and slipped on over a foundation of satin. Waist and skirt are separate, joined with cord shirrings at low waistline. The tunic may be in skirt length straight at the lower edge, or it may be shortened to form a pointed tunic. It is worn over a plain dress closing at the back, No. 4765, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Overdress No. 6001, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 2 yards 27-inch spangled net for waist and tunic band, 1⅛ yard plain net for tunic and 3 yards 36-inch satin for slip.

6021—White crêpe de Chine sashed in pale blue satin would be ideal for this exquisite frock. The long kimono waist is mounted on a sleeveless lining with high, round or V-neck. Over a straight gathered skirt is hung a gathered tunic. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch silk. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued from Page 59*)

5836 –A charming combination for evening wear is presented here, with yoke corset cover and open drawers or bloomers. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11741, transfer pattern of 36 sprays, 15 cents.

5849—Under evening gowns of net and lace a princess slip of satin is a necessity. This model is a four-piece design, closing front or back, with high neck, or low neck in different outlines, and with inverted plait or habit back. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11964, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

5587—A charming night robe for young girls, in one piece, tucked on the shoulders and to be slipped on over the head. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery 11744, transfer, 15 cents.

5845—Short raglan sleeves characterize this nightgown that is slipped on over the head and gathered at the neck. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5853—For stout women there is nothing better than a princess combination like this, closing in front, with open drawers or bloomers. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

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Daughters of the Golden Treasure

To Bring Money and Good Things to the Women of America

A YEAR old this month—a year crammed with accomplishment, with happiness, with much giving! Congratulations to you all, and many happy returns of the day to each and every Daughter. May this coming year find your purses even better filled with Golden Treasure money, and may you have even better store of gifts from the Chest.

It was truly a wonderful year—its pearl ring of the Guardian of the Pearl, its dainty pin, its charming lavaliere, its bracelet watch, its gorgeous toilet silver, its fine table silver and its money to buy anything you wanted! And yet it was only the first year. Each year of our life we shall accumulate more money and more gifts and I hope that each will be as welcome as these were to "Pete"—one of our Southern girls. Here's her last letter:

"PEG O' MY HEART:

Mother is much better. She has sat up an hour each day since last Thursday. We are going to let one of the trained nurses go home to-day.

Peggy, my lavaliere came while she was very ill so she didn't see it until last evening. I put it on when I dressed for dinner, and went into her room. She noticed it at once and thought it was perfectly darling.

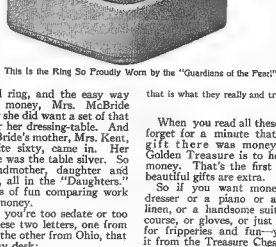
Can you guess what I did with some of my cash money from the Treasure Chest? I bought the prettiest pin. It's a ring of twenty-one pearls exactly like the one in my lavaliere—I adore pearls! The new pin, my lavaliere and my Guardian of the Pearl ring, which I love best of all, makes the prettiest set to wear with my new black satin dress.

And listen, Peg o' My Heart, I'll whisper something. Since I wrote you last, I am wearing *another ring*. It's a beautiful white stone, almost exactly the same size as my Guardian of the Pearl, and shall we call it a birthday present—Ehl What? Now, do you see why I'm so happy?

Very sincerely yours,
PETE."

Already, in one year of life, we have thousands of Daughters—thousands of busy girls earning money and gifts, thousands of young girls, and very young girls, and older girls, and married girls, and girls with grandchildren. Everybody can do the work, as you'll see when I tell you about Alice McBride and her family.

Alice McBride is fifteen. She joined way back, nearly a year ago. And when her mother saw Alice's beautiful pearl ring, and the easy way Alice earned money, Mrs. McBride joined, too, for she did want a set of that toilet silver for her dressing-table. And then Mrs. McBride's mother, Mrs. Kent, who's not quite sixty, came in. Her special favorite was the table silver. So we have grandmother, daughter and granddaughter, all in the "Daughters." They have lots of fun comparing work and gifts and money.



This is the Ring So Proudly Worn by the "Guardians of the Pearl!"

If you think you're too sedate or too young, read these two letters, one from West Virginia, the other from Ohio, that just came to my desk:

"DEAR PEGGY KEY SCOTT:

I'm forty-six and have had seven children, and I was afraid I was too old to start, but you see how well I've done

MRS. C. B. R."

"DEAR PEGGY K. SCOTT:

I cannot tell you how glad I was to get my pin. I would just like to hug you for it. It is the dearest, daintiest, little thing I ever saw and would you believe it, one of the girls at school got marked down because all she did was look at my pin and not pay any attention to her lessons. It has been lots of fun earning the pin and it certainly was worth the work.

Your loving Daughter,
P. M. J."

The work is so simple that you don't need experience or training. F. E. R.—New York State, thinks it "just pleasure." Read her letter:

"DEAR MISS SCOTT:

Just a few lines to extend to you my heartiest thanks for the beautiful pearl ring you sent me a few days ago. I am delighted with it. The pearl is such a large one! I didn't expect that it would be quite so large, so I was all the more surprised. It certainly is worth working for; but, did I say *work*? We don't really work, do we? It is just pleasure!

I am ever so anxious to get the sterling silver toilet set and I'm going to, right away. Thanking you again for my ring and hoping that other Daughters may soon have theirs, too, I am,

Yours sincerely,
F. E. R.

And now read a few letters I've received this last week from proud and happy Daughters scattered all over the country:

"DEAR MISS SCOTT:

The pin is simply love-llicious. How did you ever get such a pretty design? I wore it to school this morning and the girls were all crazy about it, and I guess it brought good luck along with it, for to-day I was elected secretary of my class. What do you think of that? Do you know I've been crazy about a wrist watch and I'm so glad you thought of one.

D. R. S."

"DEAR PEGGY KEY:

If you could just have been here yesterday when the postman left a little square package. I'm sure you would have been happy, too.

Ever since I was sixteen, and that was several years ago, I have wanted a pearl ring, but when Christmas and birthdays came there was always something I needed more, so I have kept on wanting. But now—I need not wish any more, for the 'good fairy' has sent it. It is exactly as the one pearl I would have chosen and the setting is beautiful. Many, many thanks. I can hardly wait until Mother comes home, to show it to her. I showed it to one of my friends and she thinks it is beautiful and wants to try for one herself. She has an abalone pearl ring, but mine is much prettier.

H. B. G."

"DEAR MISS PEGGY:

The lavaliere came last evening. I think it lovely and well worth my trouble. The ring, lavaliere and money will add to my pleasure on a trip I expect to take soon. Thank you once more for my dainty jewel from that wonderful chest.

F. L. N."

"MY DEAR MISS SCOTT:

I received your lovely letter and lavaliere. You do not know how proud I am now. I think it is just beautiful and as dainty and cunning as it can be. How did you ever think of such lovely things? You must be a mind-reader to know what every girl's heart wishes for. I just love all my things.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for my beautiful Treasures—for that is what they really and truly are.

(MRS.) H. J."

When you read all these letters, don't forget for a minute that with every gift there was money, too, for the Golden Treasure is to help you make money. That's the first idea and the beautiful gifts are extra.

So if you want money for a new dresser or a piano or a set of table linen, or a handsome suit or a college course, or gloves, or just extra money for fripperies and fun—you can have it from the Treasure Chest.

This year we are going to have even more members than our first year because every girl who has had money or a beautiful gift from the Chest will tell her friends, and every time a non-member sees that Guardian of the Pearl ring on a Daughter's hand, she will rush to write a letter saying, "Peggy Key Scott, Please make me a Daughter so I can be a Guardian of the Pearl and have that dear gold ring with its big, big pearl."

And that is what you should do, too—every one of you who is not yet a member—sit right down and send me a little card or letter saying, "I want to make money. Tell me how."

And now a big second year for us all.

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure.

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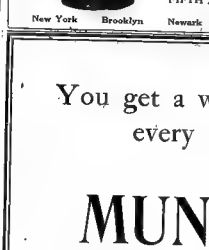

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The Man Up-Stairs

(*Continued from Page* 5)

"Yes. Know her?"

"But—why, that's where I was going!"

"The dickens! Then if we hadn't run across each other here we'd have met at dinner. Talk of coincidences!"

"Isn't it the oddest thing?" she marveled, studying him with what seemed freshened interest. "I wonder if I've heard of you?"

"I doubt it. I'm not important; merely a 'filler' when some one fails her, I fancy. Although this evening I was rather specially invited." He chuckled as he poured a few drops of water into the coffee-pot and set it aside to settle. "Mrs. Jimmy has long had a wild desire to marry me off to some one. So far I've disappointed her. The other day when she called me up she told me that she had at last found just the girl for me. I'm afraid," he added ruefully, "she'll be a bit put out."

"She didn't happen to—tell you her name, did she?"

"I believe so. I think it was—Furniss—or Forrest——"

"Fordyce?"

"Yes! Do you know her?"

"I knew she was to be at dinner."

"Mrs. Draper told me she was a ripper," he went on. "But, as I've never seen her you can't expect me to be heart-broken. Besides, 'I'm here and you're here,' and—things might be a heap worse."

"You're very polite—for a burglar," she murmured. "But perhaps Eleanor Fordyce is pretty and—and nice."

"Is that her name?" he asked interestingly. "Do you know, I rather like Eleanor as a name." He viewed her thoughtfully for an instant and then asked impulsively: "What's yours?"

"Mine? Oh, why—does it matter?"

"N-no, only—I'd like to know."

"Perhaps I'll tell you—when you leave."

"When I leave?" He looked suddenly grave and lent ear to the hysterical wailing of the storm. "By Jove, I wonder when that'll be! I may have to beg lodging for the night. Would you mind?"

"Of course not. You couldn't possibly get back through this tempest."

"I'm afraid not, as I don't know the road. Great Scott, the coffee! Two cups or three?"

"I think three. I'll see if Horace wants some."

SHE bore away one of the steaming cups and a candle and he heard her footsteps overhead and, as he thought, the sound of a window being raised or lowered. He thought, too, that he heard her voice, but couldn't be certain of that. Almost at once she was back again displaying, smilingly, an empty cup. Stephen looked politely concerned.

"He feels a little better," she reported.

He drew back a chair and she seated herself at the table. "I do hope," she said, "that I'll not get the forks mixed."

"It would be horribly embarrassing. May I pass you a cracker?"

"Please. Oh, but that's nice and hot," she sighed. "What time is it, Mr. Terrill?"

"Seven, to the minute."

"Then they're just going in to dinner."

"On the contrary, they're waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and Mr. Terrill, who are annoyingly late."

"I'd forgotten. Poor Mr. Terrill!"

"Poor Mr. Terrill indeed! Waste no pity on him. He's satisfied with his lot."

"Thank you," she smiled. "But perhaps you'd have found Miss Fordyce very captivating."

"Something tells me," he responded, "that I'd have been disappointed in Miss Fordyce."

Later he washed the dishes by holding them out the back door and she dried them with the paper napkins. Then they went back to the fire and he sought and obtained permission to smoke.

"I presume Mr. Perkins smokes?" he asked.

"A little, cigarets usually."

"That doesn't sound as though he were an old chap," Stephen reflected. Aloud he said: "You can't have been married very long."

"Not very. Doesn't it sound as though the wind was going down a little?"

"Perhaps. The rain isn't, though. You live in the city?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if I've ever run across your husband," he went on, exhaling a cloud of smoke gratefully. "He is in business?"

"Not—not exactly. He—travels about a good deal."

"I see. Then—*Hello!*"

They stared at each other startledly. An awful, appalling silence held the world. Only the booming of the surf reached them. The storm had passed. In the distance a faint rumble of thunder died away.

"All over!" he cried gayly, springing to his feet. "That's fine, isn't it? By Jove, though, this silence is absolutely uncanny! I wonder—" He paused. "Is anything wrong?" he asked solicitously.

She shook her head.

"I thought you looked a bit faint. You're sure you're all right?"

She reassured him and he looked at his watch. "Nearly eight," he said regretfully. "That settles your chance of getting back, doesn't it? You said the train left Vulcan at a little after seven?"

"Yes. It—it doesn't matter, though."

He viewed her doubtfully. Her smiles were gone and she looked suddenly very tired and pale.

"You're going now?" she asked without taking her gaze from the fire.

"Yes, I think I'd better. I'm due at the office very early to-morrow. I hate the idea of leaving you here—" He frowned intently. "If your husband is well enough we might all get into the car——"

She shook her head. "He—he isn't. If—if you cared to stay I could make you quite comfortable on the couch in the dining-room. There is plenty of bedding."

It sounded as though she really wanted him to stay and his heart beat a little faster for a moment. But, "Thanks," he answered, "I think I'd better get along." He picked up his coat. She was smiling, but he could have sworn that tears were very near those dark eyes and his determination faltered. In the next instant, however, the recollection of that man upstairs steeled him. Certainly he could not have remained had the husband not been there, yet the knowledge that he was there urged him away. Only—well, he wished she didn't look so sort of helpless and forlorn!

"I wish," he said, as he struggled into his coat, "you'd let me call in a day or so and see how you—make sure that this experience has had no ill effects on your husband."

"I'm sure we shall both survive," she answered soberly. She held out her hand. "Forgive me for mistaking you for a burglar, and—and thanks for—for coming to my party." She smiled faintly.

He held the hand longer than was strictly necessary. "I thank you for shelter and food and—and a pleasant evening," he answered lamely. "And I'm going to call whether you want me to or not!" He dropped her hand and went quickly to the back door. "Good night," he said from the threshold.

"Good night," she answered firmly.

With the door open, facing the black silence of the night, he experienced a strange disinclination to go. At last he muttered. "What's the matter with me?" He pulled the portal shut behind him and heard the latch click into place. But he heard another sound as well, the sound of his name spoken faintly.

WHEN he got to her she was leaning against the table, her hands clutching desperately at the edge, her eyes large with fright, her face pale. She tried to smile.

"I didn't mean you—to hear," she murmured. Then the eyes closed and she swayed limply as his arms went out for her. Thoroughly frightened, he bore her to a chair. All the half-forgotten lore relative to reviving fainting persons rushed pell-mell through his head. He thought of cold water and burning feathers and fresh air and several other things, and he thought, with something like a pang, of the man up-stairs! But before he could try any of the remedies the dark eyes opened, a long sigh escaped and the slim body moved in his supporting arms.

"I'm all right now," she said with a wan smile. He drew away from her and, mannlike, became gruff.

"You ought to be in bed," he growled. "You're tired out. I shall stay here until you go up and turn in. You may lock the door and I'll drop out the way I came. No one will bother you to-night, I'm sure."

She made no answer, but stared intently at the dying fire.

"Will you do that?" he asked anxiously.

She shook her head.

"Why not? Then I shall call your husband. You're in no shape to be left alone."

She shot a fleeting glance at his troubled face and suddenly laughed, a little wildly he thought. "You—you'll have to call—a long time!" she gasped.

"Call? What do you mean?"

Her laughter ceased abruptly. "He isn't up there," she said tiredly.

"Not up there? Your husband isn't——"

"I haven't any—husband!"

He stared. Finally, "I don't understand," he said.

"It—it was all a lie," she replied, not looking at his amazed countenance. "When you came I did think you were a burglar, just at first. Afterward I pretended to. I—I didn't want you to go. I was all alone and fearfully frightened." She shuddered. "I'd lost my train and there was no other and I knew I'd have to spend the night here. I—I made up the—the husband because—because—oh, you see why, don't you?"

"Yes, of course, but——"

"I know it was an awful thing to do, but—I couldn't think of any other way. The telephone is disconnected. I lied about that, too. I wouldn't have dared walk back to the village even if the storm had stopped. So I—I thought that if you believed I really had a husband—up there—you'd stay. Oh, I see now what a crazy thing it was, but—but I was so awfully afraid of the thunder and lightning and—and the loneliness! And then, when you started off, I called. I tried not to, but it just got out!"

"But that coffee!" he said dazedly. "You said he drank it!"

"No, I only said he was better. But that was a lie, too. I threw it out the window."

"By Jove!" He began to laugh and she turned a miserable face to him.

"Please don't la-laugh about it!" she sobbed. "It was awful. I told lie after lie and I didn't seem to care, and——"

"I won't," he said gently. "It was rather awful for you. But—but you're not Mrs. Horace Perkins at all?"

"N-no, my name is—Eleanor—Fordyce."

"Eleanor Fordyce! Why, then—then you're the girl——"

"Yes, and you said you felt you'd be disappointed in her, and I guess you are!"

"Disappointed! Great Scott!" He laughed softly. "It—it's the finest disappointment I ever had! No Perkins—no man up-stairs—no husband! Oh, how disappointed I am!"

"Now you're laughing again."

"I can't help it, honestly, Miss Fordyce! You don't know how good it makes a chap feel to discover that he's been insanely jealous of a man who never existed! I hated him all the time; because he smoked cigarets; because he stayed up there while you were down here all alone; because—because he existed! And principally because he was your husband!" He blew a kiss from the tips of his fingers toward the ceiling. "Pax Perkins!" he cried gayly.

She looked very intently at the fire. Perhaps it was the dying embers that made her cheeks so rosy. After a moment,

"Would you—would you mind taking me back with you?" she asked.

"Mind! You don't think I'd leave you here, I hope! Have you a coat?"

"In the hall." She arose avoiding his eyes, smiling a little and passed into the next room.

"THAT reminds me," he called. "Somewhere under that window is the key the agent gave me. I'll have to find it."

"Never mind," she replied, reappearing enveloped in a long ulster and with a little hat pulled down over her soft hair. "We'll take the back door key and let the agent look for the other. Oh!" She stopped suddenly. "You forgot to look at the house!"

"By Jove, so I did! But who cares? Some day we'll come down together and you can show it to me."

"We-ell. Will you put out the candles, please? Do you think the fire is all right?"

"Right as a trivet. Here goes the last candle!" He looked about the dim room. "Nice old place," he murmured. Then he was in darkness, groping his way to her at the door. On the step: "I think," he said, "you'd better give me your hand. I know the way better than you do." And when it lay warmly in his he pressed it warningly. "Don't make a noise," he whispered. "He might hear us!"

"Who?" she asked.

"Perkins!"

She laughed softly in the darkness.

The Feminists In War Time

(*Continued from Page* 8)

walk the streets where they must keep moving, always moving. I believe there was no regulation against their dropping dead from exhaustion and starvation. The only alternative for an alien enemy was to give himself up as a "spy," on the slightest evidence for which he would be placed in confinement and there he must be fed. But even this finally became an unsafe vocation. The government had spy hunted until it had thousands on hand and didn't want to keep any more. "They're shooting those they take now," a young Austrian who had been without food for days told me, "but I'm so hungry," he added, "I'm about ready for that."

The woman alien enemy had a slightly better chance. She might get away if she could. It was the special relief work that the International Suffrage Alliance took upon itself, to help her. All foreign women appealing for aid were cataloged at the Adams Street headquarters. Those homeless and friendless were placed with British women big hearted enough to brave the national prejudice, who offered to take these refugees into their household employ. Others for whom transportation could be secured were sent in parties personally conducted back to their native land. American women sometimes served as these "conductors." Under the protection of their neutral nationality, they could most safely pass all boundaries.

"YOU Americans should be the happiest women in the world because your men aren't mixed up in this awful mess," sighed a Russian woman whose husband was with his regiment. And looking at the tear-dimmed eyes of the women all about, we knew that this was so. What happened to us in the way of war anxieties was of course in comparison with the real tragedies, mere inconvenience. That it was not more was due to the prompt action of our countrymen resident in London. During bank holiday week when all the wheels of the machinery that make money go round had ceased turning, there were twenty thousand Americans with strained faces, streaming through the Strand.

We were an anxious throng who crowded the Embassy in Victoria Street to register our nativity. A murmur of fear and unrest filled the rooms. Only Lawson Purdy of New York was smiling Christian Scientifically: "I'm sure everything will be all right," he assured us all. It was the American Committee that made it so. Can you imagine what it is like to look in your purse one morning and find yourself with but a shilling in the world, the hundreds of dollars of checks in your pocket uncashable and leagues of ocean between you and more money? After the first mental shock that numbs you all over, I think returning feeling registers first at the pit of your stomach and the question about your next meal becomes the categorical imperative. There is no answer and you must have action. You grope for any economy within reach. I know I seized a handkerchief and washed it and dried it on the window-pane to save the price of laundry. Well, some of our hotels were kind, and by economizing on two-penny bus fares, we managed to tide along to the morning when we stood in the line extending two blocks before the American Express office which had resumed the cashing of checks. But there were some who hadn't even that long-lasting shilling. There were men worth hundreds of thousands of dollars who faced the need of the price of a breakfast.

H. C. Hoover, the American mining engineer, found a little bread line of them, former friends, waiting on bank Monday at the door of his London office. His telephone rang as he walked in. The American Consul was saying over the wire: "There are a thousand outside the door here without a penny. What are we going to do?" What they did was to ask every American resident whom they could reach by telephone, to go down in his pocket. Within an hour they were giving out to the waiting applicants one pound apiece to single men and two pounds for married men. Before noon there had been organized the permanent Relief Committee with Mr. Hoover as chairman. Mrs. Hoover, vice-president of the Society of American Women in London, formed the special woman's committee.

HEADQUARTERS were established at the Savoy Hotel to which for weeks all Americans turned for advice. Some needed money and it was loaned to them. More needed tickets that no amount of money could buy. All available sailings had been brought up by the first fortunate ones who had reached the steamship office. People had purchased two, three, and four, sometimes five or six tickets on as many different boats to make sure of getting away on one. When they did, the tickets they left behind were turned over to the American Committee to be resold at cost price. The Committee gave out second-hand clothing too. You were glad to get it if most of yours had been left in a trunk in Germany or France. And with every provision for comfort, we sat about on the pink satin chairs in the Savoy's great ballroom that had been turned over to our use, and waited and watched for transportation.

Every little while the chairman of the Committee mounted the table to announce a berth available. They weren't the de luxe accommodations that some selected with care for coming over. They were second class where you'd be packed on board with just about standing room only. They were third class and steerage where you would sleep without sheets. But anyway to reach America looked good enough. "My, won't we be glad if we ever see Forty-second Street again!" said a New Yorker. A voice from the Middle West varied it one day with, "I want Main Street." What was the chairman of the Transportation Committee saying from his table? "Three more of the big liners withdrawn from sailing."

Our hearts came up in our throats. When the boats were announced back in service a few days later, a girl clapped her hands, "Now I can buy lace." And a dozen women looking in their hand-bags at the money they had been carefully hoarding, set out shopping.

In the course of weeks we all sailed away to the security of a nation at peace—we, the happiest women. For those of a continent who watched us so wistfully depart, there can be no more smiling until the last wounded soldier shall be out of the hospitals. Then when they shall have the babies back, they may find a new joy in reconstructing a fallen civilization. It is a man's world that has failed. Women are hoping for a share in rebuilding the new one a little nearer their heart's desire. "Perhaps," they are saying as they go about now in their healing ministry to the stricken nations, "Men may even give us the vote to do it with."

Editor's Note: Mrs. Daggett's next article, "Mothercraft in England," will appear in March.

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First Aids to Sound Slumber

Practical Bed-Time Comforts and Suggestions to Meet the Needs of All the Family

By

MAY DENTON

A THIRD of our life spent in sleep! It seems rather appalling when we think of it. There are so many things we might accomplish if we could but utilize all those hours of unconsciousness. But then, on the other hand, there is considerable pleasure in restful sleep. It offers a respite from the worries of the day which possibly we could gain in no other way, and gives us courage for the next day's struggle. And ever since we are to sleep that large portion of our life away, we might as well do it in comfort.

"I never realized," a matron remarked one day, "how wonderfully we are supplied with sleep-time comforts, until I went about with Milly to select furnishings for her new home. I couldn't help comparing Grandmother's old four-poster, which I still have in the attic with its rope-laced springs, and feather bed, with the practical sanitary beds and bedding to-day. And in this department, at least, the cost of living has not gone up. Milly can buy a satisfactory bedroom outfit at a less cost than I could when I was married."

There are, of course, on the market to-day beds, springs, and mattresses varied enough to suit all tastes and pocketbooks. And we find many manufacturers frequently offering something new, or with improved features. We demand a good deal in these days, and "the soft side of a board" does not in the least meet with our requirements. Some of us are almost as sensitive as the legendary princess, who could not sleep when a pea was slipped under her two feather beds. Nothing less than perfection suits us.

A most uncomfortable habit which mattresses sometimes have, is that of sliding to one side, and of spreading at the edges. A new bed spring comes which will offset this tendency, holding the mattress where it belongs. It is made of woven wire, very strong and pliable and has a raised edge, about two inches in height at each side. This not only keeps the mattress firm, but also prevents the spring itself from sagging and stretching.

Then there is an excellent spring with wire coils in two layers, the lower tier supporting the weight, and the upper giving with the pressure of the body. It is claimed that it will yield just in proportion to the strain, so that when two persons of unequal weight occupy the bed, the spring will not drag down unevenly.

The grown-ups have not by any means a monopoly of night-time luxuries. When the sand man comes he finds the modern baby much more pleasantly and hygienically ensconced, than his grandfather was in a wooden hooded cradle. Just about the nicest of the new things for the little one is the rolling crib with woven wire sides. It is planned so Baby may sleep in it from his first days, until he outgrows cribs altogether. To make a bassinet of it for the wee baby, the springs are raised to within six inches of the top. When he becomes active enough to need a guard against falling out, they may be slipped to the bottom. This rolling crib has many advantages; it may be folded with the mattress inside for traveling, or to carry it out-of-doors, or it may be easily rolled from one room to another. A mosquito-net covering is part of its outfit making it, with its silvered wire sides, absolute proof against flies and troublesome insects.

Fresh air is now considered an important part of Baby's daily needs, and the youngster with one of these well-screened movable cribs should be able to enjoy it to the fullest. Even the busiest mother can spare the few minutes required to fold it up and carry it to the porch, or wheel it out under the trees for the daytime nap. When naps are over, no harm can come to the baby in his coop. He can crawl about it in perfect safety.

The mother who prefers the ordinary crib, with sides which slide up and down on a rod, will find a handy device attached to one make, by which the sides may be lowered with a touch of the foot. When both arms are filled with the sleeping child, she need not lay Baby down to unfasten the catch, but can press her foot against the lock which is set underneath the front of the crib, and the side will slide quietly down.

Falling out of bed isn't always confined to the wee mites: good sized children do it sometimes.

"Billy is nearly six," complained the mother of a sturdy youngster, "and yet he rolls out of bed every time I take him away from home where he has no crib to sleep in."

"Your troubles are easily remedied," I assured her. "Buy a bed especially planned for children, with sides sloping from the head down half the length. This is just enough to keep him from rolling out, and not inconvenient when he gets in or out. They come in brass or white enameled iron, and are five and a half feet long, so he will not soon outgrow it."

When equipping children's beds, flat pillows and firm mattresses are recommended by physicians. Baby should not sleep on too soft a pillow in which his little body will sink, but should be well supported. The pillow should be small that it may not induce a tendency to rounded shoulders.

Are you among the increasing number of those who appreciate the joys of out-of-door sleeping? If you are, and your house has no available sleeping porch, one may be added without a great amount of trouble. A carpenter can, of course, always construct one of lumber, but a less expensive method is to purchase one of the steel porches which come ready to be attached with bolts outside of a bedroom window. They are just large enough to hold a bed and are equipped with awnings, screens, and flooring to give privacy and protection from storms.

The pleasures of outdoor sleeping on a piping hot night do not have to be emphasized, but in the Winter, the pleasure is largely dependent upon sufficiently warm clothing. A highly satisfactory covering from the point of warmth, is the electrically heated blanket. This looks like a thick, soft sateen comforter, but has electric wires through it which keep it at an even, cozy temperature. The wiring is fire-proof insulated and covered with asbestos, making the blanket perfectly safe. Connect it with the electric light socket, and it will keep you toasty warm with a very moderate consumption of current.

While we are discussing springs and coverings of our beds as conducive to sound slumber, we must not overlook the sleeping garment. No matter how comfortable the couch may be, if you are clothed in a garment which binds and scratches, you cannot get the full benefit of your rest. There are so many specially designed garments for all members of the family that it is only a question of making a choice. For the little ones, the stockinet gowns are excellent, and may be had in wool or cotton. The baby up to two, may wear those with a draw-string at the bottom, or with the lower edge buttoned over to keep the tiny toes covered. The older children, who kick off the bedclothes, can be kept warm in night drawers of the same soft material, made with feet. Even father and mother can buy these knit garments, and will find them very soothing to the skin.

Possibly the men in your family are like many other helpless males, and depend upon wives and sisters to purchase prosaic things like underwear. Such women shoppers might be interested in looking up for their male relatives the new style of pajamas, which are made all in one piece, without draw-strings or band. It is claimed for them that they stay in place without a confining belt band, and are therefore very much more comfortable than the old-fashioned home-made kind with their sometimes very cumbersome belt and buttons.

When we have fitted out our bedchambers with even a small proportion of the newer luxuries for the night, we ought to sleep as soundly as the proverbial top.

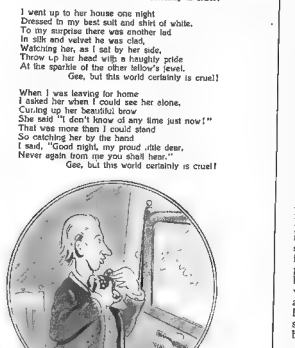
This World Certainly Is Cruel!

Published by Request

A fellow loves his girl with all his heart
And still there comes a time when they must part
Because she's got a different beau,
A lad who has got lots of dough.
Gee, but this world certainly is cruel!

I went up to her house one night
Dressed in my best suit and shirt of white.
To my surprise there was another lad
In silk and velvet he was clad,
Watching her, as I sat by her side,
Throw up her head with a haughty pride
At the sparkle of the other fellow's jewel.
Gee, but this world certainly is cruel!

When I was leaving for home
I asked her when I could see her alone.
Curling up her beautiful brow
She said "I don't know of any time just now!"
That was more than I could stand
So catching her by the hand
I said, "Good night, my proud little dear,
Never again from me you shall hear."
Gee, but this world certainly is cruel!



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Carnevale di Venezia

(Continued from Page 21)

withdrawn. Then he put forth his strength and struggled, but it was too late.

They dragged him into the other boat and presently from it again and up some slimy steps and through a door which clanged behind them. Once his left hand came free. He flung it out and the dress of one of the men who led him was wet. He felt for the fellow's throat and, for an instant got it, but they mastered him and tied his hands together.

They came, it seemed, across a broad stone pavement to another door and he heard the door unlocked with a key and he heard it grate open upon rusty hinges. One of those men said, coughing as if he had taken a cold:

"Let him go!" So for a moment he stood free; then there were violent hands at his back and he fell, plunging and stumbling, down a stone staircase and lay on his face at its foot.

By some inexplicable chance he was neither killed nor wholly stunned. His head had taken a grievous blow and felt very dizzy, but otherwise he seemed to be uninjured. The knot about his wrists was hastily and roughly fastened; he wriggled his hands out of it and tore the bandage from his head. By the feel of it he knew it to be a piece of his garment.

A little way before him a square of light cut the gloom and, stumbling still, he ran to it. The square of light was a wicket open but guarded by iron bars and the light was moonlight upon the narrow canal without. Clinging there unsteadily, for his head raged and he very badly, he heard the sound of a gondola's oar in the *forca* and the murmur of men's voices. The sound passed and grew faint and grew faint but before it had gone quite beyond earshot he heard something more—the sound of a woman laughing. And at that he gave a cry, fell down and knew no more.

AFTERWARD he seemed to recall a period of frenzied running about and beating with fists upon wall and door, then something came between and calm. The door was locked. The iron grating of the window over the canal was hinged at one side and fastened back and open again. He set himself to looking for an instrument sufficiently strong to break the chain, and the instrument was close at hand—any quantity of instruments, indeed, for there was a heap of tools against the back wall of the cellar, mallets and picks and iron bars.

He thrust an iron bar through the chain, put his weight against it and was free. After that he sat, very faint and giddy, for what seemed to him an exceedingly long time in the window opening, dangling his feet above the water, if any one came behind him he meant to leap into the water and swim for the nearest steps. There came by at last a broad barge laden with packing-cases and impelled by two men with poles. He waited until it was under him and leaped down. The two men were startled and made for him with their punting poles, but he explained that he only wanted a lift to the nearest point at which he could find a gondola, and asked where they were going. They told him the *Riva degli Schiavoni*. Was it far? No, ten minutes.

They went their slow way, round a turning and round another and abruptly he found that the barge was in the *Rio di Canonica* nearing the prison and the Bridge of Sighs. He had meant to continue with it as far as the *riva*, and there take a gondola to the hotel, for he had no thought of returning to the masked ball, but on an impulse he sprang ashore at the bridge by the *canonica*. It would be easier to walk home across the Piazza.

He looked at his watch; it was nearly four o'clock.

The *Piazza di San Marco* is never quite deserted, even at four o'clock in the morning. There are always a few dark figures standing about the flagstaffs or crossing from the *Mercerie* to the *Piazetta*, or sitting huddled over the iron tables in front of Florian's. The clustered lights on the two rows of tall branched lamp-posts were burning still at this hour.

The black-and-white of a sham Mercutio came slowly and painfully from out the narrow street beside St. Mark's and stood by the *Lunanova*, looking out across the square, and blinking his eyes. His head was still more than a little dazed and giddy, and there was still upon him a sense of the extreme unreality of all the encompassing world. But as he stood staring across that lamp-lit space he thought that he must be getting worse, as time went on, for he knew that balls do not take place in the *Piazza di San Marco* at least, in these days. Yet his eyes seemed to perceive the clustered and whirling figures of dancers in the very center of the open square, and other figures in strange garb sitting about Florian's terrace tables; and his ears seemed to catch the strains of "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam" played by a band of string instruments.

He dragged himself toward this inconceivable sight, paused on the way a pair of agitated *vigili* who wrung their hands and called upon high heaven. Then as he came nearer the dancers a powdered lady of the fifteenth century ran at him and seized him in her arms.

"You've never before turkey-trotted in the *Piazza di San Marco*," she said to him. "You may never do it again. Come!" And as he obeyed, after vigorous steps he heard how it was Maude Braithwaite's golden idea to come on to the *Piazza* and get *café au lait* and buns at Florian's and have a breakfast dance. So they had brought the band along, and wasn't it splendid?

The lady of the fifteenth century flitted to another victim presently and young Mr. Manners, who was a very far indeed from young, moved on some distance apart from his gay friends and sat down at one of the remoter tables and took his head between his hands.

He looked back upon that wild hour with sorrow but without bitterness. He found in him no hatred for what she had done, or helped to do. She had behaved as it was her nature to behave. There is no warmth in moonlight. It does not choose that upon which it shall fall. It glorifies earth and sea alike, mud and marble, the good and the bad. He did not blame her but before his closed eyes he saw her masked face with the crimson lips laughing and a sudden fierce ache for her rose in him like a physical pain.

He got after a time, to his feet and turned away. The band was playing a French waltz and some one of the women was singing the words in a rather fine contralto voice as she danced. He mounted the two steps into the south arcade not far from where the little tobacco shop is and fell back with an exclamation, for in the half darkness, two figures suddenly confronted him.

The harlequin in the black cloak raised his arms in the air and burst into the sound of frantic cursing. Here at least was a moment's occupation. Manners, as he had done before that night, caught the fellow by the throat, shook him as terriers shake rats until his arms were tired, and threw him away. The other figure still hovered about him—the figure of a pantaloon, old and thin-shanked and feeble. He turned upon it and he squealed and ran.

He was quite sure that where these two were she would be also. He went forward among the tall columns and by the corner where one enters the Piazza he found her. He gave a kind of shout and caught her up off her feet into his arms.

She was laughing still, but not he thought, for mirth. He bent his head over her face.

"I protected you and you turned on me. I trusted you and you sold me out. Is there no heart in you at all?"

"No," she said with her crimson mouth. And she hung still and cold in his arms.

"For God's sake, what are you?"

"I am moonshine," she said, and seemed to try to laugh harder.

He freed one of his arms. "At least I'll see your face once without that mask."

"I wear no mask," said she, whispering. He put up his hand to touch her face, let her go suddenly and fell back with a cry.

She pointed over his shoulder and he turned to look. The sea was paling, he could see the full height of the tall *campanile* and the golden angel at its top.

"The dawn!"

He turned back and she was swaying on her little feet.

"It is the dawn. I must go."

Once more he caught her up in his arms or she would have fallen, and for a moment she lay there still, her head drooping back. He saw her face, white and deathly, the red mouth, that no longer laughed, like a red wound in the face of a corpse, and that seemed twice too large and deep sunk and hollow. She looked upon him very earnestly. It was as if she wished to say something and couldn't. Her great eyes seemed to be full of a strange and terrible longing. Her hands closed for an instant behind his neck.

THE harlequin who had got to his feet shouted—his shout had again a sound of threats and curses and Manners turned to see if the fellow were near. When he turned back she was gone

Once he saw her flash across the columns, like a flying bird and he saw the old man, the pantaloon, with his long tottering run. He thought he saw also the bigger, blacker shape of the harlequin but he wasn't sure. For a moment he stood there feet on the pavement and at the very last from the darkness of the *Ascensione*, the echo of a woman's laugh that was like the ghost of a scream of pain.

In the *Piazza* the band was putting up its instruments in cases, and fantastically attired ladies and gentlemen were yawning behind their hands and saying what a good time they had had.

The Golden Angel at the top of the *campanile* began to glitter with the coming day.

A Plea—Not a Plaint

By AN OLD MAID

I AM one of those despised women whom the jokesmiths call "old maids." I live in an age when years are not taken into account and the body keeps pace with the heart; when the years are thrown off as a garment, and we are just as young as we wish to be, or just as old as we make ourselves. The only fault I find with my present state is the term applied to it, and the sneers some of the married of my sex are wont to cast—sneers that are born of the privations and unhappiness of their own particular married lives, and that act as a sort of mental salts to throw off the bilious condition of their mind, coincident with an uncongenial husband. The fox and the grapes? Not quite. There are happily married women, who when they are so, have reached the heights of that happiness for which they were created.

I once saw where some curious person had inquired of the convenient information column of a daily newspaper at what age a girl became an old maid. They termed the answer correct. At what age does an apple sour? As some apples are never sweet, so some women are born old maids, and some in spite of their single condition never become "it." I am inclined to agree with that kind editor; but I suppose as long as women without husbands exist, so long will they be afflicted with that opprobrious epithet. But why can't you—why can't I—try to make the world forget we belong to a class whose grimness and angularity are by-words?

Personally—without the slightest egotism—I feel I do not look the part. In fact I am just verging on the years accorded to this usually unattractive prospect. But so long as the proper use of food, fresh air and water will help me to retain my slender form, my fresh complexion and my fluffy hair, I will look just as I do. A contented mind and a kind heart will help to keep them all.

Just to prove to you that I am not a typical old maid, I will tell you of a poor little overworked mother of three who stood at my door yesterday eliciting information in regard to the neighborhood, and who was not impressed by my state of singleness. She was tired and worried by much care of her three children. She was neat in her calico gown, and the babes, two and a half to five, were clean and wholly clad. I suppose I was sympathetic with her in the house hunting expedition, and as sympathy is an unknown quantity to some unlucky mortals it unloosed her tongue and she poured a few of her troubles into my seemingly willing ear.

"I wish I could have that house over there," she said; "but it's too much rent for us, and I'm so tired living down there next to that railroad track. Seems to me I can breathe easier up here." Just here the five-year-old ran away some distance. "Mardie, Mardie, come back here this minute. Oh, I don't know what I'm going to do with them kids. They jest pester the life out of me; but I hate to stop and beat 'em right on the street. I wouldn't care if they would mind me. Have you any children?"

"No."

"Well, you may be thankful. I don't see what a woman wants with a mess of young ones anyway."

Children were to her but the consequence of marriage. She saw in them only mouths to feed, bodies to clothe and objects of care and pain. Poor little tired, ignorant mother! She cannot hold to bring into the world progeny with healthy minds and bodies. But this is entirely foreign to my subject. I tell it only to emphasize the fact that though my years may be many they do not proclaim my single state.

And you, if you happen to be a spinster of uncertain age, may make yourself an attractive woman by a simple process of improving mind and body. The beautiful, dangerously fascinating women of history—Cleopatra, Helen of Troy and many more with whom you are perfectly familiar—were forty years and thereabouts when they made their conquests. Not that we might be Helens of Troy or have the desire to be such a heroine; that is just to remind you that even in the good old days women over twenty-five were not relegated to oblivion.

This is the age of the woman who can and will, whether married or single. The married woman seldom needs the benefits the world is showering upon her now; but the advantage to her single sister is untold. Her sex is no bar to any calling, or her age to any social conquest.

This is just a little appeal to her to be dignified and self-reliant, not prim and ungracious; womanly, but not old-maidish. Then, and not before, will the world change its attitude toward her and think her one with it, and not a thing apart.

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The Charge

(*Continued from Page 24*)

sullen and heavy crackling of rifles. The attacking force began to struggle limply out of the smoke in ones and twos, and then in little groups. But they were good soldiers. Though death slashed through the little squads with a regularity that was monotonous to behold, the men failed to show excitement or hurry. They were veterans retiring in their own way and at their own pace. When they had fallen back a score of yards they faced about with the calmness of men on a parade ground. With icy deliberation they fired a shouting and defiant volley at their enemies in the bush. As they loosed, their supports came swarming up, and caught in the swing of this surge of men, they, nothing loath, went back at a rush into the inferno under the trees.

Bellair had already passed the word to his sergeants, and when the fight had raged a few seconds he had his men on their feet. Without a moment's hesitation he flung them in a superb and sweeping gesture of attack at the redan.

His company springing across the brown turned earth came into the fight with all the dramatic qualities of surprise. The defenders concentrating all their energies on the main attack missed the initial movement of their rush. For eternities of seconds the handful of men in the company raced forward through what seemed to them the thick and heavy silence before a cyclone. Death must come blasting in fury onto them at any moment, they knew. Running with all the speed they could, they yet awaited with scarcely beating hearts the squall of death. They could see the entire surface of the hill with the startling clarity of things perceived in a mirror. They could see the mechanic-like zeal of the machine gunners as they flicked shell after shell into the wings of the fight about the bushes, they could see little rills of men being hurried toward this main fight, they could see even the artillerymen in the redan craning forward, looking down toward the bushes and wondering when they would get their chance. They saw it all with a vivid flash. Then the picture blurred with hurry: they, themselves, were seen.

The men in the redan became volatile with an abrupt nervousness, they turned about wildly like men cringing before an unexpected blow, darting nervous glances allwhither to discover from what angle the attack would strike at them. They saw the headless company and began fussing with a frantic effort to meet and stop it with gun-fire. Men hurled themselves at the guns behind the abatis, tried to lift them by sheer muscular effort to meet the charge. Riflemen came flinging into line, the place seemed to take fire and blaze away in a mad effort to sweep the company off the face of the earth at once.

But the defenders were too late. Bellair's infallible instinct had served him well. It had found for him a line of attack that not only took the redan at an unprotected spot, but also carried his men onto it in such a way that no decimating fire could stop them. Before the guns could be swung round, before the infantry in the redan and in the supporting trenches could bring to bear on the attackers a steady manstopping fire, the company was on the redan and in it. The feeble few infantry left in the bush-trenches by the resistance of the main attack fired one nerveless volley, and Bellair's men were on them, tossing them aside, punching through them. Their defense went out as a snuffed candle goes out and the company was going up the hill with unthwartable élan.

The fret of a ragged rifle fire caught a fringe of his men and sent them flopping down the hill, but it mattered not at all. The company was through that zone immediately, across a flattish slope and into the unprotected rear of the redan, Bellair leading them in the rush. Men scrambled from the guns and thrust themselves at them. Bellair's men blazed one volley and then the angry bayonets flashed in the sun and drove deep and home. The muck of men fought and scrambled amid the guns. A large officer gorgeted with the scarlet of the staff, swung down on the lieutenant; Bellair parried his thrust with an unthinking ease; circled with his sword and took the man in the throat. A sergeant sprang to a gun, and began wrenching free its breech-piece; Bellair's revolver hand came up in a crisp jerk and the sergeant jumped and came down smash on the gun. A gunner tried to shoot, Bellair got in under the rifle and he fainted the man insensible with his sword hilt. Then it was all over. The gunners and infantry were scuttling from the redan. The men in the supporting trenches were breaking away and running. They knew well enough that with the capture of that gap their flank was turned, that the battle was lost for them. The general in command of the attackers knew it, too. Like lightning he snatched at the chance Bellair had given him, and right on the heels of the victorious company there came surging regiment after regiment of attacking infantry. They came rolling through the gap in irresistible swarms, smashing the back of the defense with the awful pressure of their thrust.

Bellair saw them pass. As they went by they looked up at him and cheered. The air was full of cheering; as he heard it, the lieutenant became intoxicated with the glory of it and of the deed that he had done. He that had been filled with the terror of his own cowardice had achieved this wonder, had proved himself in this marvelous and splendid way. He began to grow weak with joy, his vision blurred with the immense reaction of emotion. . . . The whole world seemed to fade—to grow black. Was he really falling——

THE officer who had the whistle in his hand had almost lifted it to his lips. The men behind the mounds braced themselves for an instant's uprising. The man who had wanted to "get on with it" stopped grumbling.

"'Allo," he jerked, "th' little footenant 'as got it in th' neck."

"Hey?" said the man beside him.

"Right in th' neck," said the first man. "Blown 'art of it away. Look 'e's down!"

"Go?" said the man beside him.

"Lootenant Bellair, look!"

"Shut yer face," snapped the sergeant close by. "We're off. Now boys, leg it prope."

The whistle had reached the lips of the officer. Its thin keen sound cut into the giant uproar of the concentrated guns like a thread of silver. Just as Lieutenant Hugo Bellair of Company B dived forward onto his face, the battalion rose up and like a crowd bursting over a race-course, went forward at a rush.

The charge had only just begun.

Teaching An Old Dog New Tricks

By KATHERINE CROMWELL

NEW YOAK ain't no place fo' a fat niggah no sah, leastwise one as wants to arn her livin' cookin'. When dat new fangled niece ob mine, Sallie Martin, come home and tol' me how de folks in New Yoak all live in ill bits ob places all on one flo, how dey paid big wages an yo didn't have hardly nuffin' to do, wa'll ah 'lowed at ma time a life dat whar I jes de place fo' me. Reckon der nevah whar a niggah dat whar crazy 'bout workin' nobow.

Ole Miss 'lowed she'd get ma ticket ef ah was bound to go but 'pears lak, lookin' back on it, dat smile in her eyes mus' a-meant dat she knowed she wouldn't be foolin' wif a new cook long.

Lans' sakes chile but ah was s'prized when ah see how de quality live up heah. Why yo could put de whole ob one ob dem 'partments on de front poch ob de big house down home an dat hab room lef' fo' a strawberry festival.

Dere's one place ah went an' a lady came to de do. She 'lowed she wanted a cook right smart. Ast me what ma name was an ef ah was married. Ah tol her "Yas 'am, ma name's Bekky Collins afdah de Collinses what owned ma daddy an ah's married all right to a no 'count niggah named George" but he was down in Virginie so she needn't mine.

"Well," says she, "Mrs. Collins ef you'll step dis way ah'l show yo de kitchen."

Dat kitchen, wal ef you'd ast me 'bout it ah'd a said hit warn't big nuf fo' a wood box. Ah walked right in big as life but bless yo heart honey, ah didn't git far. Der whar de stove a-facin' me, de sink an wash-tubs on ma right hand, a chiny closet on ma left an *me* in de middle. Praise Gawd dat do warn't shut or ah'd never gotten out agin. Der warn't no room in dat place fo' to let yo feet hang ovah, less yo got up on de stove. Ah backed out, keerful like, an tol' de lady ah's 'fraid ah wouldn't *fit* in her 'partment.

No wondah yo heah 'bout people tryin' to *git* thin an *keep* thin. Ah often puzzled dis heah brain 'bout hit but now ah *knows*. Aftah dere's a table an a chair or two in a room, ef a considable large pusson lak maself whar to come in, dey'd have to extricate a chair to let me in an den, by de red necktie ob de Holiness preacher, der wouldn't be no place fo' to put dat chair. Lawdie chile, dat mus' be one ob dem problems lak de plays ah heah Ole Miss read 'bout.

Ah had a gran' time here, Honey, a gran' time, but somehow hit 'pears lak ah mus' be gittin' homesick cos ah'd give all de movin' picture shows, an de parties an de rides on dem cyars what runs up in de air, jes to heah Ole Miss say "Bekky honey" an' to hab little Miss 'Lisbeth call "Aunt Bekky what'd yo put ma dolls?"

Ah reckon yo all caint teach an ole dawg new tricks. New Yoak's all right fo' dem as likes hit but as fo me—wall say Mistah, dis heah ole niggah's a-goin' home.

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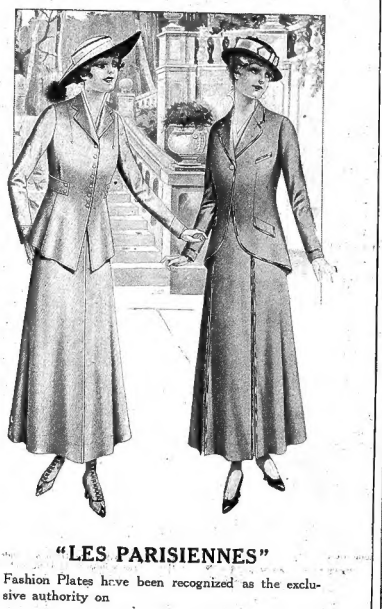

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Comment and Compliment

Likes the Editorials

FOR several months after reading your magazine, and most especially the editorial page, I have thought I *must* write a few lines and commend *that* editorial. They have been *good*, *better*, *best* and if there's another degree since I left school then they are that, too. These editorials are down to plain common sense truths, our own every-day living, the things we do or see almost every week—that's what we need and appreciate. When we wade we want to wade in sure enough water and don't want that too deep.

I must mention a few that were so great: In April "The Things We Meant to Do," also in May and June "It All Depends on the Point of View," and "Fair Play for the Young Husband." All were excellent, and now comes this last one, "Don't Be Afraid To Say No." I mean to have my boy read this. He is young, but he will remember it and get a lot of good from it.

Pardon this long letter. Now you can take a good long breath for I am going to stop,—but I'm not half through. You have a faint idea of what I think of PICTORIAL REVIEW and its editorials.

GEORGIA.

A Tribute from San Josef Bay

AS this is the first time I have ever attempted to write in this strain you must pardon inefficiencies. But I'm going to make an attempt to prove to you that even in this quarter of the globe you are appreciated. Oh, God, but I am thankful; at last, I know that woman's emancipation is near at hand and thanks be to your bravery—you have dared to speak through your columns for us in our behalf—dared to allow Dr. Marden to help us.

"The Woman of the Future" may she be all we wish her to be! As I sit here my very heart is in my throat with the desire to express myself. I have talent, but it has been stifled. I yet hope to develop my talent for sculpture if I can keep my head above water long enough. I would not shirk my household duties or have my home less homey but I would be a happier wife and mother, and so a pleasanter companion could I spend a little of my time outside the home walls, hard at work at the art I love. I never have help except what my little daughter can do. I guess there are many more mothers who must be teacher, home keeper, dressmaker, milliner, washerwoman, and what not.

And to cap it all, to learn of the unjust laws of British Columbia toward women, or wives and property.

I could scarcely believe my ears when some one told me last Summer when my husband sold some of our best land (cut and dried sale) that a husband in British Columbia need not obtain the sanction of his wife in order to sell land which she had helped to clear—taking her end of the saw often. For five years I have been deprived of woman's company—for months go by that we do not visit the few neighbors we now have, on account of continued rains, bad trails or none at all, many having to depend on the tide and caprice of the sea. Often I wonder how many of my American sisters have like myself had their eyes opened to this unjust situation.

No wonder so many, many people come and go, for without the protection of such laws as we *do* have women find it hard to remain long. It's easy to say "If you don't like it, go!" But it takes money to travel. And when the husband controls all the income, even to eggs and chickens which the wife has raised, how is she to get even her teeth fixed? Never a doctor, either, should his services be needed. It seems to me, it is bravery—this remaining cheerful and hopeful, in face of so much that endeavors to "down" you.

May your good work speed on indefatigably. I believe your influence for good is inestimable. I feel mine is but one of thousands of letters you will receive in reference to this article by Dr. Marden.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From One Who Knows

YOUR editorial in PICTORIAL REVIEW is splendid and I am so glad that I am not alone in my opinion that I am writing to express my thanks to you for sharing it with me.

What you have expressed in regard to the average man I have always believed and I have had hundreds of opportunities to become dispossessed of that belief, if I were mistaken.

I am thirty-one years of age, unmarried, and since I was seventeen I have been thrown with men constantly both in business and socially. I am passably good looking, dress stylishly and hold my present position because of a pleasing personality. I am on the most friendly terms with scores of men, both married and single, but have never been annoyed with unpleasant or improper attentions.

In my present work I am thrown in daily contact with eight men between the ages of twenty-five and forty, all married, but one and he is engaged and I am sure their wives need have no fear over "alienated affections." My work takes me to the office of each man, occasionally for an hour or so at a time.

When I was younger and had not learned the wisdom of caution nor been warned of what monsters men are *supposed* to be, I did things in simple, trusting faith that fairly make me hold my breath now. Perhaps those have been instances where "the Lord takes care of fools and children" and no doubt I was pretty much of both. I am not sorry for the experiences that have proved to me that a womanly woman has no reason to distrust the average man. Her intelligence will warn her in case she encounters an exception. Most of the improper attentions of which women complain are invited by a flirtatious manner on the woman's part.

I deplore the suspicions of wives. Perhaps no woman who has not been in business herself can appreciate the harrowing of soul and weariness of body that comes during the every-day struggle to win out. If all women did, they would willingly bring their husbands' slippers and coddle and pet them in their endeavors to make the evenings restful. After being in travail of spirit all day, the evening must bring relaxation in order to preserve strength of body and mind with which to continue the struggle. If the wife is going to harass the man with indications of jealousy I do not wonder that he flees to the club or some other place for refuge.

NEW YORK.

Better Inheritance Laws Needed

THE article "When You Make a Will," has interested me very much. The ignorance of both men and women of the inheritance laws of their various states, and their negligence in the matter of making wills, certainly is a serious matter, and I for one am glad that such an article has made its appearance in a magazine for women. Surely, a series of such articles on the laws of the various states would be a boon to womankind, for she will stop to read such an article, and think about it in the quiet of her own home, where many would not consider it the thing to do to consult a lawyer, fancying perhaps that such a course would be construed by her husband as a lack of trust in him, or a fear that he "might not like it." Then too, to some women the thought of making a will suggests all the horrors of death and its consequent gloom, and they prefer to run any risks, even that of being inadequately provided for, rather than to cause the least unpleasantness, just trusting to John, or Harry, or Jim to do what he ought to do.

Your article says that "when a man dies intestate, his widow shall have a certain portion of his estate." I have in mind a case which came to my notice while on a visit to the State of Washington a few years ago. There, a man of comparative wealth and in middle life, after a four years' courtship, married a lady about ten years his junior, taking her out of a profitable business to make a home for him. During the nearly six years of their married life, owing largely to the economy and industry of the wife, his fortune was doubled. After nearly a year's illness he died—the wife being the only, and devoted nurse. At the reading of his will it was found that every penny of his large estate had been willed six months previously, to his brothers, sisters, and a nephew. And the law said that his widow had no right to a penny of it, not even the home, which her hard work and home-loving tastes had made a beautiful spot. Why was this? Because all he had was the increase from property that the law held as separate property, property that had belonged to him prior to marriage, and the law says that all such increase shall be held as "separate," this giving him the power to disinherit the one whose moral claim upon his consideration was by far stronger than any ties of blood.

This is one of the inheritance laws in one of the most progressive states in the Union, and yet, in case there had been no will drawn in this instance, the result would have been the same. One of her brilliant women said a few days ago, "Washington lacks nothing; we have an eight-hour law and a living wage for working women, a mothers' pension law and a big stick for lazy husbands; we recognized the State's responsibility for suppressing the white plague and the white slave traffic. We have a compulsory education law, industrial insurance, the initiative and referendum, and child labor is forbidden." Yet a wife can give years of her life and strength toward making a home for a man, and receive in exchange her board and clothes, with the added possibility of being thrown on her own resources late in life, to manage as best she might. I hope to see the time when it will be impossible for any man, and especially one of ample means, to leave a faithful wife comparatively destitute, but that time will be limited by the demands of the women for laws that will protect her. Wishing you all success.

KANSAS.

What a Professional Man Thinks of Us

I WAS greatly interested in a copy of your magazine. The editorial, "Give the Devil His Due" and the article, "A Halo for Father," are the first bits of real common sense that have filtered into any of the periodicals touching the subject for the last year. For the most part, they are dealing in hysteria. I ran onto your paper accidentally and now I shall get it regularly.

ILLINOIS.

Train Girls the Same as Boys

WE have all enjoyed reading your clever editorial in PICTORIAL REVIEW. You finished by saying, "God meant her to be just like that——"

I am sure God never meant any such thing. God meant women to be reasonable as well as men. But men have had to be reasonable in order to get along in the world and provide for their families. Men have, in their generosity and mistaken kindness out of the tenderness for the mothers of their children, allowed women to become unreasonable.

There are reasonable women, though I admit that they are rather the exception than the rule. If men had not excused and humored lack of logic in women for so many generations women would not be unreasonable to-day. So don't blame God for what man himself has done. God is blamed for so many things he really isn't to blame for.

If girls were educated like boys and made to live up to the same code of honor that a boy goes by, if they were made to think with reason and live by reason our women would be reasonable. Nothing in the home or school life is excused because a boy is a boy. Everything is excused because a girl is a girl. No wonder boys and men feel their superiority, for they are superior in this respect. The boys must give up to the girls and wait on them and avoid arguments with them as much as possible. Above all they must be honorable, fair and square in all their dealings with a girl. How is it with a girl? She knows her unfair advantage over a boy. It is human nature to use it. The boy would undoubtedly do the same if their positions were reversed from the cradle. In fact I have seen spoiled boys—foolish mothers' only darlings, who were quite as unreasonable as any unreasonable girl. You see it is all in the training for these same "mollycoddle" boys become real men *if* they get out in the world and other men have a chance to knock reason into them. In the same way many "mollycoddle" girls have been made into real women, reasonable women, when they have been obliged to go out into the world to earn their own living.

If a girl has the same training as the boy, she is quite as logical as he is and such girls will make reasonable women.

MICHIGAN.

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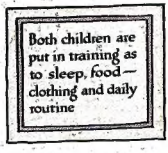

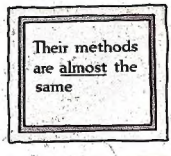

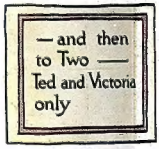

Victoria's Score
Age 3¼ yrs. Teeth 99
Weight 34 lbs. Digestion 98
Height 38 in. Strength 96
Gen. Health 98 Temper 99
Intelligence 98 FINAL SCORE 98⅛

Ted's Score
Age 3¼ yrs. Teeth 88
Weight 32 lbs. Digestion 90
Height 37 in. Strength 94
Gen. Health 95 Temper 92
Intelligence 97 FINAL SCORE 92⅓

APPROVED by the Board of Common Sense as the efficient dentifrice without a druggy taste

You too should use

THIS is a portrait of Victoria—a Prize Winner in a Better Babies Contest whose mother wrote us as follows:

"I have four children and though we have tried several dental creams the children all prefer Colgate's. The only problem* is to keep them from using it up too fast, because they like the taste.

Victoria began to brush at her teeth soon after she was two years old, and I have had the other children do the same. They all have good teeth."

(Name of writer on request)

*What mother would object to such a problem?

Have you supplied your children with Colgate's?

Your dealer has Colgate's — or we will send a generous trial tube on receipt of 4¢ in stamps

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 10, 199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap — Luxurious, Lasting, Refined

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